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# The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

JULY 29, 1953

Vol. 21, No. 9

## BETTER BOOKS FOR CHILDREN

NOWADAYS films and incipient television rouse the fear that for the children of a not-too-distant generation books will become obsolete.

The uneasy vision of the literary future is a world in which only the balloons out of the mouths of comic-strip characters will be the stunted survivors of a great tradition.

This is an extreme and unnecessarily gloomy view. But the importance of reading can't too often be stressed.

Well aware of this, State Governments do much to encourage children to read.

It is particularly heartening also to find bodies like the N.S.W. Children's Book Council working in nearly every State in the Commonwealth towards stimulating interest in children's reading and children's library services.

One of their stand-bys is an annual Children's Book Week, held in New South Wales this month.

Better books for children and greater opportunities for children to know more and better books are the basic aims.

The main means are book exhibitions in city and country; displays in stores; book lists distributed to parents and teachers; and the selection of an Australian children's book of the year.

Every parent should support this and any such movement.

Quite apart from the pleasure reading affords, it is a fact that anyone who can read can get his own education.

## A novel about women for women to enjoy

Book review by  
GEORGINA MORLEY

"FENNY" is purely feminine fare.

Author Lettice Cooper presents her male characters as rather blurred, ineffectual creatures, but gives critically sharp studies of the women who dominate her story.

Miss Cooper is, apparently, a woman who can stand off and observe clearly the virtues and faults of other women.

In "Fenny" she features several true-to-life types.

On the credit side of her budget of feminine characters she introduces her main personality, Ellen Fenwick, who answers to the abbreviated Fenny.

Ellen is a wholesome, passably good-looking woman whose every chance for love or supreme happiness is frustrated either by her own honesty or the absolute dishonesty of other women.

On the debit side, Miss Cooper presents Madeleine, the dissatisfied beauty who regards the happiness of others as an assault on her own well-being; Lucrezia, ugly and unscrupulous, but supremely confident of her weird power over men; and Erina, also unscrupulous but jaunty in defeat and ever willing to try fresh fields.

The story, set in Italy, is enacted over a 16-year period, from 1933 to 1949.

The Ellen Fenwick who arrives in Italy in the summer of 1933 to be governess for six months to a small English girl is an unglamorous young woman whose life has been dominated by a petulant mother.

## Our cover:

● Susan (or Susie as she has come to be known), the wire-haired fox-terrier which the Governor-General, Sir William Slim, gave to Lady Slim as a "get well" present after her recent illness, makes our cover picture this week. Susie's kennel name is Nioka Novelty, and she was bred from champion parents at Westmead, N.S.W. Four judges selected Susie from more than 60 terrier pups at a Sydney dog show. The picture was taken by Clive Thompson.

## Next week:

● One of the main features of the paper next week is a spring gardening section. It contains a wide range of sound advice, written by our Home Gardener, from how to build a rock pool to what shrubs and trees to plant where. However, if your interest in gardening is confined to walking round other people's cultivated plots or watching the lawnmower rust in the shed, you will still find this issue fascinating. Two of the loveliest color spreads we have ever published are devoted to close-ups of Australian wildflowers, and of bugs, grubs, butterflies, spiders, and flies that are friends or foes of the vegetable world. If you think that a woolly bear caterpillar isn't beautiful, you have another think coming. At close range, through the lens of the color camera, it—like many other garden pests—is absorbing to look at.

● Next week, as a special Coronation year gesture, we announce details of an offer to readers that we know will be rushed. Many people have written to us seeking to buy reproductions suitable for framing of some of the pictures of the Queen we have published in our recent Coronation souvenir issues. For technical reasons it is usually impossible for us to provide framing copies of our color shots, but in this case the demand has been so insistent that from next week we will be making available two glorious pictures of Her Majesty (one with the Duke of Edinburgh) at a reasonable charge.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—July 29, 1953



# JOURNEY'S EVE

Second instalment of our  
delightful 3-part serial  
By ELIZABETH CADELL

"I got the tea last week," Barney  
shouted angrily at Philippa. "You  
know jolly well I did."



NO one is more surprised than SIR PAUL SAXON when he sees the notice of his engagement to HELGA, daughter of MADAME DE BRULAIS, of 89 Selcourt Street, London. He has never heard of Helga or her mother, and the mystery deepens when, going to investigate the affair with his uncle and aunt, HUGO and LOUISE SAXON, he finds that 89 Selcourt Street is a shabby apartment house and Madame de Brulais is a fortune-teller who has no daughter and knows nothing of the announcement.

Thinking they want to have their fortunes told, she reels off details concerning Hugo's blighted military career that astound him and

Louise. Paul, meanwhile, sees an attractive girl who proves, however, to be not any Helga, but ANTONIA WYATT, a florist's assistant.

Attracted to her, Paul loses interest in the engagement announcement. It also fails to hold the interest of the rest of his household—ELAINE SAXON, his widowed mother; PHILIPPA, his sister; BARNEY, his young brother; and their Jamaican servants PETUNIA and LOTUS.

But officious GENERAL OSWALD SAXON, who wants Paul to marry URSULA HANNINGTON, is determined to pursue the matter and persuades DOUGLAS WARWICK, of Scotland Yard, to call on Paul. NOW READ ON:

PAUL vanished through one door as Petunia went out the other. Presently she reappeared, ushering in a man, with scant ceremony.

"This is the one," she said to Elaine, and left them together.

A little at a loss, a little annoyed with Paul, Elaine rose to her feet and looked inquiringly at the man before her.

"I'm afraid I don't—" she began. "Lady Saxon?"

"Yes."

"My name is Warwick—your brother-in-law, General Saxon, came to see me this morning at the Yard."

"The Yard?"

"Scotland Yard," said Mr. Warwick.

"Oh. Won't you sit down?"

Mr. Warwick sat down and looked at his hostess, waiting for her to open the subject which, the General had assured him, was of such vital interest to them all. There was a somewhat prolonged pause.

"I think spring really has come, don't you?" asked Elaine at last.

"I'd say so—yes, definitely," said Mr. Warwick, considerably taken

aback. "Yes, almost for certain, I'd say."

There was another pause; he saw that she was waiting for him to say something, and a feeling of irritation rose within him. He was a busy man, and he had come, on a fine Saturday afternoon, on what he had been led to believe was an urgent errand; he had done it to repay some courtesies the General had once extended to him, and he was anxious to do as much as or as little as possible and go back to his flat at Hampstead.

He had come to the house at some inconvenience; he had been admitted by an odd woman with odd hair; she had left him in the hall and carried on an audible exchange with somebody in the room; he had heard the voice of a young man—the General's nephew, doubtless—who had gone out by another door and left him with Lady Saxon, who appeared totally unconscious of any family crisis.

The General had either misrepresented the facts of the case, or he had come to the wrong house—he understood the General's brother and sister lived next door.

"I came to see what I could do about this announcement," he began. "I promised the General I would do something."

"Oh—" Elaine hesitated, feeling that she could scarcely explain that Paul had just come to a decision to do nothing at all. It was very kind of Mr. Warwick, especially as he didn't look like a man who liked interfering in other people's affairs. He had a very pleasant face—she studied it, and her eyes rested for a moment on his hair. Red—copper.

She didn't care for red-haired men as a rule, since they so often had complexions she considered too ruddy, but this man was merely brown. His eyes were brown, too. Looking into them, she saw a look of annoyance fade and a look of amusement appear in them.

She was either paralysed by shyness, Mr. Warwick was deciding, or she was mentally deficient. In either case, she was a very good-looking woman.

He knew little about women; he had reached the age of fifty without marrying, and had never regretted the fact; his life was busy and pleasant and he found few women to his

taste; the young ones were pretty to watch, but the older ones all seemed to him extremely self-assertive. They all talked a great deal, and nobody seemed to listen any more.

"Have you known the General long?" asked Elaine conversationally.

"No—yes," said Mr. Warwick, pulling himself together and wondering uneasily how long they had sat staring at each other. He looked at Elaine—she was cool, placid and completely unmoved. If he left matters to her, he would be sitting here until nightfall.

"Was that your son I heard talking in here?" he asked in a business-like tone. That must get them somewhere.

"Oh . . . Paul, yes," murmured Elaine, wondering how much he had heard.

"And it was Paul's name, was it not, that appeared in the bogus announcement?"

"Bogus," murmured Elaine. "Bogus. Isn't that a nice word? Bogus. People have called the announcement all sorts of things, but I like bogus best."

"Your brother-in-law," said Mr. Warwick, struggling on, "said that your son had no recollection of Mademoiselle de Brulais."

"No. I'm afraid she's bogus, too," said Elaine.

"Could he have forgotten her?"

"Oh—quite easily! Paul knows a great many girls. He isn't at all the philandering type, as his uncles sometimes suggest, but he's tall and quite good looking, in a way, and he goes about a good deal and meets a lot of people. He could have forgotten, of course, but I'm sure he didn't. I think you may say quite

definitely that Mademoiselle de Brulais is bogus."

"I see. Can you tell me anything," asked Mr. Warwick, "that would point to anybody who has any special feeling against him?"

"Nobody," stated Elaine, "has any feeling against him. Everybody likes him very much. The only people who disapprove of him—in some ways—are his uncles. Do you know any of the Saxons besides the General?"

"No—I'm afraid not."

"You couldn't know them all—there's a kind of network of them, stretching from here"—Elaine pointed to the bookcase—"to there"—her finger indicated the piano. "Some of them," she added with an effort, "are charming. Did you know the General before he moved to Norfolk?"

"No—I—yes, I did. Yes, of course I did. Yes, I've known him for a great many years—that's why I told him I'd come and sift this case a bit—although it isn't in what you'd call my line of duty."

"What is your line of duty?" asked Elaine with genuine interest.

"I . . . Look, Lady Saxon, hadn't we better go into this business of your son's? I really did promise the General."

She smiled, and it struck him—suddenly, and with great force—that she must once have been very beautiful. Her eyes were a pretty color now, but he supposed they must be faded; if so, they must once have been a rather startling blue.

She wore her hair very simply—it was a relief to see a simple style when the majority of women went about with hair arranged in rows of hard little curls. She had a pretty voice, too; one couldn't say she really

To page 45



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### THIS WEEK'S SPECIAL RECIPE MADRAS CURRY

1½ oz. butter, 1 lb. topside steak (diced), 1 onion, 1 apple,  
1 d/sp. chutney, 1 banana, 1 tbsp. sultanas, salt, 1 tbsp.  
curry powder, 1 tbsp. flour, 1 lemon, 2 tbsps. coconut, ½ pt.  
water or milk.

Fry the steak in the melted butter until brown, add chopped onion  
and fry till that is brown. Gradually add the curry powder and flour,  
fry a little longer till all well mixed, then add coconut, chopped apple  
and banana, chutney and sultanas. Now add milk and stir until the  
mixture boils, then simmer in covered vessel until meat is tender. Add  
a little lemon juice and salt to taste, and serve with boiled rice.

**JUST ASK FOR "VENTS"**

**A.M.**  
THE AUSTRALIAN MAGAZINE

WATCH THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY  
NEXT WEEK FOR A  
**SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT**

# LEGEND

KATHERINE'S house was built on the wall of the tiny harbor. In summertime high water whispered under her windows, and in winter angry seas bashed at the stout grey stone walls, so all the windows on the seaward side of the house had to be shuttered.

She kept the garden gay with simple flowers—not that there was much garden; Andrew's studio occupied most of the space. People passing the house nudged each other and said, "That's Andrew Brooks' place—you know, he does those marvellous carved animals you see in exhibitions."

Katherine shook her duster out of the boys' bedroom window, and, as always, stayed enchanted to watch the seagulls playing tugs-of-war with stringy fish scraps thrown overboard by the fishermen.

She was lovely. Smooth dark hair, clear pearly skin—it would be wrong to say still lovely, for at forty she had a mature beauty, poise, a serenity in her fine features that gave her a beauty she had just missed as a too-thin, too-eager student.

She was the mother of two boys and Frances, a lanky, immature daughter of fifteen, who would be a beauty some day, like her mother.

Having refreshed her eyes and mind with a sight of the great sweep of the bay, Katherine drew her head in and went on doing the boys' bedroom.

They were not so untidy now, the things they left about different. No more caterpillars, meccano, dead sparrows or mice embalmed in cotton-wool. Books now, and ties, hair fixative, tennis racquets, cameras, newly developed films hung up to dry in awkward curling strips.

Some day they would leave home—even her long-legged daughter would go. Katherine paused in folding pyjamas and smiled—a secret, Mona Lisa smile. Some day she would have time for herself.

She loved the children. But they... and the house... and Andrew had eaten her, over the years... their gentle, insistent demanding. Loving her so much, they had eaten her away, like the gentle splashes of water that will bite into rock.

She finished the pyjamas and began to dust. She mustn't be too long, because of lunch. They'd all be there, hungry, laughing... you're such a good cook, Mummy... what time's tea?... there's a button off my cricket shirt.

Gentle Andrew would come in, with his long, practical fingers and his impractical ideas. "Katherine, why can't we keep a cow? You could learn to milk."

They had been students together, she and Andrew, at the School of Art. Funny to remember she had been violently in love—quite secretly, of course—with their tutor. Fenton, his name was, and he had a high white forehead and dark blue eyes.

He bullied them all. The passion and the terror of those days, compounded with the smell of wet clay, new-carved wood, paint, baked beans on toast, wet raincoats in the cloakroom, the exhilarating scent of spring heralding summer.

Charles, that was it—Charles Fenton.

Katherine and Andrew worked in wood their last year, and had been drawn into companionship through their pleasure in the subtle grains, the responsiveness of their material. Andrew was experimenting on horses then—not with his later mastery, but with a sort of loving clumsiness.

He had set his heart on winning the students' annual competition, but when the results came out, Katherine's "Head of a Naiad" had beaten him. He took his disappointment very well, because he was more than half in love with Katherine and didn't know it.

Leaving the boys' room, she walked slowly downstairs, duster in hand. Her "Head of a Naiad" was in the square hall on its own graceful pedestal.

That day, when the competition results came out, Charles Fenton had been furious. "Full of faults," he'd stormed. "Look here... and here... and here."

He jabbed with a forceful thumb, scorn in his voice. But he was always like that, never praising. And she could afford to laugh, for, after all, her "Head" had won the competition.

The next summer Katherine and Andrew married. They knew they would be hard up, but didn't care—life was rich in color, in romance, in opportunity. Katherine grew lettuce in their scrap of garden and learnt to cook.

They both meant to share the workshop, to sell their stuff. Katherine and Andrew Brooks. But that first year there was never quite time. When we get settled, they said.

But Robin came, and later on Christopher—and Frances.

Moderate success came to Andrew, and then, suddenly, as a result of an exhibition, a recognition of his talent... not just a flash of popularity but a steady demand by knowledgeable people who could appreciate fine craft.

Katherine could have had her domestic help then, but the war happened.

"But my wife's much better than I am," Andrew always said when anyone praised him to his face. "Have you seen her 'Head of a Naiad'?"

Often Katherine stood quietly, sunk into her own personality, studying her hands curiously. For nearly twenty years they had been used for cooking, cleaning, healing, comforting, guiding, pushing forward her children or holding back.

What unknown beauty lay in them? How many flowerings of the craftsman's spirit? Had she denied birth to some small treasure that might have enriched the spirits of generations to come?

Andrew opened the garden door and came in, black against a blaze of sunlight. He kissed her on the top of one ear and said, "Hello, old lady, what about elevenses?"

"All right," Katherine said, giving him her serene smile. "Here, or shall I bring it to the workshop?"

"Here, please, darling, if I'm not a bother. Where are our abominable brood?"

"The boys have gone fishing. Frances has gone for a walk with a book of poetry."

She left him to make coffee, carried it back on a tray. All the time she was wondering what had brought Andrew from his workshop in the middle of the morning—what? A new idea? Or... not a guilty conscience again. Not this morning, with the laundry to prepare, plums to bottle before they got over-ripe.

From time to time Andrew fell in love, lightly and innocently. Katherine didn't mind at all, bless him! But when he fell out of love and began to be tortured by remorse, he was a dreadful bore.

Andrew stirred coffee thoughtfully. "I've something to confess, Katherine, my sweet."

She sighed, sacrificed the plums, folded her clever brown hands in her lap.

"Last week when the boys and I went around to Pine Cove in the boat—I quite forgot to tell you, honey. I am so sorry."

"Forget what, Andrew?"

"I met an old friend of ours—you remember him. On holiday down here—Charles Fenton."

For a moment Katherine was so relieved Andrew's crime was only forgetfulness that his news did not convey any-

thing. When it did, she said, "Charles?" very girlishly and flushed.

"Yes—looks the same as ever. Never married, poor fish; doesn't know what he missed."

"But how interesting, Andrew! I'd love to have seen him; why didn't you ask him to call—we could have given him lunch."

"I did, my love."

Immediately Katherine knew the worst. "To-day! You asked him for lunch to-day," she accused.

Might have been worse, she thought, her housekeeper's brain getting into action. Luckily there's the steak. New potatoes, peas, blackberry tart and cream.

"Andrew, you old fool," she said indulgently, "I can manage. But do try to remember when you ask people, there's a lamb. Even if it's only for lunch."

"Lunch?" Andrew looked a little dazed. "Who said anything about lunch? He's staying to the end of the week."

"Andrew?"

Charles Fenton was due at one o'clock, and at ten to Katherine came downstairs.

The house was right, she knew—cool, bright, uncluttered. Lunch, thanks to the steak, was good. But she herself had put on nearly twenty-eight pounds since her student days.

Looking at herself in the hall mirror, she smiled ruefully, thinking, the body of a well-nourished woman. But her silk dress was well cut, suited her. Her heart was pounding against her ribs in a far from middle-aged way, and her mouth was dry.

There were men's voices, and Andrew was bringing Charles in. He would hold her hand just longer than necessary, their eyes would meet, linger searchingly.

Katherine's sense of humor came to her

Illustrated by

For Jackie



## A charming family story by NORREY FORD

rescue and she gave herself a mental shake, laughed at herself, and shook hands with her former tutor just like a competent young middle-aged hostess welcoming a quite middle-aged guest.

The boys came back in the middle of lunch, tumbling back into the dining-room noisily in frayed shorts and well-worn sandals.

Charles raised an eyebrow. "Are these yours, Katherine? Congratulations. Very nice work, very nice indeed."

His dry tone made Katherine and Andrew laugh. "Is that still your highest praise?" Katherine asked. "You were never fulsome in our day."

"Fulsome?" Andrew chuckled. "He was withering—his cold west wind blasted our tender buds."

"Most students are so bad," Charles explained wearily.

After lunch all three went down the garden to the workshop. Charles pattered among Andrew's work, pursing his lips, giving an occasional h'm.

"Success hasn't spoiled Andrew," he remarked quietly to Katherine; "he keeps his inner vision."

The workshop smelled pleasantly of wood and sea-air. A breeze through the open window fingered Katherine's fine hair. Charles' eyes were upon her speculatively.

"Where is your work, Katherine?"

She made a gesture with her hands, palms upwards. "I haven't—," she began, and felt ashamed. Surely she could have managed somehow. Would Charles despise her? "Since we were married, there's been so little time. The house . . . Andrew . . . the children."

His quizzical smile seemed to pierce her excuses, so she stopped. "These are my jewels, eh?" he said, "and this, if I mistake not," he lifted his eyes to the open door, "must be your masterpiece?"

Frances raced across the lawn, her

lifted knees under a too-short green linen skirt were smooth, brown and shining, very young. Her live hair was tousled, held in place by a green ribbon.

"Sorry," she poised for retreat, "didn't know there was a visitor."

"Come here, darling," Katherine linked an arm in her daughter's. "This is Charles Fenton. I've told you about him, often."

Frances drew her delicate black brows together—they were smooth as Chinese brushwork; then her face cleared.

"Oh—Fenton—yes, I've often heard Mummy speak of Mr. Fenton." She held out a hand. "Mummy and Daddy were your students, weren't they? They adored you, especially Mummy."

"Frances!"

"I bet you did, Mummy." She gave Charles a calculating look. "I would have, anyway."

"Thank you, Frances," Charles responded gravely.

In a moment the girl was gone, flashing across the lawn.

"You mustn't take any notice of Frances," Katherine said softly.

Andrew had withdrawn to his bench, unable, even from politeness, to leave the work he had been engaged upon.

"Why not?" Charles' quiet blue eyes twinkled. "All the women students used to be in love with me. You were quite the worst."

For a revealing moment Katherine saw the girl Katherine as others must have seen her. Too eager, too enthusiastic, tall, thin, and plain, with angular cheekbones, her clothes somehow never quite the right size, and apt to betray her unkindly by

losing buttons or developing holes unnoticed. And, without doubt, making herself ridiculous by showing, too plainly, hero-worship for the handsome tutor Charles Fenton.

"I suppose I must have been," she said, half to herself. Then she added practically, "You and Andrew want to talk shop, Charles. I'll see you at dinner."

It was Charles' last day, the boys, Frances, and Andrew had gone to fetch the car. His suitcase stood on the steps of the porch.

Charles, coming downstairs, and Katherine, coming from the kitchen, met in the square hall, which was flooded with sunlight from the open door and the long staircase window.

"Ah!" said Charles. "There it is—the great work, 'Head of a Naiad'—well, well, well!"

CHARLES took both her hands in his, shook them gently, looking into her eyes. "How wise you were, Katherine, how clever and how wise. Nice work—very nice work."

"Thank you," she said, half-mocking, aware she had flushed with pleasure. "Once," she caressed the wooden face, "you didn't like my Naiad."

His voice was shocked. "My good girl, I didn't mean that! It's bad. I meant your home, your beautiful children, the atmosphere you've created here. Fine craftsmanship, Katherine—you do it superbly."

She spread her hands in a blind gesture. "Oh, no, no, Charles. That—I just do it because I have to, because I'd rather do things well than badly. Is my Naiad really bad?"

He said more gently, "Competent enough. It lacks—fire."

"Put," she spoke clumsily, stupidly, "it won the competition—it beat Andrew's horse."

"The selection committee were a set of fools. Andrew's horse was alive—faulty, but living. This," he indicated the head with a characteristic thumb-jerk, "is perfect. A perfect exercise; faultless, but dead." He slid an arm across her stooped shoulders. "Poor Katherine. Didn't you know?"

Tears slid down her face. Unable to find voice, she shook her head.

"Don't cry, Katherine. You made something much better. A home—Frances—the boys. You made the soil to nurture Andrew's gifts. You will live through his work."

She found her handkerchief at last, wiped her eyes and blew her nose. "It isn't that. I'm so—ashamed."

He was surprised. "Of what?"

"Andrew must have realised. All these years . . . I've been so pretentious, thinking I was good . . . almost resenting the children . . . and all the time he knew!"

The car arrived at the door. "They mustn't see me crying," she whispered. " . . . good-bye, Charles. Thank you for telling me."

Charles pressed her hand, a little anxiously, hurried out.

Katherine found her bedroom, blindly, pressed her palms to her burning cheeks—now she knew the truth, how could she face Andrew?

All these years she had been buoyed up by her belief in herself as an artist, sustained by her family's belief, done what she had to do, striving for perfection because only the best was good enough for an artist. All facade. There was nothing there.

Andrew shouted for her from the foot of the stairs. So he had not gone to the station with the others. She had better go down, or he would come and find her—he was never happy for long if she was out of sight.

He stood staring at the Naiad, pipe in mouth.

"Queer, seeing old Fenton again. By golly, old lady, it takes you back, eh? Remember how he grumbled at your Naiad?"

"Andrew, I know it's very bad—and that I'm no good."

Andrew took his pipe out and his mouth remained open in astonishment. "What do you mean, no good? It's perfect."

She said dryly, "So I've been told."

"Then what the heck? You're heaps better than I am, Kate. D'you know, Charles told me just now he considered you a great artist."

He stared at the Naiad again, struck his fist into his palm. "And so you are, by golly. When I look at that head, I see youth—the glory and the hell of it . . . love, yours and mine. Adventure, promise, springtime of life. It takes an artist to create like that."

Katherine laughed shakily, put her arms round his neck, and kissed him. "No, it doesn't," she said affectionately; "it takes love."

So he didn't know, bless him. And she would never tell him. Never let him know that any object, ugly china dog or distorted pink vase, having the same associations would have brought back nostalgic memories of their youth.

The face of the Naiad, smooth, expressionless, young, was the face of their own youth.

The children came back from the station, crashing into the house with incredible noise.

"Oh—hello, Mummy," Frances stood in the door, the sunlight making a halo of her live hair. "Gosh, you must be clever, Charles Fenton says we ought to respect and admire you. And we do," she turned fiercely to the boys, "don't we?"

"Absolutely," said Robin. "Mummy, he said you were a great artist."

The living faces of her children! "Charles is often right," she said in her teasing-laughing voice. "Come along to lunch."

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"Ah," said Charles, "there it is, the great work, 'The Head of a Naiad.'"





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# The Old Flame

By DAVE GRUBB

He sat on the bed in the hotel room staring at the telephone. Well, suppose he did telephone her? There was nothing wrong with that, not a thing her husband or his own wife, Martha, could object to.

Suppose he just phoned and said very casually, "Hello. This is Ed Stanley. You remember me. We were in love for four years, and we would be married to-day, except—"

Except what? He couldn't say it to her even now. Not even with all those years in between: that he would have married her if it hadn't been for her shrewish mother.

He slipped his shaving kit out of the expensive puekin bag and went to the bathroom and stared at himself in the mirror.

Not bad for thirty-four, he thought. Nothing she would find too much changed after a dozen years. And what about her? She would be the same: a big, fresh-looking, healthy girl with freckles on her turned-up nose.

While he shaved he thought about the way she would look and hummed an old love song they used to dance to somewhere in a beach club, and while he hummed he imagined telephoning her now, twelve years later, when she had two children and a rich husband and he had a wife and a good life and a prosperous business manufacturing refrigerators.

Like an old football injury, the itching memory of her had haunted him every now and then till he would think: I wonder if I should have married her?

"Ma-ree A-lay-nuh—you're the answer to a prayer!" he sang, scraping gently at his chin with the razor.

It was when he thought of her mother that he cut himself.

"Shrew!" he swore softly, and dabbed at the nick with a piece of cotton-wool. He showered and dressed, thinking all the while of the trim, dark-haired girl in sloppy sweaters and thick, rubber-soled shoes and the Glenn Miller love songs and the time when a war was someone else's worry and how he would have married her except for her mother.

"Don't mind Mummy," she would say, biting her lip. "She means well!"

But they could never spend an evening around her house because of "Mummy." She was always there, always ready with a plan for their evening, always quick with a bright crack about his awful ties, always telling them a better show to see than the one he'd bought tickets for.

Her voice was like the rasp of sandpaper on rough wood.

When he would telephone to his darling, it was always that querulous, nasal voice that answered: "Yelloah! Who's this? . . . Who? . . . Well, I think she's washing her hair, but I'll see! . . . Who did you say it was? . . . Yes, well, I'll see!"

He finished tying his shoes and sat back on the bed with a drink in his hand while the itch of curiosity grew stronger and stronger.

What does she look like now? What clothes does she wear? What love songs does she hum? How does she kiss?

It became more than he could endure, just the naked curiosity of it. He contemplated no infidelity to his marriage, and yet he was like someone who comes across a bundle of old love letters in a desk and has an irresistible urge to untie the dusty, faded ribbon and see what his old romance really was.

He would telephone, he thought, and she would answer. There would be a stunned pause while she gasped, checked her racing heart, gathered together the four years of those beautiful, breathtaking memories, and then he would make a luncheon appointment with her for the next day.

Since he was going to be here just for the week-end, she would arrange it somehow.

They would have a lunch in a smart little restaurant, and she would cry a little over the hors d'oeuvres, and remember the terrible sweet dinners he used to cook for her and the way Glenn Miller used to play "Take the A Train," slow, instead of the way Duke Ellington played it, and the times they wondered what they'd ever done to deserve anything as wonderful as having each other.

Then she would look across the table at him in a certain way and he would return the look and without a word she would leave the table to telephone home and ask her maid to tell her husband she wouldn't be home till late that evening. They'd drive down to the sea in her car.

He had told his wife about this old love affair. She had smiled and said, "Why don't you look her up some time, dear? Get it off your chest? You may have the chance some time, and I won't mind."

There weren't many wives who'd be so tolerant as to say that, he thought ruefully as he combed back his hair. "You may have the chance," she'd said.

Well. This was it. This was the chance. But he brushed it out of his mind and rang downstairs to find out what shows were on.

But there was nothing, nothing that he wanted to see.

Well, he thought, You're a stupid Boy Scout. Forget it or give her a ring and make a date for tomorrow.

Was it too stupid of him, this longing to see her? After all, what was the use of trying to recapture the past? It was over, or was it? Wasn't it still there in his heart? Not even, twelve years could dim the memories of their love.

He closed his eyes and imagined them sitting in that smart little restaurant, with the rain streaming down the windows.

He saw her smile when the orchestra began playing an old Jimmy Dorsey tune.

He grabbed the telephone book and leafed through it. Stokely. Yes, that was her married name. Oh, there it was.

He picked up the phone and got the hotel exchange. He gave the number. He waited, listening while the operator dialled and the phone buzzed like a little gold insect somewhere far off beyond the trees and the waving searchlight tentacles and the neon starlight of the night.

"Here's your number."

"What?"

"Here's your number, sir."

"Yes," he said, and waited, listening.

"Yelloah!"

He felt his throat tighten and his mouth go dry; heard his own caught breath in the receiver.

"Yelloah!" came the voice again.

He slammed the receiver back in the cradle and sat shaking on the bed. Her mother!

Heavens, she was living with them! His palms sweated and his hands trembled at the shock of hearing that hated voice again.

And then the awful, awful question filled his mind: Was it her mother? Or was it she?—a dozen years older and already hardened into the same congenial form, the heart and soul of youth already calcified into the mean, suburban model of the old woman.

For a moment he stared again at the phone, wanting to call again and when the voice answered to say: "Has time really done this to you, my love?"

But he knew he wouldn't.

(Copyright)



Memories of their happy days flashed through his mind as he listened to the ring of the telephone.

Illustrated by  
BESAP  
1951



# Who gives this

**E**VERYBODY knows Miss Beth Farthing, who is the best newspaper reporter in the district and hates every minute of any trials that she has to attend.

She has lived in the big gabled house all her life, growing up there, sending her one suitor off to be killed in France, and then hovering anxiously over her crotchety old father, while life passed her by.

She is almost six feet tall and quite heavy now, and she has the greatest admiration for people who know their own minds. She loves bright flowers and food, and kittens and all small children.

The school kiddies go to her first when they have tickets to sell, and the paper boy always finds her with her money ready. The only thing she really fears is loneliness.

When her father died, the neighbors worried a good bit about her living alone in the big house. Bill Price, the high school principal, sent the new school librarian around to rent a room, and it turned out very well.

They took to each other immediately, and settled down to a kind of partnership, and Miss Beth is happier than she has ever been in her life.

Miss Audrey Bent, the school librarian, is a brisk little woman with snappy brown eyes that see through to the inwardness of things. She has good, firm opinions about everything, and no objection to plain speaking. She hadn't married, either, what with her mother dying when she was sixteen and a whole string of young brothers to bring up.

By the time the youngest one was through college and settled down with a good wife, Miss Audrey didn't know any man she wanted to marry, so she got this job as school librarian in our small town, at a good distance from all of her family, and she likes it very well.

Miss Audrey is an excellent cook, so she does the cooking for both of them while Miss Beth waits in her big chair by

the fireplace, a little ashamed of herself because the lovely smells make her mouth water.

Then, after the meal is over, Miss Audrey puts her tiny feet up on the couch, and covers her ankles with a rug, while Miss Beth washes up and sets the kitchen to rights. Miss Beth says a good soapy pan of dishwater makes her feel cleaner after the awful things she has to hear in court.

Miss Audrey tells her about the day's happenings at school, and Miss Beth, out of her prodigious memory, often supplies sketches of the family history of one or another boy, back to the great-grandparents sometimes.

Then Miss Audrey explains what the old folks should have done, long ago, and where they took the wrong turning, and Miss Beth admires her prodigiously, and sometimes shuts her eyes and breathes a little prayer of thanks for her.

They've been together for several years now, and Miss Beth was beginning to hope timidly that she would never be lonely again, when a terrible situation came about. Even Miss Audrey couldn't handle it. It started simply, as such things do, and then was all about them like a fog.

It began in the middle of May. Miss Audrey had been spending most of the winter talking about the need for an advisory course at the high school. Now she was saying it again while Miss Beth washed the dishes.

"Progressive education!" she snorted. "The simple tools of the mind are all old hat. What we do now is adjust them socially and hide from them how ignorant they are."

She pushed her curly hair into a vigorous topknot. "You'd think the principal of the high school would see the need of this course, wouldn't you? I was in his office today. 'Mr. Price,' I said, 'if the school board will put in that advisory course I will be glad to take charge of it myself. Those youngsters aren't learning anything. They need a firm hand.'"

They'd had roast pork for dinner and rhubarb pie, and Miss Beth moved in a soft glow of contentment. "Bill Price is always a bit slow to take up new things," she said. "His father never would have electric lights."

"That reminds me," Miss Audrey said. "Come in here for a minute, Beth. I can't see you."

Miss Beth went to the door.

"Bill Price is taking his family off with him to that conference in the city, and he wants to know if Inger can stay here while they are gone. What do you think, Beth?"

Inger is the young woman who came to the Prices last autumn, a "displaced person" from some tiny country in Northern Europe. She was working as a housemaid until she could find herself a permanent place in the new country.

"We've got the spare room, of course, but

what would we do with her? She doesn't even speak English, does she?"

"Certainly she speaks English," Miss Audrey said. "She just doesn't open her mouth, and people think she can't talk. I've been wondering if she couldn't do something better than housework. I'd like to have her here and study her. Maybe I could help her."

"Well, then, if you'll do the talking," Miss Beth said. "I'm sure I don't mind. I hope she'll like us."

So it was settled. Inger helped the Prices pack for the trip, cleaned up their house after them, locked it up, packed all her belongings into one suitcase, and came to Miss Beth's house. She is not awfully pretty in the face, but she has a look of clean serenity, with her yellow hair braided and pinned in a coronet above her calm brow.

She wasn't any bother at all. She realised that Miss Audrey wants the kitchen to herself when she's cooking, so she stayed out of the way until she was called to the table. She accepted Miss Beth's fluttering plea that dish washing was a one-woman job, and didn't bother her with helping.

But she took over all the dusting and cleaning and laundry work, and managed somehow to get it done while they were out of the house. In the evenings, she was almost always busy somewhere sitting with young children, and on Sunday mornings she went to church and left them to read the Sunday papers in peace.

When there was nothing else for her to do, she went for walks around town and into the country, looking at people's gardens. So it was a privilege to hear her quiet step on the porch, and see her come into the hall with her calm, serene face under that coronet of yellow hair.

She didn't go off to her room, either, but brought her needlework and sat with them companionably before the fire. Yes, she was a pleasure to have around, and one of the finest young women Miss Beth had ever known.

The first Sunday after school holidays began, Miss Audrey was roasting a leg of lamb, with a bit of garlic in it, for Sunday dinner, and Miss Beth had the Sunday symphony on the radio, and the papers spread around her.

She was feeling wickedly contented, and a little ashamed of the way her whole body quivered whenever she got a whiff of the roast.

Miss Audrey came whipping in with some tiny buttered rolls, just out of the oven, and half a cup of the morning's coffee.

"Inger should get married," she said, sitting down a minute with her own cup. "I've studied her, and made up my mind. She'll make some man a good wife. Think of somebody she could marry, Beth."

Beth turned down the radio a little and thought. There really aren't many single

A complete short story

BY VICTORIA CASE

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD





# Woman?

men in our town, except the boys at college, and they were all a little too young for Inger. Old Tom Hansen is a bachelor, but he is almost seventy, and much too satisfied with himself to marry. Paul Amburn lost his wife in child-birth last winter, but his sister-in-law was taking care of the children for him, and he didn't seem to be interested in marrying again.

Two or three men, recently divorced, or in the process of divorcing, had other women on their minds.

"Isn't there a farmer?" Miss Audrey urged.

"Inger likes the country."

Miss Beth followed the various roads out in her mind, trying to think of a farm without a woman on it. Farmers seem to get married and remarried more quickly than one would believe possible.

Then, hesitating, she said, "Angus McDougall lives out on Black Ridge, about eight miles up in the hills. I'm pretty sure he isn't married, and he's about the right age, I think, but it's pretty hard to tell with that beard."

"Does he farm?"

"He has a good bit of land up there, but I think he's got about fifty acres cleared. He fattens beef cattle, and brings in a lot of chickens, and cuts old trees for firewood. I've bought wood from him for years, and it's always good and cut to measure. But he never talks. I don't remember more than three words a year, if that much."

Miss Audrey grinned impishly. "They sound as if they were made for each other. Well, then, we'll get to work on it."

"How can we?" Miss Beth asked, aghast. "I wouldn't have the courage. What can we possibly do—"

"We'll simply drive out this afternoon and look his place over," Miss Audrey said. "Now don't say a word to Inger until we see."

Miss Beth thought it was wonderful to be so confident, and she was thankful again that Miss Audrey was here with her, and she shut her eyes and breathed a little prayer, and the smell of the roast lamb floated around her like a benediction.

Miss Audrey drives her little car confidently. It is a pleasure to ride with her, and see her firm little hands on the wheel. They took Inger between them on the seat, and turned out towards the hills.

The day could not have been prettier, and Miss Beth was in raptures over every bird and blossom. Miss Audrey looked critically over the farms they passed, and Inger was companionably silent.

They hesitated when the road forked, but Miss Audrey caught sight of one of the Johnson boys leaning over a bridge, and he gave her directions to McDougall's place. They came out on top of the ridge, and Miss Audrey stopped the car at the gate.

The house was quite old, but it had flowers blossoming, and a big tree shading it. The paddocks were neat and the crops looked good.

Miss Audrey nodded approvingly at Beth over Inger's head and said, "We'll go in."

"You'll have to do the talking," Miss Beth fluttered, as Angus McDougall came striding down from the cow-shed.

He is a big, spare man with a great stern Scottish nose and heavy brows that meet over his eyes. His beard covered most of his

face. It was ginger-colored, which went oddly with his dark hair. He took his hat off, and managed to give an impression of dignity and good manners and inquiry without saying a word.

"You are Angus McDougall?" Miss Audrey said, getting out of the car. "We have come to call."

He looked startled, but led the way to the house. The inside would have been lighter if the windows hadn't been so small, but it was quite neat and clean, and Miss Audrey nodded at Beth again.

McDougall went off to the kitchen, and they heard stove-lids clashing and cups

*To page 10*



*Miss Audrey said in her usual direct fashion, "I think you should pour the tea, Inger."*



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Continuing . . .

being set on saucers. Presently he brought in an old chipped pot full of hot tea.

Miss Audrey said, "I think you should pour, Inger," so Inger went to the table without a word and served them as if she were in her own home. Afterwards, Miss Beth thought she remembered that McDougall kept getting his cup filled again, but at the time she didn't notice anything except the Scottish shortbread he offered shyly, still in its original box as it came from overseas.

Miss Beth found it wickedly sweet, and couldn't decide whether to take a second piece and get a liver attack or refuse it and seem to refuse his hospitality. Before she could make up her mind, Miss Audrey said briskly they would like to look over the farm.

McDougall showed them the chicken yard, with young roosters pecking about in it, and baby chickens peeping around the old hens.

He already had his peas in bloom, and potatoes well up out of the ground. A stark little flower bed was all squared off self-consciously, with little green plants in it.

Down by the paddock fence, they looked at a couple of Jersey cows chewing their cud in the shade, and a mare with a colt resting under a tree.

There was a sense of freedom and slow-paced time, with the sun warm on their shoulders and all the buzzings and whispings and rustlings of growing things. Miss Beth was almost dizzy with the loveliness.

"Beth, you and Inger wait at the car," Miss Audrey said. "I want a word with Mr. McDougall."

She spoke out plainly, as she always did with the high-school boys, with no hints, and nothing to be guessed at or misunderstood.

"Inger Hegstrom is alone in the world. I think she would make a good wife for a farmer." She told him rapidly what little she knew of Inger's history, and the many virtues in the young woman. Once she glanced up at him, and thought the sun must be shining through his ears, to make them so red, but she couldn't read his thoughts in his face because of the beard.

"I am bringing this to your attention, Mr. McDougall, because she is an uncommonly fine young woman," she finished, kindly and firmly. "She has been brought up in the Old Country, where men are head of the house, and you won't find that in many girls here. If you have thought of marrying, you'll do well to move quickly. Now that's every word I mean to say, and you'll excuse me for speaking plainly."

She went briskly off to the car, and heard him following. He stood beside the car, smelling faintly of the cow-shed in a way that was oddly fitting and masculine, and after a bit he got his mouth open.

"You have honored me," he said, in his deep voice, and made a little bow as they drove off.

His beard was a monstrosity, of course. He'd have to shave it off, Miss Audrey said on the way home. But he was a fine big man.

"You can see he works hard, and doesn't waste anything. I think he must have had a good mother. You saw how he made tea for us, without even asking? He's been brought up decently."

Miss Beth said, "I always thought it would be nice to live on a farm, if a lot of people were there, so it wouldn't be lonely," she said wistfully.

"You're very well off right where you are," Miss Audrey told her. "You've got to make a home for me for a long time, you know."

Miss Beth was so overcome

# Who Gives This Woman?

from page 9

disappointment. But she thrust this aside so she could share whatever was shattering Miss Audrey. She read the letter out, hardly believing her eyes:

Dear Madam: I will marry her. Tell me the date and I will come to your house.

Angus Malcolm McDougall.

They heard Inger coming, and Miss Audrey snatched the letter and flew into the kitchen. It sounded as if she were boxing the ears of the range and throwing dishes on the floor, but presently she called them to a patchy little lunch. She sat with her eyes glittering, poking at her food, without eating anything. Then she snatched the letter out of her pocket and slapped it open at Inger's place.

"I only said you were a fine woman," she said, furiously pink. "It was really nothing more than a sort of introduction. I meant he should come and call."

Inger sipped her coffee, with her eyes on the brief note. As far as they could tell, she did not change color nor quicken her breathing. "Like the Old Country," she said, with a submissive look at Miss Audrey.

She rose and put her finger on the calendar, marking out Saturday. "Four o'clock. First I go to the city to tell my friends. Thank you." She smiled at them both, and went upstairs to pack her suitcase.

"She means me to answer him!" Miss Audrey was hardly able to breathe. "As if I were a— a marriage broker or something. How can he—how can she—?" She sounded like Miss Beth, all confused, but not accepting it, and furious at herself and everything around her.

"I'll write him!" she said, slamming open the desk drawer. She scribbled "Four o'clock, Saturday" on a piece of note-paper, addressed an envelope with shaking fingers, and thrust it at Miss Beth. "Post it," she said. "He'll get it to-morrow. What do we care?"

When Miss Beth came home after work, she thought she had it all straight in her mind. She told Miss Audrey, "He knows Inger is a fine young woman, because you said so. And Inger knows she can trust your judgment—you have a tone of authority. You will be such a success advising the students."

For the first time in their association, Miss Audrey slammed the door behind her, and left Miss Beth wiping her eyes and wondering what she had said that was wrong.

Things were confused after that. Miss Beth hardly knew what to say, lest she offend Miss Audrey again, and yet when she said nothing Miss Audrey kept poking and prodding at her for a response.

"You know it's all a joke, don't you?" Miss Audrey insisted, with the angry pink in her cheeks. "He's paying me off for interfering, and so is Inger. She isn't coming back. I'm convinced of that."

"Oh, no," Miss Beth protested. "Inger wouldn't do that. I'm sure she's coming back."

"Then why doesn't she write? Why didn't she take the trouble to give us the address of one single person she knows in the city? Even Bill Price is out of town, so we can't ask him where he found her. Why did she take everything she owned in the world with her?"

Miss Audrey threw the rug over her ankles as if she lashed herself with a whip. "We're going to look like fools, no matter what happens."

Miss Beth ventured to bring out a thought that had kept her awake the night before. "Should we, do you think—"

I mean, we could invite some people in for coffee, Saturday? We wouldn't need to say anything, of course."

"I won't lift a finger," Miss Audrey said.

"Has he been in to get a licence? Can he get a licence without her? Don't tell me Angus McDougall could show signs of getting married and nobody hear of it."

Miss Beth wasn't sure, but she thought the town clerk could keep it quiet if he wanted to, and anyway it might be too late for the weekly paper, and nobody might have mentioned it, or, anyway, she hadn't heard.

"You couldn't ask, I suppose?" Miss Audrey inquired coldly.

Miss Beth cringed. "Oh, please! They make such jokes in there. I—I wouldn't like to be laughed at."

Miss Audrey bit her lip and took up her book again.

When Miss Beth came home that night, she heard Miss Audrey on the telephone.

"Come and have coffee on Saturday," she was saying, "I've wanted to meet Jimmy's family. Yes, bring everybody. And tell the Stars to come too."

She laid down the phone, and pushed at her mop of white hair, avoiding Beth's eyes. "I'll make a cake. I'd like to see what kind of family Jimmy Johnson has."

With this tacit consent, Miss Beth scurried around and got a few guests coming for Saturday. Two or three of the church women had been kind to Inger, and the Halls and Simmonds knew her because she sat with their children.

Miss Beth didn't mention Inger, however. She simply said, "Miss Audrey is making one of her chocolate cakes. Can you run in for coffee Saturday?" and of course they'd love to.

Just to fill up the big living-room, she invited some nurses and the girl who works in the assessor's office, and several others from the courthouse staff. Bill Price and his wife, who knew Inger best, hadn't come home yet, but it would be a good-sized gathering.

She bought a pretty wool blanket, too, telling herself she could use it for a Christmas gift if nothing happened Saturday. She smuggled it into the house Friday afternoon.

Later she found Miss Audrey in the kitchen, trying to pour a set of mixing bowls, and making a wild hash of it.

"I'm certain that Inger is gone for good," Miss Audrey said furiously. "And any man worth shooting would have come in for a minute sometime this week. But you can do up these confounded bowls for me, if you want to."

Miss Beth wraps gifts beautifully. She set the things in Inger's room, and then cut flowers so that the house would look nice, anyway.

Saturday morning, while Miss Audrey was whipping up the cake, and not fit to speak to, Beth remembered that they might need a minister.

She came back with her face pink, and bowed into the kitchen, wiping her eyes.

"He laughed until I could have slapped his face," she told Miss Audrey, hunting for another handkerchief.

"I thought I'd ask Mr. Howard because he's Presbyterian, but I didn't know he has such a sense of humor. He says he'll come and if he's needed he'll marry them, and if nothing happens he won't say a word, but he was still laughing when I left."

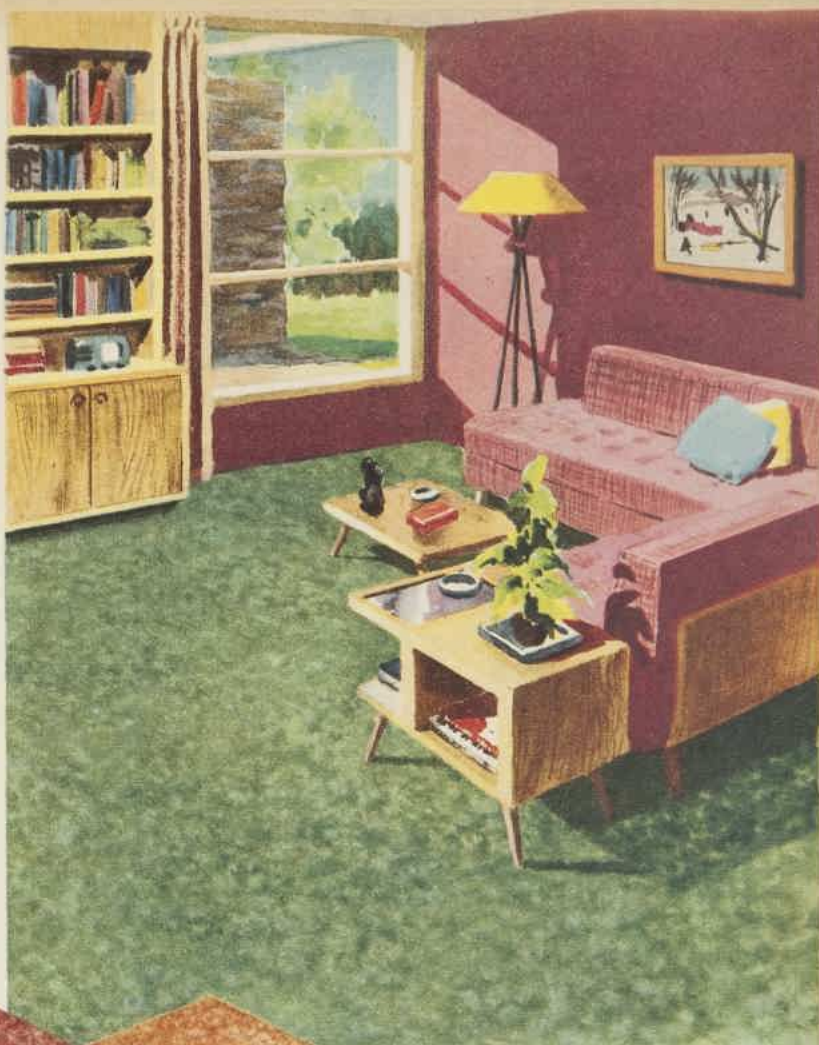
Miss Audrey set out a cake she had just taken out of the

To page 40



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# **FELTEX**

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# FATHERS' SHIP COMES HOME



**FIRST KISS.** Leading-Stoker-Mechanic John Crail kisses his tiny nine-weeks-old daughter, Janette June, who has just been handed over by his wife for his inspection.



**LEADING-BUTCHER JACK ROBINSON**, of South Kensington, Melbourne, admired his new baby daughter, Anne, while Mrs. Robinson (centre) and her sister, Valerie Banks, admired the beard Jack grew during his 10 months' Korean service in H.M.A.S. Anzac. Six of the 18 fathers of new babies are Victorians. The men have 48 days' leave due to them.

**Children waving flags, and mothers with tiny babies, lined the wharf at Williamstown, Victoria, when H.M.A.S. Anzac, with 18 fathers of new babies aboard, berthed after service in Korea.**

By  
**SUSAN BARRIE,**  
staff reporter

As the destroyer tied up, sailors leapt ashore to kiss their wives, and to get their first glimpses of their offspring born while they were away.

**"WE** are so terribly excited it is hard to wait," small, dark-eyed Mrs. Crail, of Prahran, had said as she cuddled nine-weeks-old Janette June and scanned the deck for her husband, Leading-Stoker-Mechanic John Crail.

Her mother, Mrs. J. Wadland, almost as excited, held firmly to her own younger children, Lynette and Garry.

"We were up long before dawn," she told me.

"Baby Janette is the first grandchild, and we are just thrilled about her."

Mrs. Carter, wife of Petty-Officer Arthur Carter, had to get up early, too, to travel from her bayside home at Aspendale. She was at the wharf with her children, Steven, 2, and six-weeks-old Lynette, as her husband jumped ashore.

"We'll have a real celebration," said Arthur. "Most of the fathers in the ship got the news while we were at sea—so we had to drink the babies' health in milk. Now I'm home we'll have a proper party."

Another of the eight Victorians who became fathers during the voyage was Lieutenant Geoffrey Woolrich, whose pretty wife, Sheila, drove up from their home, Bruarong Cottage, Frankston, to meet the ship, with Susan, born just before Christmas.

"What a Christmas present she was," exclaimed Susan's

father as he saw his daughter for the first time. "Isn't she a sweet little thing?" he asked proudly.

That Anzac was a fathers' ship was evident in the toys and souvenirs that the crew brought back.

There were playthings and novelties of every kind, from parasols to tricycles, as well as 90 camphor-wood chests for the "Mums."

It was estimated that during the ten days Anzac was in Hongkong the ship's company spent about £8000.

More than 400 toys for the orthopaedic annexe of the Children's Hospital at Frankston were unloaded, and during the ship's tour of duty the ship's personnel collected £400 for the Women's Hospital, Melbourne.

"Every ship has some money in the kitty, and with 300 aboard it was easy to raise that amount in ten months," Captain Arthur Mesley, skipper of Anzac, told me.

"There are so many fathers in the ship that it seemed appropriate to help the

women's and children's hospitals," he said.

One third of the men are Victorians.

Genial Captain Mesley, who was promoted from commander during Anzac's Korean service, got a rousing welcome in Sydney from his own three sons, Peter, 11, John, 8, and Richard, 6.

Christenings will be important events in many families during the 48 days' shore leave due to Anzac's men.

Leading-Stoker Bert Rolfe, of Cheltenham, saw his eight-months-old daughter, Marie, for the first time.

"Now I'm home we'll have her christened right away," said Bert. "It will be just a quiet family ceremony."

Leading-Cook Leonard Johnston and his wife were also planning a christening party at their Richmond home.

"We'll have Colleen christened at St. Bartholomew's Church, Burnley, where our other children, Robert and Joy, were christened," said Mrs. Johnston, "then we'll have a little social gathering afterwards."

Warmth and good cheer at their own firesides were more than welcome to the men after their rigorous service.

During the ship's tour 228 days were spent at sea, 140 in the combat zone, where Anzac was engaged in bombardment, blockade, and carrier-escort duties.

An enemy bomb fell within ten yards of her, but she escaped a direct hit.

The crew found the intense cold most exacting of all. For 14 consecutive days in the Christmas and New Year season Anzac was on patrol in temperatures as low as 20 degrees below freezing point. Even at noon temperatures were five degrees below.



**GETTING ACQUAINTED** with his daughter, eight-months-old Marie, is Leading-Stoker Bert Rolfe on the wharf with his wife, Olive, after the Anzac berthed at Williamstown.

**SAILOR'S WELCOME** from eight-months-old Colleen when she met her father, Leading-Cook Leonard Johnston, for the first time at their home in Dover St., Richmond, Melbourne.



# Sons of Anzac - and their dads



**N.S.W. FATHERS AND THEIR SONS.** From left, Commissioned-Gunner D. Mooney, with Stephen, eight months; Able-Seaman D. Campbell, with Donald, five months; Chief Radio Electrician Reg Labone, with Kenneth, six months; and Leading-Seaman E. D. ("Buck") Ryan, with Phillip, four months, photographed when Anzac berthed in Sydney.



**LEADING-STOKER BILL TYLER** (right), of Geelong, was a stranger to his son, eleven-months-old Peter. Mrs. Tyler beamed a welcome, but Peter wasn't happy. With the Tylers are Stoker-Mechanic Milton Hoe and his fiancée, Margaret Stewart.



**FAMILY MAN**, Captain John Mesley, skipper of the Anzac (right), took a friendly interest in Susan, seven-months-old daughter of Lieut. and Mrs. Geoffrey Woolrich, of Frankston, Victoria. Captain Mesley, who has three sons, has his home in Sydney.



**HEADED FOR HOME.** Petty-Officer Arthur Carter carries his new daughter, Lynette, and his wife has son Steven.



**MAKING FRIENDS AGAIN** with son Robert, 3, is Leading-Cook Leonard Johnston, who also has new baby daughter.



## —MY CHEMIST TOLD ME

SOOTHES THE THROAT, CUTS AWAY CONGESTION

Whenever you have need to buy a cough mixture—be sure of buying a medicine that will give you speedy, positive relief. Benefit by the experience of thousands who use Nya Bronchitis Mixture.

The formula of this time-tested medicine is plainly printed on the label—that is why **your** chemist, too, will recommend Nyal Bronchitis Mixture. Two sizes—Regular, 3/9. Family Size, 6/3.

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Especially formulated for infants and children. Contains Ipecacuanha, Squill, Eucalyptus in a pleasant-tasting honey base. Soothes the throat; eases coughing; cuts phlegm; makes breathing easier. 4 oz. bottle — 3/6



A new type of cough treatment which will "break up" even the most stubborn cough. Contains phenylephrine—a decongestant—which reduces swelling in the bronchial tubes, making breathing easier; Codeine—a sedative—which stops coughing and gives torn tissues a chance to heal; Gerosoft—an antiseptic—which cuts phlegm; plus five active expectorants in a honey base. 5/6, 9/6.



Nyal Creophos is more than just a tonic—it is combined cough mixture and tonic. That's one of the reasons why it so effectively clears up the stubborn cough that so often follows flu. Contains nine body-building ingredients. Three sizes—3/4, 6/3, 7/6.



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destroys germs, pro-  
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110 LITTLE BOBBY STREET, MELBOURNE

# Worth Reporting

THE prize for Australia's  
most wide-awake mar-  
ried couple should go to  
Mr. and Mrs. Jack Buckle,  
who, to complete a rush  
upholstering contract, are  
prepared to work days at  
a stretch without going  
home to sleep.

Jack Buckle is a five-foot-  
nothing, 50-year-old bundle  
of efficiency who was born in  
Liverpool, England. He was  
in charge of a team of men  
who re-upholstered Sydney's  
Empire Theatre for the presen-  
tation of the musical play  
"South Pacific."

When we visited him and his  
wife, who works with him, just  
before the Empire reopened,  
he had been up for six and a  
half days. He was still co-  
ordinating well enough to stud  
a plush-covered chair as he  
talked.

"No, I'm not really tired  
yet," he said, "although I must  
say a hot Irish stew and a long  
bath would feel pretty good."

"Of course, my wife's half  
the team. She does all the  
sewing practically single-  
handed. She doesn't bother  
much about sleep, either."

After Mr. Buckle had fin-  
ished upholstering the seat he  
had been working on, he in-  
vited us to try it.

"Test that for comfort," he  
said. "You never know, it  
might be the one that the  
Queen will sit in next year."

Having since hastened to see  
"South Pacific," we can report  
that one of the many things  
about it that fascinated us was  
the undulating tummy roll  
performed by American com-  
edian Leonard Stone, who  
plays Luther Billis, a U.S.  
Seabee of some ingenuity.

Leonard has a ship in full  
sail painted on his diaphragm,  
and the aforementioned roll  
makes the ship move in a  
most lifelike way.

We questioned both Leon-  
ard and his understudy, Robert  
Burns (who also plays "Stew-  
pot"), on the subject. We  
found that while Leonard's  
ship always rolls one way  
Robert's goes the other.  
Neither can make his ship  
move in an opposite direction.

If we had a ship, it would  
be becalmed.



"If I'm not raised at least a  
sack a week I intend to enter-  
tain destructive thoughts that  
will permanently warp my  
personality."

ENGLISH-SPEAKING  
classes for migrants are  
being held in the country towns  
of Tomswan, Dungay, Chilling-  
ham, Tumbulgum, Tyalgum,  
Uki, and Doon Doon.

It might be a good idea, we  
feel, to run courses as well in  
pronouncing some Australian  
place names.

Danced to  
spoken verse

TWO Sydney sisters, Mavis  
and Dorothea Dowling,  
combined ballet dancing with  
verse speaking at the second  
annual Poetry Week, held re-  
cently by the society of  
"Poetry, Poets, People."

"I don't think this has ever  
been done before," explained  
Dorothea, who writes poetry,  
too. "I danced to the words  
of a Highland Lament while  
Mavis read. When I heard  
the pipes I ran from one side  
of the stage to the other,  
listening. When the banshee  
wailed I put my head down  
under my arm, miming terror.  
Then, when the verse read  
'Gabriel's trumpet sounds  
alarm us,' I stepped back, til-  
ted my head, and made a  
trumpet with my hands."

Later Dorothea read a  
poem called "The Sea-  
gull" while Mavis (in white  
ballet frock, seagull brooch,  
and two pale blue feathers in  
her hair) gave the impressions  
of a sea bird.

The Festival was organised  
by well-known speech expert  
Miss Grace Stafford, president  
of "Poetry, Poets, People."

Gregarious habits  
of starlings

HOMEWARD-BOUND  
workers crossing Wynyard  
Square, Sydney, at dusk each  
night are taking time to look  
skywards at the thousands of  
starlings which wheel and dip  
in formation.

"The starlings have the  
flocking habit," explained Mr.  
J. R. Kinghorn, Curator of  
Birds and Reptiles at Sydney  
Museum. "They're gregarious  
birds. No one knows actually  
why they go in for flocking,  
but it happens all over the  
world."

"Once in Philadelphia I saw  
starlings two and three deep  
on one another, clustered on  
every ledge and window-sill.  
And if you were to go to Lon-  
don, you'd see them flocking  
over Trafalgar Square and  
Charing Cross."

A family firm  
in Melbourne

WHEN the Sara Quads were  
in Melbourne on their  
way to England, we went with  
them to visit the 60-year-old  
firm of Paddle Shoes, which  
provides all the Quads' foot-  
wear.

During the visit we were  
somewhat confused by the  
number of gentlemen bearing  
the name of "Mr. Paddle."

At the present time, there  
are ten Paddles in the firm.  
They are Leslie (who is man-  
aging director), Bert, Herbert,  
Steve, Cyril, Eric, Fred, Ray,  
Herbert II, and William.

All are third-generation  
members of the Paddle clan  
except Ray, who is fourth gen-  
eration.

"And there's a host of fifth-  
generation Paddles coming  
on," the Paddles told us.

To prevent confusion, the  
Paddles are called by their  
Christian names, with the pre-  
fix "Mr."

The only Paddle not in the  
firm is Mr. Norman, who is a  
public accountant in Colac,  
Victoria.

THERE could have been a  
happier choice than the  
film recently shown in Sydney  
to an audience of vegetarians.  
The title? "The Raising of  
Beef Cattle in Australia."

Forever fresh,  
forever fragrant



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of enchantment

Only Gemey brings you this rare exciting  
fragrance... the tantalising, irresist-  
ible fragrance of romance... a  
subtle, sophisticated perfume that  
lingers in the heart and mind and  
memory... unforgettablely it's you.  
In three sizes: handbag, 5/3;  
pedestal, 16/10; de-luxe gift size, 68/7.



and for all-over freshness Gemey Skin Perfume

delicately blended to give a glorious  
cooling effect and a lovely foundation  
fragrance. Delightful when sprayed or  
splashed on following a bath. In a lovely,  
gracefully distinctive bottle, 15/6.

GEMEY LIPSTICK stays  
on and stays beautiful

Longer Lasting Colour! Longer Lasting Lustre!  
Longer Lasting Smoothness! Won't dry the Lips!  
No Smearing! Six Exciting Shades!

Creations of Richard Hudnut  
New York • London • Paris • Sydney

## THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

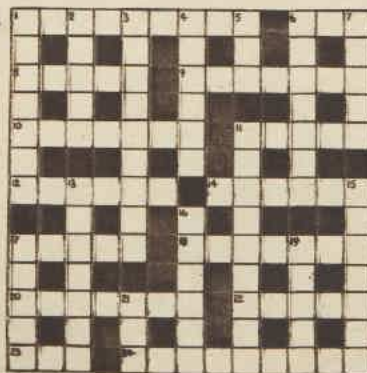
- It's often a pain in the neck, but what a gem (9).
- Obscure centre turned (3).
- Is sure they are tricks, but I am not in it (5).
- Bundles of female farewells in ancient Rome (7).
- Sell a high card for a small fish (7).
- Can receive e-cro-ic echoes from both ends (5).
- Blockhead of an egg with humor (6).
- Tools, thirteen in a pack (6).

- Acute pain with a metallic centre (5).
- Monk's hood made into ace (7).
- Use a rod (Anag. 7).
- Separately is a sec-tion (5).
- Step in spasms (3).
- Keep going ere vesper appears (9).

Solution will  
be published  
next week.



Solution to last week's  
crossword.



DOWN

- Vehicle and a vehicle make a (7).
- It's a sticky material and is all about transgression (6).
- Lavish gun in rags (9).
- Barrow-man with price turned about (6).
- Woman with sign of victory in case (3).
- I see inside a prelate when sepa-rated into parts (7).
- Skintint (5).

- A pert robe is fitting for one hardened in sin (9).
- They stand on three feet in an excursion on broken cut turf (7).
- Ghost could reappear as respect (7).
- His wife is surely a goose (6).
- Clean-cut musical instruments by changing the top to bottom (5).
- I estimate it's angry (9).
- If taken with milk it makes a man a weaking (3).



SURROUND  
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WITH BEAUTY  
AT SURPRISINGLY  
LOW COST

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FIREPLACE SURROUNDS  
OF GLAZED TERRA-COTTA



# Rice harvest sets price record



**HORSE-DRAWN** harvesters reap the rice on Mr. Jack Bassett's farm at Lorton, N.S.W. On the left of the picture is the unthreshed paddy rice and on the right is the green stubble. Horses are often preferred to tractors because they can tramp through the muddy fields and go very slowly when the crop is heavy.



**OWNER** of a small rice mill at Murrumbidgee, N.S.W., rice farmer Tom Henham, assisted by his 17-year-old son David, sifts the paddy rice.



**RICE FARMER'S** wife Mrs. Jack Bassett and her daughter Susan take a billy of tea to the harvesters. Most Australian rice farms also carry wheat and fat lambs.

The richest rice harvest in the history of Australia has been gathered in the Murrumbidgee Irrigation Area and the Murray Valley in southern N.S.W.

**ALTOGETHER** 75,000 tons of paddy rice worth £3,000,000 have been brought into the sheds.

A record of 62,000 tons has come from the Murrumbidgee fields, although only 13,000 tons of the expected 15,000 tons have been reaped in the Murray Valley.

Paddy rice is rice in the hull or husk ("padi" is the Malay word for field). It yields about 65 per cent. polished rice when milled.

This year's crop is the richest because, although the quantity is not a record, the highest price in the history of local rice growing—£40 a ton—is being paid to growers, who have received as low as £8/15/- a ton in previous years.

The retail price of rice for home consumption is fixed at 1/- a pound. It is in plentiful supply.

The Rice Marketing Board of N.S.W., which controls rice-growing in the State, buys all the rice from the farmers straight from the farms. It is then stored in the Board's sheds.

Because of exceptionally fine dry weather the rice was reaped and stored in record time, without having to dry out in the fields.

The Board will not accept rice with a moisture content of more than 16 per cent.

The rice is milled by the Rice Growers' Co-operative Mill at Lorton, N.S.W., or private mills in the surrounding country. Much of it is for home consumption.

A certain percentage is ex-

ported to New Zealand, America, India, and Pakistan.

The rice is reaped with horse or tractor drawn harvesters by contract workers, who bag it and stack it for the farmer to load on to his own or contract trucks to take to the nearest storage shed.

Rice-growing country is flat and featureless, irrigated by wide canals with small channels and drains running across it like a spider's web.

The rice plant must be submerged one-third of its height until a few weeks before harvesting, when the fields are drained and dried out to permit the passage of harvesting machines.

Water is rationed. It is supplied from 200 miles of irrigation canals and measured into each farm by big, black waterwheels.

Rice farmers will receive fat cheques for this year's crop, but they also face a big rise in expenses. Water, for instance, which cost the farmer £400 last year, is nearly £1000 this year.

If his rice cheque is £8000—which it will be if he has 60 acres of rice—a good deal of it will go to his share-farmer.

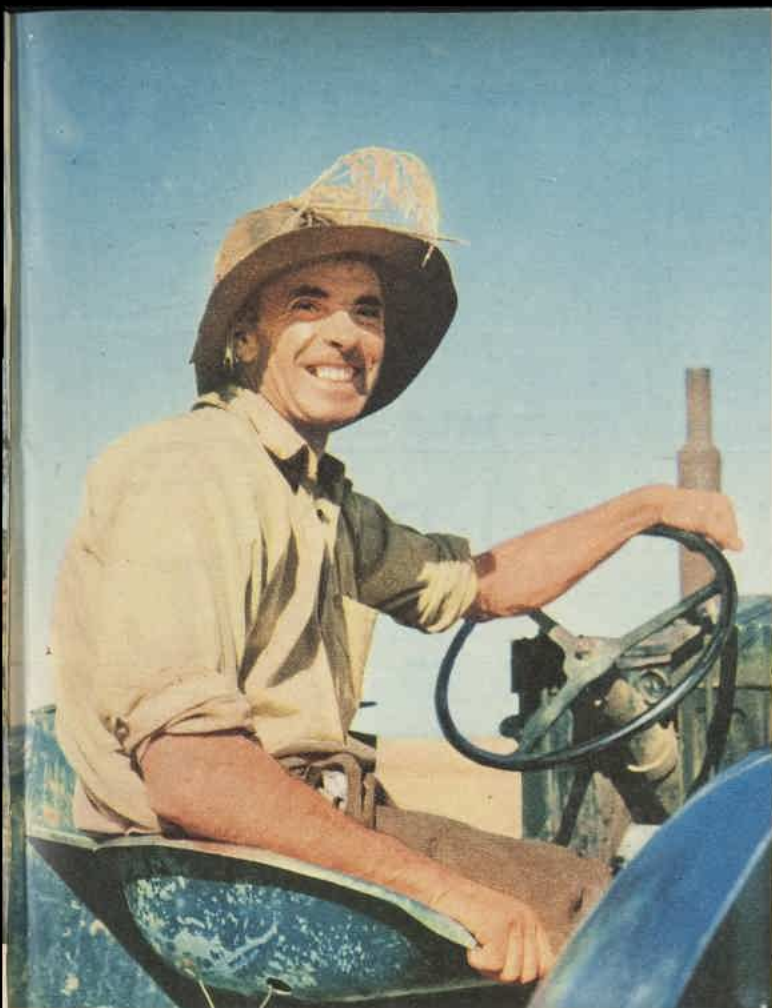
Regulations insist that he bag and deliver his rice in special brand-new jute sacks. These will cost £800.

Although at present the only two rice-growing areas in Australia are the Murrumbidgee Irrigation Area and the Murray Valley, more than a million acres in Western Australia and the Northern Territory are being tested for rice-growing.

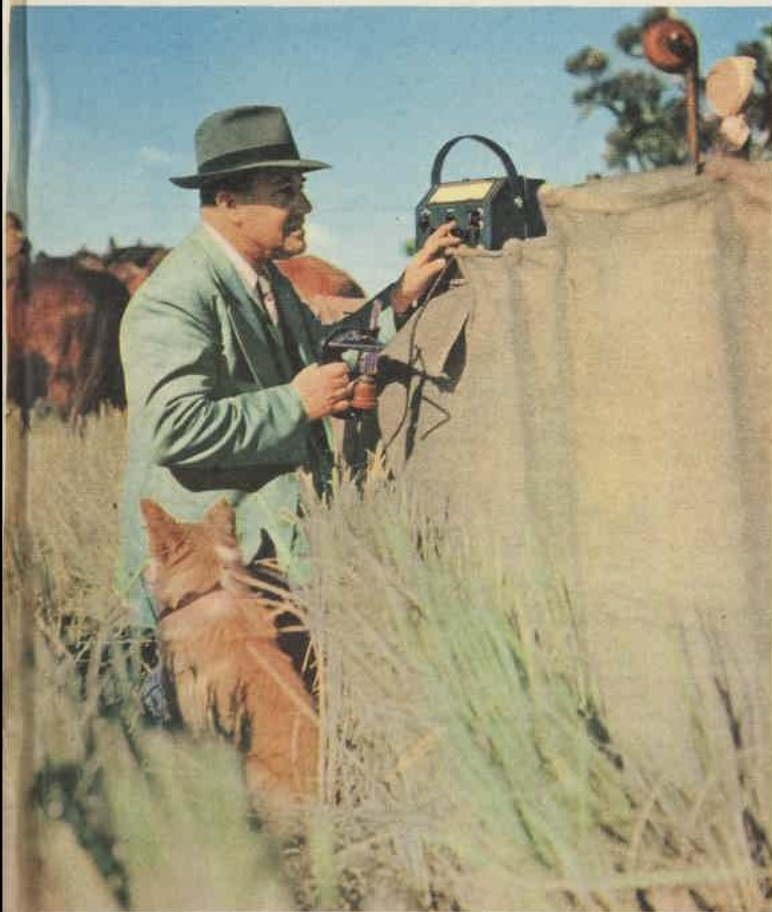
So far the tests have proved favorable.

By  
**SHEILA PATRICK,**  
staff reporter





SHARE-FARMER Dave Willson, who works on Dave Stott's farm, is proud of his hat decoration—a sprig of rice. The rice plant grows to about two feet. It ripens to a rich head of deep yellow grain that is often top-heavy.



HARVESTERS halt for tea among the 'uncut' rice. Australian rice, controlled by the Government through the N.S.W. Rice Marketing Board, has no diseases. Each farm is numbered and cannot be sold without the Board's permission.



ABOVE: Mr. Chad Young (left), manager of the Rice Farmers' Co-operative Mill at Leeton, N.S.W., with Mr. Alfred Bonemaker, president of the Rice Growers' Association.

LEFT: Mr. C. E. Dalton, manager of the Rice Marketing Board of N.S.W., shown here with his dog, Monte, tests the rice for moisture.

RIGHT: Mrs. Win Atherstone, well-known rice farmer, of Gogelderie, N.S.W., who has been farming for 25 years. Pictures were taken by staff photographer Clive Thompson.







Four taste-thrilling centres! Twelve finest-quality chocolates! "Fiesta"—the MacRobertson 1/4-lb. block that's different! Enjoy ripe cherries, whole almonds, milky coconut and pure garden honey. Enjoy "FIESTA"—today!



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Trust velvety NIVEA to give your skin everything it needs. NIVEA contains Eucerite, a unique ingredient closely resembling the skin's natural oils. It softens, cleanses, nourishes, replaces the vital elements dried out by wind and sun.

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Tins or tubes—all chemists and stores.

"NIVEA" and "EUCERITE" are reg. trade marks.



## It seems to me

OVER the past couple of weeks, the reported romance of Princess Margaret and Group-Captain Townsend has been discussed over every tea-table and office desk in the land.

Now and then a voice is raised in criticism of the widespread publicity. Pleas are made for privacy for the Princess. Inevitably, someone asks: "How would you like your daughter's happiness or heart-break to be canvassed in the headlines?"

But Princess Margaret is a King's daughter, and while Royalty remains so will its personal life remain of intense interest to its subjects.

For that matter, if your daughter, or your neighbor's daughter, wished to marry someone whose suitability was debated by the family, you can be sure that the argument would rage through all the relatives, near and far, and the entire circle of friends.

The Princess, by virtue of her position, has millions — instead of dozens — of people interested in her choice and her future.

It must be exceedingly uncomfortable to have so many interfering, well-meaning relatives.

But romance, especially to women, is the most fascinating kind of gossip, and it is as idle to deplore gossip as to regret that human beings have tongues.



Dorothy Drain

ONE of the wise rules for peaceful living is to be indignant about as few things as possible.

This is, in many ways, a selfish creed. It is the indignant people, the crusaders, who make the wheels go round. If it were not for them there would be little to distinguish human beings from jellyfish.

Having paid that tribute, let me admit that I incline personally to taking the easier way, arguing loudly and enthusiastically on a number of subjects but refusing to be stirred by them.

And then something happens to turn one (if I may tamper with evolution) from a jellyfish into a raving scorpion.

What is it? Of all things, "standee" buses. This is the repellent name for the vehicles introduced by Sydney's Transport Department.

Each carries 40 standing passengers and 37 seated. Authorities claim that people would rather stand for short journeys than climb stairs in double-deckers.

Gritting our teeth at that theory, let us suggest that buses be designed like dish-drying racks. All passengers could then stand in neat rows. At stops the conductor could push a button, ejecting the standees in a tangled heap. Those who wanted to could crawl back on board.

IN Michigan, U.S.A., officials of the State Conservation Department are engaging three psychologists to make hatchery trout harder to catch.

They will teach the trout to look for food on the bottom instead of the surface, and to be "less eager to take an angler's hook."

A trout whom years of freedom had made wise said, "Let them, if they want to, theorise on the minds and thoughts of fishes. But—the truth may sound malicious—It is anglers they should psycho-analyse."

A SCOTTISH member of the House of Commons, Mr. Alfred Balfour, was cheered this month when he made his maiden speech after eight years' silence.

Eight years he waited, thoughts discarding, weighing,  
Cannily cautious, to his silence clung,  
And recked not at the other members saying  
They wondered if the cat had got his tongue.  
Winter and summer, session followed session  
With question time, division, and debate,  
The speaker thundered in defence, aggression,  
Pouring invective, soothing syrup, hate.  
He heard democracy in finest flower,  
Each member rushing bravely to the fray;  
Some brief, some mumbling onward by the hour,  
While, deep in thought, he pondered what to say.

And then at last apprenticeship was ended,  
"I've looked," he thought, "and now at last  
I may leap."  
Ah, what a thing is prudence, rare and splendid!  
But—was it thus? Or was he fast asleep?

WIFE of a British millionaire this month gave an enormous party, wore a Christian Dior model exactly matching the color scheme of the supper-room.

"It was such a charming dress that I built a party round it," she said.

No doubt someone had told her she looked good enough to eat.

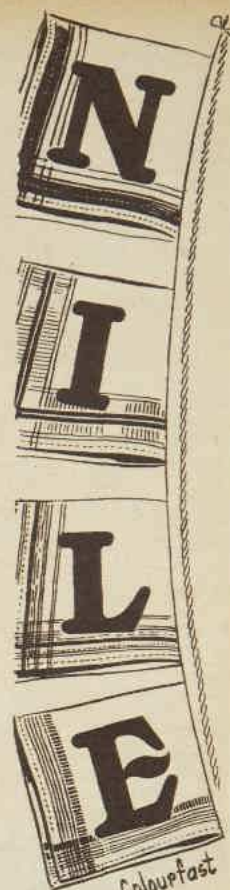
NEW ZEALAND dentists are co-operating with school authorities in an endeavor to deter children from eating too many sweets.

It was suggested that at school bazaars the sweets stall should substitute tit-bits such as eggs decorated to look like Humpty-Dumpty, and prunes like mice.

No harm in trying, but I'd hate anyone to fob me off with an olive made of green sugar.

FRIEND of mine, laden with parcels, got into an electric train the other night, and just as it whizzed out of the station realised that she had left her handbag on the platform seat.

She got out at the next station and eventually recovered it. Reflecting afterwards, she decided that the final touch to the whole nightmare was hearing the stationmaster ring the lost-property office and inquire for a "lady crocodile's handbag."



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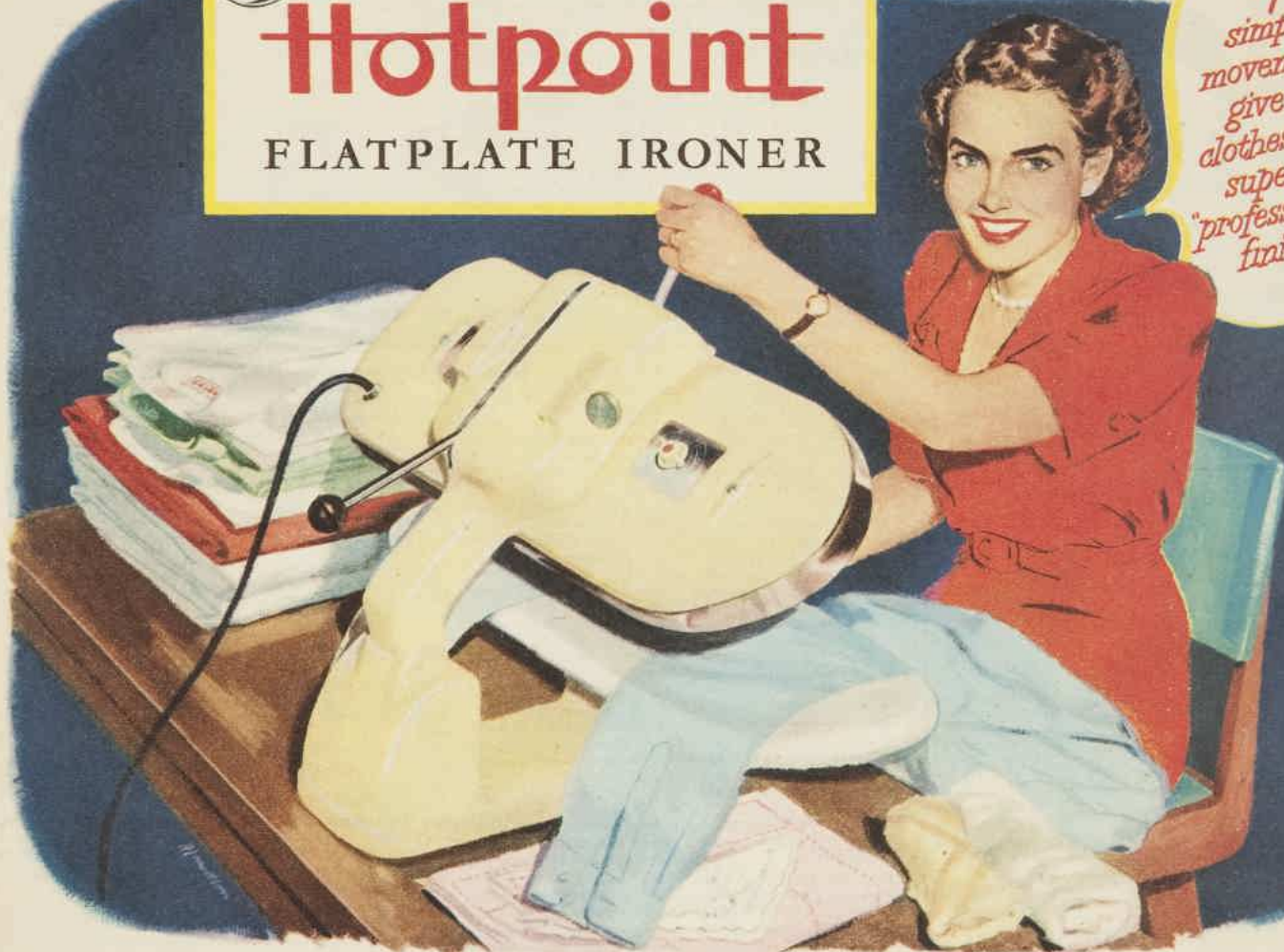
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# Chess is life to Mr. Purdy

By BETTY BEST, staff reporter

In the past six years the world has been rocked by wars, political purges, and experiments with bigger and better atom bombs. But none of these has been more important to a Sydney family of four than the daily arrival of the postman.

FROM 1947, when Cecil J. S. Purdy entered the first International Correspondence Chess Championship, until a week ago, when he got the news of his final winning move which brought him the World Championship, the Purdy household in their pretty Greenwich cottage have revolved around a series of carefully set up chess boards.

Children's examinations, bouts of illness, or the back fence falling down, all seem to have been lost in the whirl of battle which has been just as absorbing for Mrs. Purdy and the two children as it has for the world champion himself.

"When I start analysing a game in the light of a latest move from, say, Italy, France, or Sweden," Mr. Purdy told me, "I am in another world—and the joke is that the family comes with me."

"We get more excited than he does," said his wife, smiling happily. "I'm so used to organising the household around chess that I really can't think of doing it any other way now."

"And I certainly can't think of anything more important, because to us there isn't anything."

Mrs. Purdy has been trained to this outlook ever since she can remember.

Her father, Spencer Crak-anthorp, was Australian champion from 1926 to 1930, and she has been playing chess since she was four.

"She started much earlier than I did," Mr. Purdy said



A CAT can look at a king when the cat is "Smokey" Purdy. The Purdys always have at least one cat who, before long, takes an interest in the chess board. The family pets have sometimes moved a chessman from a key position while the player's attention was diverted temporarily.

proudly. "I was 14 before I played my first game."

Mr. and Mrs. Purdy met over a chess board when Mrs. Purdy was eight years old.

"It was bound to happen, you see," said Mr. Purdy. "I so often played her father."

The junior Purdys started playing as soon as they could lift the men from the board.

Son John Spencer, now 17, won the Junior Chess Championship when he was 16, and Diana Rose, a schoolgirl of 13, can beat several of the adult members of the local chess club, which meets at the Purdy home every week.

"Women prefer it as a social game," explained her mother.

"There's too much book-keeping in championship play for those whose mathematics aren't strong."

At this stage Mr. Purdy proved his wife's point by producing a pile of exercise books covered in figures and symbols laid out in neat columns.

"See what she means?" he said. "Now with these I can tell you what happened at any time in any one of 13 tournaments I was playing simultaneously over the last three years of the finals."



COOKING takes second place to chess in the Purdy household as does everything else. Mrs. Purdy says she can prepare a whole meal with a pocket chess set in one hand.

"I don't think you'd like me to go back any further than that, because it gets a bit complicated."

"You see, when the championship opened in 1947 there were 78 players representing 22 countries, but, of course, all but 14 were eliminated for the finals."

"I played the most exciting game of my life with Dr. L. Bigot, of France—the one which nearly eliminated me."

"We started in June, 1947, and didn't finish until May, 1950."

"That's the longest game I've ever played—there were 66 moves."

"Yes, we were all in such a state of excitement that I really can't remember what else was happening by the time it finished," put in Mrs. Purdy.

While we remembered that that was the year the Korean war broke out, Mr. and Mrs. Purdy tried to recall what happened on their bit of the home front.

"Oh, yes, I remember," said Mrs. Purdy in a casual tone. "I went into hospital about then."

## A prophecy

"BUT remember, Cecil, the exciting thing was that Dr. Bigot wrote you and prophesied that you would become world champion!"

"Yes, that gave me more confidence than I'd ever had before," he said.

"What else happened that year?" we asked.

"Oh, well, the finals were just in their opening stages about that time, so it was a pretty quiet and comparatively unimportant year for us — of course, Diana did get chicken-pox."

After checking dates of prescriptions, Mrs. Purdy realised that Diana's chicken-pox just about coincided with the birth of Princess Anne and so it couldn't have been quite such an uneventful year after all.

"Our next most exciting moment was in the match with Dr. Napolitano, of Italy, when I made a bad move and gave

him a chance to force a draw," Mr. Purdy reminisced.

"Dr. Napolitano, whose chess style is the most flamboyant I have ever encountered, did not take advantage of the position, and decided to play the game out."

While Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh were touring Canada the Purdy family were wringing their hands at the thought of the disaster that might overtake them from Italy, and son John passed his Leaving Certificate examination with first-class honors in chemistry.

"And his first job which he took early in 1952 coincided with my offering a draw to Dr. J. Balogh, of Hungary," Mr. Purdy said.

"When John heard that he'd accepted, he almost forgot to tell us about his job!"

John's personal triumph in winning the N.S.W. Junior Championship last September coincided with the appointment of Sir William Slim as Governor-General of Australia, but both events were forgotten by the family when Cecil Purdy defeated Leo Watzel, of Vienna.

To the layman, chess has always seemed an interminably slow game, but to the champion there is, if anything, a sense of working against time.

"Some nights I was up till all hours trying to make a move in time," Mr. Purdy told me.

"You see, we were only allowed 30 actual thinking days for every ten moves, and when you have several games going at once it keeps you busy."

"Do you know that I once worked out that if all the combinations of the game were written down on paper they would cover the whole world to a height higher than Mt. Everest!"

"You see, the whole charm of chess lies in its quality of repose," Mrs. Purdy explained.

"We're just a happy, normal family with the addition of a secret which enables us to get away from it all."



# The Princess and Peter Townsend



AT AN R.A.F. DISPLAY at Farnborough in July, 1950, at which the late King was present, Group-Captain Peter Townsend sat behind Princess Margaret in the Royal enclosure at the aerodrome.



DURING THEIR RECENT TOUR of Rhodesia, The Queen Mother and Princess Margaret leave after a performance by the Halle Orchestra, which flew from England for the occasion.

## Chivalrous R.A.F. hero is deeply religious

By ANNE MATHESON, of our London staff

In the storm that is raging over the question of whether Princess Margaret and Group-Captain Townsend, the former Royal equerry, should be allowed to marry, just about everyone seems to have overlooked the attitude of the man concerned.

I HAVE known Peter Townsend since the Royal Tour of South Africa six years ago, and know that he is very religious.

He is a firm member of the Anglican Church and, like Princess Margaret, would not lightly set aside its principles. He has been the greatest single influence in Margaret's life since the King died.

Typical of this R.A.F. hero is the chivalrous way in which he has acted in the dramatic situation that has so rapidly developed.

When the fierce glare of publicity beat down on the situation, he thought first of the Royal Family, and, sacrificing his brilliant career, asked the Queen to release him from his duties as a Royal equerry. Many believe that he was exiled abroad, but now facts have emerged from which it is known that Group-Captain Townsend went to the Air Ministry and asked for a posting.

I hear from friends who are very close to the Court circle that the Queen and all the members of the Royal Family would like no one better for a husband for Princess Margaret than Peter Townsend should obstacles to their marriage be removed.

"The Queen always saw that

Peter Townsend sat next to Margaret in their private cinema and in the car when they were driving at Sandringham and Balmoral," one of them told me.

The Royal Family relaxed and were happy when Princess Margaret emerged from the deep sorrow that had overwhelmed her after her father's death.

Encouraged by Peter Townsend, she had turned to the Church for guidance and comfort.

Their religion brought the two much closer than did official duties or private parties.

With Peter Townsend, Princess Margaret attended post-Confirmation lectures.

From a young, headstrong princess restlessly in search of amusement she turned into a serious, yet radiant, young woman.

The Queen, devoted to her younger sister, was grateful to the Royal Air Force equerry for the happiness that he was bringing to Princess Margaret.

It took some weeks for the Royal romance to reach the British Press.

Just as the Edward VIII-Mrs. Simpson story was widely published abroad before appearing in England, so the foreign Press ran headlines and speculations on the Margaret-Peter friendship before

a whisper was heard in Britain outside a tight Court circle.

But when the story did break, the controversy raged. The happy, carefree days of the innocent friendship were over.

From the spate of comment and conjecture, Princess Margaret and Group-Captain Townsend emerge as dignified people caught in a torrent of public feeling.

The "Yorkshire Post," voicing solid north country opinion, said, "It is especially undesirable that the matter should be turned into a debate on the attitude of the Church towards divorce."

"A request from the Queen

## Carefree days over

for the advice of her Minister would rightly be a topic of people's interest. But until and unless that happens, good taste and our national affection for the Royal Family should be enough to exclude the matter from further public discussion."

On the other hand, "Cross Bencher," a political commentator, under a very outspoken heading, "Cassock and Coronet Comeback," goes so far as to mention the names of Cabinet members who have been divorced, and then says:

"I find the whole situation quite intolerable. I dislike the hypocrisy of men upholding an ecclesiastical law in public life which they do not obey in private life.

"The marriage between Church and State in England was founded on divorce. Perhaps now it will founder on divorce. For Church and State should now be separated. The Episcopalian Church is established only in this country. In the Dominions there is no Established Church."

Floods of letters reached all papers expressing the strongest opinions for and against the marriage.

For instance, Mrs. Irene Bishop, of Chesham, Buckinghamshire, said: "The chances of Princess Margaret coming to the Throne are more than remote, so what is the question?"

Next to this is printed a

letter from Mrs. Rossiter, of Whitley, York, who writes: "I am not one of those who consider a married man with two children suitable for any young girl."

Mrs. W. Carter, of Seaford, Sussex, said: "Should the Princess have to receive the Queen's permission to marry, I cannot see how Her Majesty could consent after she promised at her coronation 'To the utmost of her power' to maintain in the United Kingdom the Protestant Reformed Religion."

The deluge of answers backing the Royal romance which the London "Daily Mirror" received when it conducted its national poll on the question came as a surprise to many people.

Ninety-six per cent. of the people who voted in the poll were in favor of Princess Margaret and Peter Townsend being allowed to marry.

Peter Townsend for all his distinction is a very modest person. He is intelligent with great sensibility and is a man really loved by all.

Amiable and unassuming, with a taste for music and musical voice, he is in turn, serious, gay, and witty in a quiet, dry way. He has for nine years been the favorite equerry at Court.

It was Peter who taught the King to fly a plane when he was Duke of York, and when Townsend's dashing war service was complete and he was appointed an equerry of honor to the King everyone was delighted.

Princess Margaret was just emerging from the schoolroom when Peter Townsend accompanied the Royal Family on the tour of Africa.

I used to watch him riding with the two Princesses every morning, gay and debonair. He was married then and on our return we were invited to a children's party on H.M.S. Vanguard, where I met his slim, pretty, but rather petulant wife.

The two boys, Giles and Hugo George, were with them. Hugo is a godchild of the late King George VI.

Even then there were rumors of divorce. Mrs. Townsend—and her family—felt that a young and pretty girl should have the company of her husband. Peter, the equerry on duty with the Royal Family, saw too little of his wife and his own family.

From her mother's home the Townsends moved to a grace-and-favor residence in Windsor Park given to Peter by the King. They were living there when Group-Captain Townsend divorced his wife, citing as co-respondent John Lazlo, son of the fashionable portrait painter Sir Philip Lazlo.

Now the house where the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh, the Queen Mother, and Princess Margaret, and other members of the Royal Household have had many friendly family evenings is locked, the keys handed back to the Royal Family.

Peter Townsend is not a man of means. Son of a typical Anglo-Indian family, he did not inherit money, but his pay is around £30 sterling a week with quite good allowances. It is unlikely that finance will be a problem or a bar should Peter Townsend and Princess Margaret see their way clear to marry.



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YOUTH SERIES by Kay Melaun

## Designing females

This little piece is addressed to male readers. It takes the form of a warning about a few of the worst and most obvious types of designing females.

THERE are plenty of others. But if you're a romantic sort of chap who thinks he has found his dream girl and is already sighing for the Garden of Eden built for two, take particular heed of these designing females.

There's the girl who wants a husband.

This is a natural way for girls to be, so don't be too superior about it. But this particular girl wants any husband.

Many a girl of this type isn't capable of falling in love—well, not as most people understand the process. It's only from going to the movies and reading novels that she absorbs other people's reactions, and is able to persuade herself and others, including you, that she is.

She's not thinking of happiness with you, and you only, when she thinks of an engagement or wedding ring.

What she anticipates, sometimes so smugly, is the expression on the girls' faces when they see The Ring.

From a We Engaged Girls' attitude, she quickly takes on, in marriage, We Married Women pretensions. Her attitude implies that marriage is an exclusive sort of women's club.

This is all very well for her. She will probably be a splendid housekeeper, a conscientious mother, a good wife.

This will be all very well for you if these are the qualities you're looking for in a girl. Many such marriages work out very well.

So long as you don't expect that in accepting your ring she's doing so because only you can answer her need for a mate.

You don't take first place in the set-up.

If instead of you could be substituted Jack or Jim, or any decent, hard-working,

easy-going, presentable chap, she wouldn't miss you.

NOW and again you can still come across the girl who is looking for the husband who will be the excuse rather than the reason for her to give up her job.

At the moment you're liable to think she's a sweet, home-loving creature, ill-equipped for the daily wage struggle—the perfect home-girl who needs domesticity to make her bloom.

However, that she'll turn sour when she finds she has merely exchanged the bondage of nine-to-five for never-ending housekeeping is very much to the point right now.



"She's upstairs baiting the hook."

THERE'S the plain, ordinary, common-or-garden gold-digger.

If your bankroll can stand this one, well, why not. There's a lot of pleasure to be had out of spending money, especially for a man in buying pretty things for a pretty girl.

So long as you don't blind yourself. Don't imagine, for instance, that the shining eyes, the arms she flings round you in an ecstatic hug are ecstatic for you.

Stop making the presents. Take her to the cheapest seats at the theatre, and the modest cafes where she'll look overdressed, and she'll soon be off embracing another bankroll.

Of course, if for some reason you think you have to buy

- They're not all hussies.
- Some are sweet home girls.

affection in this way, if you believe no one will love you for anything but your money, you're doomed to fall to a gold-digger, anyway.

THE scalp-collector is a more complicated person.

For reasons that she herself often doesn't realise she needs to make conquests. Like many a man, she loses interest once she has conquered.

She can be in love with you this month—all tender responsiveness—and next month never care whether she sees you again. Unless, of course, you show signs of being attracted to another girl, or if she herself isn't particularly interested in any of the new scalps offering.

Even if you're prepared to fight continually to keep her interest most of your life, you can never, surely, sell yourself the idea that she really loves you.

THEN your girl may be a born Queen Ant, content to let you fetch and carry, to worry over her provisioning, to cosset and protect her. She'll take it all as her due and won't give you any thanks for it.

If you like wearing yourself out for other people and being a martyr generally, she may well do as a monumental life's work.

Only, when you're 40, don't be surprised to find yourself wanting to run away with the first woman who gives you a word of praise.

You mightn't recognise it now, but Queen Ant is a sufferer, too, prey to terrible and mysterious tortures by the simple fact of being a woman.

AFTER all this, how do you know if she loves you?

The main thing is not to listen to anything she says, because the average girl can talk the average boy into believing white's black.

Judge her by her actions.

## DISC DIGEST

the Rye." A porridge and heather set-up usually leaves me as cold as last year's haggis, but I liked this disc a lot. It makes wonderful fireside listening.

WITH "Oklahoma," "Carousel," "South Pacific," and "The King and I" to his recent credit, Richard Rodgers is very much the light composer of the moment. You'll therefore enjoy hearing again that grand old number he wrote in 1937 in conjunction with Lorenz Hart, "The Lady Is a Tramp." Unfortunately there's no vocal, but it's tops

for dancing, thanks to Wally Fryer's strict dance tempo. Flip is another must-have—"Whispering," a tune that will revive many a nostalgic memory if you're thirtyish. They're on Y6468.

"V.I.P.'s Boogie" and "Jam With Sam" are two items taken from one of Duke Ellington's longer concert works, and they're coupled on one disc, DO3582. The Duke himself does the honors, and he should send the cats high-stepping, particularly in the incandescent jam number. In the words of one of my teenage Hollywood spies, "Boy, this is really nervous!" —BERNARD FLETCHER.





**SYDNEY GUESTS** at the Commonwealth Coronation Ball in London were Jean Birnie, of Drummoyne, and John Watts, of Randwick. The ball was arranged by the Victoria League, the Overseas League, and the Royal Empire Society.



**CHRISTENING IN LONDON.** The Hon. Gerald Lascelles, his wife, and baby son leave Queen's Chapel with the baby's godmother, the Duchess of Gloucester, and his grandmother, the Princess Royal, after the christening.

## SOCIAL JOTTINGS

**BOOKINGS** are rolling in for the Black and White Ball committee's gala preview of "Tonight We Sing," starring famous singer Ezio Pinza, which will be held at Hoyts' Theatre Double Bay, on August 11.

Proceeds from the evening will be added to those from the Black and White Ball on October 6 to increase the committee's cheque for the Royal Blind Society.

Committee members and their friends are arranging to gather at dinner-parties before going on to the film.

Publicity officer, Mrs. Neville Manning, tells me that Mrs. Marcel Dekyvere, popular committee president, who has been in hospital, is expected to be on deck again in time for the occasion.

**IN** between her many committee duties, Mrs. Manning has been entertaining her youngest brother, Ian Bruce, who has come from Adelaide for a fortnight's visit, and also celebrating her birthday. Ian is just a little older than Mrs. Manning's daughter, Wendy Birks.

**GUESTS** of honor at a late afternoon party to be given by Mrs. Sydney Herring at the Queen's Club on July 27 will be Elizabeth Northcott and her fiancé, Squadron-Leader Russell Nash, Sheila Collett and her fiancé, Dr. Geoffrey Cutler, and Jennifer Holmes and her fiancé, Cholmondeley Darvall. Other guests will include Sir Stephen and Lady Holmes, General and Mrs. F. H. Berryman, Rear-Admiral J. W. M. Eaton, Mrs. Eaton, and her two daughters, Jennifer and Sally Tatchell.

**RADIO-PHONE** call from London brought Mr. and Mrs. John Stanton the welcome news that their daughter Robin, whom they haven't seen for 18 months, will arrive home before Christmas. Robin will return home via the United States.

**AUSTRALIANS** at the Commonwealth Coronation Ball at Hurlingham Club had a wonderful opportunity of seeing the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh. When Noel Coward did his cabaret "turn" for the Queen, many guests sat cross-legged on the floor at the foot of the Queen's dais to watch him. In the crowd were Brigadier Derek Schreiber and his wife, Viscountess Clive, accompanied by Mrs. Philip Parbury, and Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Buckland, of Melbourne, who recently moved into their beautiful home, Windlesham Manor, previously the Queen's country home. Mrs. Buckland was formerly Patricia Adams, of Sydney.

**BRIEFLY** . . . Mrs. Lennox Bode's tiny waist has been drawing admiring and envious glances lately. It's shown to perfection in her elegant, steel-grey moire ballerina. . . . Marina Anne are the names chosen for their new daughter by Mr. and Mrs. Rudi Fabian, of Kirribilli. Mrs. Fabian was formerly Joan Buxton.

**YOUNG COUPLE.** Sub-Lieutenant M. B. Raymont, of Sydney, with Melbourne lass Ann Letch at the Commonwealth Coronation Ball at Hurlingham Club in London.

**FROM** London comes the news that Dr. James Furber, of Double Bay, and his fiancée, South Australian lass Helen Salter, are making plans for their wedding within the next few months. Helen and James, who is the son of Dr. and Mrs. R. I. Furber, announced their engagement last month. After their wedding the couple will live in Nottingham, where Dr. Furber is doing post-graduate studies for about 18 months.

**PRETTY** Swedish Sandra von Sneidern and Rix Wright, of "Knockalong," Delegate, have chosen September 23 for their wedding at St. Philip's, Church Hill. Sandra is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arne von Sneidern, and Rix is the son of Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Wright.

Anne



**AT GARDEN PARTY.** Mr. Justice Roper and Mrs. Roper at the garden party given in London by the Australian High Commissioner, Sir Thomas White, and Lady White. The Ropers are planning to return to Sydney in September.



**BETWEEN DANCES.** Joan McMahon with Bill Holt at the St. Joseph's ex-students ball at the Trocadero. Bill is president of the Old Boys' Union Younger Set. Joan's white net frock was embroidered with rhinestones.



**SUPPERTIME.** Attractee Ann Stevenson inspects a decorative lobster at the reception given by the Consul-General for Spain, Mr. Del Moral.



**TO MARRY.** Jill Solomon and David Jones, who will marry at All Saints', Hunter's Hill, on October 24, at the M.L.C. Ravenswood Old Girls' dance.



**PLAYWRIGHT** Mrs. David Allen, formerly Barbara Woodward, and her husband leave Christ Church Cathedral, Grafton, after their wedding.



# Australian polo team in Hawaii



**GLAMOROUS SETTING.** Leaving the Halekulani Hotel, Honolulu, on their way to morning polo practice are (from left) Dougall Bray, Tom Bray, Alex McLeod (in car), Anne McNaughton, Mrs. Malcolm McNaughton, and Mrs. McLeod.

● Pictures on these pages of the Australian polo team during their recent visit to Hawaii were taken specially for The Australian Women's Weekly.

During their month's stay, the members of the team were the guests of the Hawaiian Polo Association at the Halekulani Hotel, Honolulu.

The three players, who were accompanied by their wives, are all New South Wales country men.

They are Mr. Tom Bray and his brother, Mr. Dougall Bray, of Eugowra, and Mr. Alex McLeod, of Cassilis.

Many of the matches were played indoors under lights at the Honolulu Stadium.



**BETWEEN CHUKKAS.** Alex McLeod and Kekaulike Kuwananaka at a practice game at Kapiolani Park, Waikiki. Miss Kuwananaka, a descendant of Hawaiian Royalty, is an excellent polo player. Kapiolani Park is just below Diamond Head.



**RELAXING ON WAIKIKI BEACH.** The wives of the Australian players (from left), Mrs. Alex McLeod, Mrs. Dougall Bray, and Mrs. Tom Bray, follow the Hawaiian custom of wearing leis. They spent much time enjoying the sunshine on the beach while their husbands were at practice.





AUSTRALIANS AND ISLANDERS discuss play between games during a practice at Kapiolani Park. From left are Mrs. Robert Allan, Mrs. Tom Bray, Mr. Allan, of the Grayline team, Tom Bray mounted on Mike, Mrs. Dougal Bray, and Mrs. Alex McLeod.



ABOVE: Mexican team members Erwin Aniss (left), Patrick Honey, and Cano Gracide with Mrs. Alex McLeod, Mrs. Dougal Bray, Mrs. Tom Bray, and Mrs. James Glover between chukkas.

ⓐ

LEFT: At a party given by Mr. and Mrs. Richard Kimball, Alex McLeod discusses a toy kangaroo with Martha Kimball and explains what they are like at home.

ⓑ

RIGHT: The Australian team just before the start of their first Hawaiian game. Alex McLeod, Dougal Bray, and Tom Bray are mounted on ponies supplied locally.



DURING A PRACTICE MATCH at Kapiolani Park, Alex McLeod swings at the ball. Other practice sessions and many of the matches were played indoors in the floodlit Honolulu Stadium. The Australians' horsemanship was greatly praised by local polo fans.





**Social News** *continued:* Young guests at "Haywire in Hollywood" party



"THE HAPPIEST DAYS OF YOUR LIFE" was the film impersonated by Michael Donaldson (left), Shirley Winn, Peter Cambrill, Brian Gibson-Smith, John Loder, Pam Cullen-Ward, and Judy Niven, who went to the "Haywire in Hollywood" dance dressed as a group of very rakish school girls and boys.



"HARVEY" (Charles Marshall) and a Ziegfeld Follies girl (Diana Berkman) had their supper on the stairs. The dance was in aid of the N.S.W. Institution for Deaf and Dumb and Blind Children.



"A COUPLE OF SWELLS" from "Easter Parade," Margaret Young and Russel Davis wore shabby dinner suits, scarlet wool hair, and battered top hats.



GILBERT AND SULLIVAN CHARACTERS, the Mikado (Henry Arnott) and Yum Yum (Diane Chiplin). The Naughty 'Nineties Younger Set gave the dance.



SHIRLEY TEMPLE (Annette Clayton) dances with "Twelve O'Clock High" (John Lenehan). Annette wore a knee-length, checked pinafore frock, and tied her curls back with a striped hair ribbon.



"THE BAD AND THE BEAUTIFUL." A belle of the 'twenties, "the Beautiful" (Philippa Pownall) is serenaded by "the Bad" (Eric Barbour), who went to the "Haywire in Hollywood" dance complete with waxed moustache and bowler hat.



CAY CONGA LINE is formed by "Annie Get Your Gun" characters, Annie (Caroline Crisp), left, who carried a rifle, and Frank Butler (Robert Fleming), with Miss Julius Caesar (Roslyn Wesche) and a sheik from "On the Road to Morocco" (Tony Vincent).



# "Use bath-size Lux Toilet Soap"

says **SHEILA SIM**

A BOULTING BROTHERS STAR

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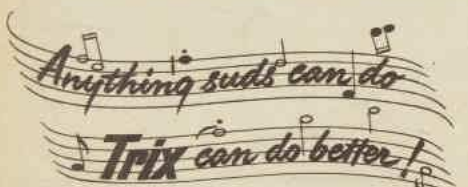
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MRS. BETTY SARA kisses her mother when she arrives at the front gate of her old home at Chiswick, in England, after her long trip with the Quads from Bellingen, New South Wales.

## Quads are lively in quarantine

"Three hours of waiting have seemed longer than the three years since the Quads were born," said Mrs. Frank Holmes, of Acton, London, throwing her arms round her daughter Betty Sara.

Mrs. Holmes and her husband didn't go to Tilbury to meet the Strathmore, which brought the Sara family to England, because they heard Mark had measles.

THEY waited at home, not knowing whether they were going to see their daughter after eight years' separation or whether she would have to stay in isolation with the Quads.

While the Strathmore was lying in the stream, Port of London authorities went on board.

Before anyone on board was aware of what was happening, three launches had come alongside.

The Sara Quads and Betty Sara were taken to the Port of London Authority isolation hospital at Gravesend in one launch. Two other young Australians, Sandra Sterling, aged four, and Graham Tolley, eighteen months, also with measles, went in a second launch, and two chickenpox sufferers, one a man aged 57, were in the third.

After seeing that the children were quite comfortable, Betty returned to the Strathmore and saw her husband, Percy, and eldest child, Geoffrey, for the first time in five days.

Betty also met her sister-in-law, Elsie Burns, and niece, Jillian—and then broke down and cried for the first time since Mark had been taken ill.

However, she soon recovered, and three carloads of the family left for the Holmes' home at Acton.

Immediately on arrival they telephoned to the hospital at Gravesend, then settled in to a good gossip over a cup of tea. "They are all over the

place, absolutely full of life," reported the hospital matron. "They are the liveliest youngsters we have had."

Three Quads, Phillip, Alison, and Judith, are in a small ward separated by a glass panel from Mark.

The two other cases of measles that came off the ship are on the other side of Mark, separated by a glass panel so that all the children can see one another.

"They are hanging on the walls and making faces through the glass," Matron told Mrs. Sara.

When Betty asked Matron what she should bring down to the Quads, Matron said,

By  
PATRICIA ROLFE,  
of our London staff

"Bring soft toys. They are hanging on the glass with hard toys."

Matron said Mark had a mild attack of measles and that some children were unhappy at this stage, but he was not.

She added that the other children, although perfectly well, were not being allowed outside at present, because of the danger of a chill.

"The children have very healthy appetites," Matron said. "They tucked into mince, followed by jelly and blancmange, bread and jam, and cakes for tea, and they are having scrambled eggs and rice pudding for supper."

"But I am putting them to bed early tonight. They were up at five this morning and

have been running round the ward and jumping on the beds all day."

Once at ease in their minds about the Quads, Betty and Percy relaxed.

"What do you think was the first thing Betty said to me?" Mrs. Holmes asked her other daughter, Gladys Deards. "She said she thought I would be walking with a stick."

"I told her I'm not 90 yet," Mrs. Holmes didn't think Betty had changed at all.

"I think it's wonderful you are so slim after having had all those babies," she said.

"I've kept that way chasing children," Betty said. Percy was leaning against the mantelpiece.

"Well, I seem to have got a bit fatter," he remarked. "I always used to lean here, but I don't seem to fit too well now."

Mrs. Holmes thought that Betty had acquired an Australian accent.

"You've got a real drawl now," she said.

Percy and Betty Sara took some photos on the trip to show the Quads' grandparents.

For a fancy-dress party aboard, Alison and Judith were dressed as "Nippies," well-known waitresses from Lyons Corner Houses, and the boys went as chefs.

Two shy little schoolgirls, Joan and Joy Holmes, daughters of Betty's brother, Len, came in after school.

They ran out and bought Geoffrey comics, and he, settling in as if he had lived there all his life, showed them how to make transfers.

By this time neighbors, overcoming their reticence, came to inquire how Mark was.

One of Betty's first remarks was that at least they would have a chance to take Geoffrey to see some of the things the babies were still too young to appreciate.

"I shall go to see the Quads tomorrow, and Percy will take Geoffrey to the Tower."

The Lord Mayor of London, Sir Rupert de la Bere, hopes the Quads will be well enough to visit him at Mansion House before he leaves for his summer holiday.



# Local boys write a musical play



"EVERY GIRL IN TOWN," one of the songs in "Maid in Egypt," written down on Pharaoh's scroll, is eagerly read by "Sukka" a Seer (John Ewart) and "Sooth" a Sayer (Warren Rigney).

● Three young Australians whose full-time jobs have nothing to do with the stage wrote "Maid in Egypt," a musical play now being presented at Sydney's Metropolitan Theatre.

THEY are dentist Gerry Donovan, 23, ex-schoolteacher John McKellar, 22, and 22-year-old Lance Mulcahy, who is a personnel officer in the public service.

Gerry wrote the lyrics of the love songs while completing his final year of dentistry studies, and Lance composed the full musical score when working for his Arts degree.

John, who gave up schoolteaching for an office job so that he could devote more attention to the theatre, wrote the comedy numbers.

Last year they wrote most of the musical numbers and some of the scenes for William Orr's production of "Metropolitan Merry-Go-Round." Mr. Orr also produced "Maid in Egypt."

"The one thing that we are proud of in 'Maid in Egypt' is that there's not a gum tree or a kangaroo in sight," said Lance.

"We want to prove that Australians can write a good Australian show without burying it in the bush."



"WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO YOUR FACE?" sings Pat Martin in a skit on cosmetic advertising. She is an acid-tongued man-hating version of Queen Nefertiti of Egypt.



"YOU HAVEN'T LIVED UNTIL YOU'VE LOVED," is sung by Leonard Thiele as Prince Ikhnoton, as he courts Nefertiti.



"WIDE EYED AND WONDERFUL," the theme song of the show, is sung by Prince Ikhnoton, in the flowing cloak, and Barrie Cookson as his friend Bek, on their return to Egypt from the wars in Syria.



"WHO BUT YOU?" croons Bek in sentimental mood after meeting Princess Tala (Shirley Brindley). They fall in love at first sight.



"LEAD ME ASTRAY" sings Pharaoh (Joe McCormick) to Tsetse (Lola Brooks) and Phiphi (Moira Redmond), who dance in and out of the production in a multitude of roles and costumes. Several members of the cast are well known in radio.



"PUT THAT DOWN IN HIEROGLYPHICS" is probably the first Egyptian square dance number ever composed. It is danced by the cast in the finale. Photographs on this page were taken by staff photographer Ron Berg.



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# DRESS SENSE

by Betty Keep

Ideas for freshening up a winter wardrobe and, looking towards spring, some new fashions.

**COATS** are a major fashion for spring and summer and a good pre-spring buy. A coat in novelty cotton, sheer wool, or silk is perfect for cool spring and summer evenings and for transition from one season to the other. The newest coats have soft loose folds or are slimmer down to cardigan-like proportions.

To help you to choose a new-look coat, think about these colors and materials—cotton paisley in black and white, honey-beige silk ottoman, red coin-spotted pique on white, and carnation-pink sheer wool. The coat illustrated on this page is designed with loose, comfortable folds, becoming to the average figure. A paper pattern for the design is obtainable in sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. The price is 4/6. Further details are given under the sketch.

**"PRETTY UP"** a tired winter dress with a spring hat. For the most part the new hats are small and worn straight—sometimes tilted forward, and sometimes backward. Millinery designing is individual, draping important. The most popular millinery materials are straws and printed dress fabrics. Straws have two looks, sleek and shiny or roughly textured. The color trend is towards delicate tones and navy or black combined with a sharp white accent. Every hat collection includes a close-to-the-head cap, made in tiny blossoms, leaves, or a mixture of fruit and berries.

**A SASH** (they are trailing everywhere through spring fashion) can add new life to an evening dress. With black, think about a narrow rose-red velvet ribbon tied at the back with pink roses caught in one streamer. With white, a swathed almond-green taffeta sash with looped-up ends trimmed with lilac.

**(GIVE** your current suit a winter-into-spring fashion approach via a new blouse.

**Ideas to follow:** Brown pique cap-sleeved blouse, styled with a white pique yoke and narrow brown cotton braid trim. Use a glazed cotton printed in pink and garnet for a long-sleeved man-tailored shirt. Choose a white cotton printed in red roses for a sleeveless blouse finished with a big-winged collar; and a sheer white blouse frothed in narrow black net.

**(CRISP** white is ideal fashion decor for rejuvenating and freshening black. To a high neckline add a white band with bow-tie ends, made in stretchy white pique. To a strapless evening dress, a

D.S. No. 48.—Coat in sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 54in. material or 6yds. 36in. material. Price, 4/6. Patterns may be obtained from Mrs. Betty Keep, Dress Sense, B.O.S. 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.



circling capelet in white organdie. To a street-length sheath dress, a lampshade jacket in white linen—bust-length, sleeveless, and square-cut, the whole outlined in a narrow, coarse white lace. To a suit, a white pique vest or an over-blouse, the latter sleeveless, low-necked, and front-buttoned.

**ONE** of the freshest spring fashions is the glorification of the print, especially a flowered print. Any of the following ideas will add spice to a winter wardrobe: A swathed chiffon (flower-printed) head-hugging turban; a coat-lining printed in spots; a floral cotton umbrella; short striped cotton gloves; a white envelope bag printed in rosebuds and green leaves.

Now here are some questions and answers chosen from this week's fashion mail.

**"WOULD** you advise me on a navy costume for between seasons chosen from the new spring fashions? I don't want it too light as warm weather does not start here until November. My bust measurement is 34in."

My suggestion is an ensemble. You could choose between a dress and coat or dress and jacket. If you decide on the latter, I like the idea of

a navy-and-white lightweight tweed hox jacket and a slender navy sheer wool dress with a middie hipline. For a coat and dress twosome, I suggest a slim duster in navy-and-white striped ottoman tie-silk, paired with a sheath dress in navy-silk.

**"MY** daughter is making her debut at a formal country ball. I want her frock to be something special, and I thought you might advise on the latest fashions for debutantes."

A white diaphanous material is this season's first choice for a debutante's dress. Sometimes the sheer is combined with a heavier-textured material such as satin or a coarse lace.

Glitter, now well established by the formality of the Coronation season, is the most popular trim. Bodices and skirts gleam with sequins and tiny seed pearls, which are often embroidered into flower and butterfly motifs.

Nearly all debutante dresses are made strapless or have off-shoulder sleeves, and they are worn with a drift of tulle to veil the shoulders. Skirts are mainly bouffant, and, when a slim line is chosen, an apron or over-panels create movement and importance.

## HOW TO EASE FULLNESS AFTER EATING



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## LOOK FOR THESE SYMPTOMS OF WORMS

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**Comstock's Worm Pellets**



# Knitting & Crochet for Spring



This lacy stole, bordered luxuriously with angora, is a new American design.

HERE are the knitting directions:

**Materials:** 7 balls Patons "Beryl" angora; 4 balls Patons "Fuzzy Wuzzy" angora (this is the only wool which should be used); 1 pair each Nos. 7 and 1 knitting needles; 6 large buttons.

**Tension:** 5 sts. to 1 in.

**Pattern Stitch:** 1st, 2nd, 3rd, and 4th rows: Knit on No. 7 needles.

**5th Row:** Using No. 1 needles, \* k 1, wool over needle twice, rep. from \* across row.

**6th Row:** Using No. 7 needles, \* (drop st. off needle made by winding wool around needle in previous row, slip 1 st. purllways) six times. (There are now 6 long sts. on right-

hand needle.) With left-hand needle, pass first 3 sts. over last 3 sts., passing the 6 sts. on to left-hand needle, k 6, rep. from \* across row.

These 6 rows form patt.

Using "Fuzzy Wuzzy" and No. 7 needles, cast on 102 sts. Work in g-st. (every row plain) for 8 in.

Change to "Beryl" angora and pattern-stitch, and work until piece measures 74 in., ending with 4th row of patt.

Change to "Fuzzy Wuzzy" and work in g-st. for 8 in. Cast off.

## TO MAKE UP

Turn up "Fuzzy Wuzzy" cuffs and tack into place as illustrated, using 3 buttons on each cuff.

LUXURIOUS wrap-around stole (right) has borders of fluffy angora buttoned on to form "pockets." The stole, which is easy to knit, is 74 inches long and 20 inches wide.



## Crocheted top

The top illustrated at left is simply crocheted in cotton. It vies with lace in looks and will wash and wear beautifully.

HERE are the directions:

### LACE MOTIF BLOUSE

**Materials:** 7 balls Coats Chain Mercer-Crochet No. 40. (20 gram.); Milwards No. 4 steel crochet hook (slack workers could use a No. 4 hook and tight workers a No. 3½).

**Tension:** 7 rows to 1 in.

**Measurements:** Width all round at underarm, 34 in. Length from shoulder, 19½ in.

**Abbreviations:** Ch, chain; sl-st, slip stitch; d.c., double crochet; hlf-tr., half treble; tr., treble; dbl-tr., double treble; sp., space; sts., stitches; rep., repeat (s).

### FRONT PANELS (Make 2)

Commence with 100 ch. **1st Row:** 1 tr. into 4th ch. from hook, 1 ch., 1 tr. into same ch., miss 3 ch., 1 d.c. into next ch., \* 3 ch., 1 tr., 1 ch., and 1 tr. into same place as last d.c., miss 3 ch., 1 d.c. into next ch.; rep. from \* 22 times more, 5 ch., turn.

**2nd Row:** 1 d.c. into 3 ch. loop of first group, \* 3 ch., 1 tr., 1 ch., and 1 tr. into same loop as last d.c., 1 d.c. into 3 ch. loop of next group; rep. from \* ending with last d.c. into turning ch., 5 ch., turn.

Rep. 2nd row 71 times more.

**74th Row:** 1 d.c. into 3 ch. loop of first group, \* 3 ch., 1 tr., 1 ch., and 1 tr. into same loop as last d.c., 1 d.c. into 3 ch. loop of next group; rep. from \* 19 times more, 5 ch., turn.

**75th Row:** As 2nd row.

**76th Row:** As 74th row, having 18 reps. instead of 19.

**77th Row:** As 2nd row.

**78th Row:** As 74th row, having 17 reps. instead of 19.

Rep. 2nd row 7 times more, omitting turning ch. on last row. Fasten off.

### BACK PANELS (Make 2)

Work same as front panels. **Motif:** Commence with 8 ch., join with a sl-st. to form a ring.

**1st Row:** Into ring work 18 d.c.

**2nd Row:** 1 d.c. into first d.c., \* 5 ch., miss 2 d.c., 1 d.c. into next d.c.; rep. from \* ending with 5 ch., 1 sl-st. into first d.c.

**3rd Row:** Into each 5 ch. loop work 1 d.c., 1 hlf-tr., 5 tr., 1 hlf-tr., and 1 d.c. (6 petals made).

**4th Row:** \* 7 ch., 1 d.c. into next d.c. on 2nd row; rep. from \* ending with 7 ch.

**5th Row:** Into each 7 ch. loop work 1 d.c., 1 hlf-tr., 1 tr.,

7 dbl-tr., 1 tr., 1 hlf-tr., and 1 d.c. (6 petals made).

**6th Row:** 1 sl-st. into each of next 3 sts., 1 d.c. into next dbl-tr., \* 5 ch., 1 d.c. into 4th ch. from hook (picot made), 6 ch., 1 d.c. into 4th ch. from hook, 1 ch., miss 5 dbl-tr., 1 d.c. into next dbl-tr. of same petal, 5 ch., 1 d.c. into 4th ch. from hook, 6 ch., 1 d.c. into 4th ch. from hook, 1 ch., 1 d.c. into first dbl-tr. of next petal; rep. from \* omitting 1 d.c. at end of last rep., 1 sl-st. into first d.c.

**7th Row:** Sl-st. to sp. between picots, 4 ch., 1 dbl-tr. into same sp., \* 5 ch., 1 d.c. into 4th ch. from hook, 6 ch., 1 d.c. into 4th ch. from hook, 1 ch., 2 dbl-tr. into same loop; leaving the last loop of each on hook, thread over and draw through all loops on hook (a cluster made), 5 ch., 1 d.c. into 4th ch. from hook, 6 ch., 1 d.c. into 4th ch. from hook, 1 ch., 1 d.c. between picots of next loop, 8 ch., 1 d.c. between picots of next loop, 5 ch., 1 d.c. into 4th ch. from hook, 6 ch., 1 d.c. into 4th ch. from hook, 1 ch., a 2 dbl-tr. cluster between picots of next loop; rep. from \* omitting 1 cluster at end of last rep., 1 sl-st. into top of first cluster.

**8th Row:** Sl-st. to sp. between picots, 4 ch., 1 dbl-tr. into same sp., 5 ch., picot, 6 ch., picot, and 1 ch. (picot loop) a 2 dbl-tr. cluster into same sp., \* 1 picot loop, 1 d.c. between picots of next loop, 3 ch., a 3 dbl-tr. cluster into next 8 ch. loop, (4 ch., 1 d.c. into 4th ch. from hook, a 3 dbl-tr. cluster into same loop) 3 times, 3 ch., 1 d.c. between picots of next loop, join next 3 picots in same manner and complete motif in same manner as first. Make other 25 motifs and join as shown on diagram.

**Second Motif:** Work same as first motif for 7 rows.

**8th Row:** Sl-st. to sp. between picots, 4 ch., 1 dbl-tr. into same sp., 4 ch., 1 d.c. into 4th ch. from hook, 4 ch., 1 sl-st. into corresponding picot of first motif, 1 ch., 1 d.c. into 3rd of 4 ch. on second motif, 1 ch., a 2 dbl-tr. cluster into same sp., 3 ch., 1 sl-st. into corresponding picot of first motif, 1 d.c. into 3rd of 4 ch., 1 ch., 1 d.c. between picots of next loop, 3 ch., a 3 dbl-tr. cluster into next 8 ch. loop, (2 ch., 1 sl-st. into corresponding picot of first motif, 1 d.c. into first of 2 ch., a 3 dbl-tr. cluster into same loop) 3 times, 3 ch., 1 d.c. between picots of next loop, join next 3 picots in same manner and complete motif in same manner as first. Make other 25 motifs and join as shown on diagram.

**CAP SLEEVE (Make 2):** Make and join a strip of 6 motifs.

## TO MAKE UP

Sew motif section to back and front panels. Sew up side seams and sew cap sleeves into armhole. Damp and press.



CROCHETED TOP is made up of 26 lace motifs linked together as shown in the diagram, then joined to the crocheted panels of the bodice. Two strips of motifs make the cap sleeves.





# New Season's Lightweights



Here are some of the new season's lightweights - four knitted and one in crochet - with instructions for making. Other practical and glamorous spring fashions in cotton and fine wool are shown on following pages.

## CROCHETED SWEATER

(Illustrated at left)

**Materials:** 8ozs. Patons Beehive Crepe, orchid-pink, shade 3509 (this is the only wool which should be used); 1 No. 12 crochet hook; 3 small buttons.

**Measurements:** To fit 34in. bust; length from top of shoulder, 18in.; length of sleeve from underarm, 5in.

**Tension:** 7 dc. equals 1in. in width.

### FRONT

\*\* Make 112 ch., turn with 1 ch. \* Work 1 dc. into each chain. Rep. from \* to end of row, turn.

Work 5 rows in dc.

**7th Row:** \* 4 ch., miss 1 dc., 1 tr. in next st., 4 ch., miss 1 dc., 3 dc. in next 3 dc. Rep. from \* to end of row, turn.

**8th Row:** \* 4 ch., 1 dc. each side of 1 tr., 4 ch., 2 dc. on top of the 3 dc. Rep. from \* to end of row, turn.

**9th Row:** \* 4 ch., 3 dc. on top of 2 dc., 4 ch., 1 tr. on top of 2 dc. Rep. from \* to end of row, turn.

**10th Row:** \* 4 ch., 2 dc. on top of 3 dc., 4 ch., 1 dc. each side of tr. Rep. from \* to end of row, turn.

**11th Row:** \* 4 ch., 1 tr. on top of 2 dc., 4 ch., 3 dc. on top of 2 dc. Rep. from \* to end of row, turn.

Rep. from 7th to 10th row once.

**16th Row:** \* 1 dc. into loop, 1 dc. on top of tr., 1 dc. into loop, 3 dc. on top of 3 dc. Rep. from \* to end of row, turn.

Work 5 rows in dc.

Rep. from 7th to 11th rows once, and from 7th to 10th rows once, then 16th row once. \*\*

Work 29 rows in dc.

Work to last 8 sts. of next 2 rows, then dec. once each end of row, in every alt. row 6 times, while at the same time, when 6 rows have been worked from commencement of armholes, work 45 sts., turn.

Work 5 rows in dc.

Dec. once at centre-front in next and every following 8th row 4 times (5 decreases). Cont. without shaping until armhole measures 7½in. from commencement.

Shape for the shoulder as follows:

**1st Row:** Work to last 9 sts., turn.

**2nd and Alt. Rows:** Work to end of row.

**3rd Row:** Work to last 18 sts., turn.

**5th Row:** Work to last 27 sts., turn.

**6th Row:** Like 2nd row.

Work on rem. sts. for 2 in. Fasten off.

Join in wool at centre-front, and work on rem. sts. to correspond with other side.

### BACK

Work exactly as given for front until armhole shapings have been completed.

Cont. without shaping until armholes measure same as front armholes. Shape for shoulders as follows:

**1st and 2nd Rows:** Work to last 9 sts., turn.

**3rd and 4th Rows:** Work to last 18 sts., turn.

**5th and 6th Rows:** Work to last 27 sts., turn. Fasten off.

### SLEEVES

Make 90 ch., turn with 1 ch., and work in patt. as given from \*\* to \*\* for front of jumper.

Work 5 rows in dc.

Dec. once at beg. of every row until 32 sts. rem. Fasten off.

### WAISTBAND

Make a chain 22in. in length and work in dc. for 2in. Fasten off.

### TO MAKE UP

With a slightly damp cloth and warm iron, press lightly, stretching the waistband to 26in. Using a ½in. back-stitch seam for shoulders and a flat seam for other seams, sew up the side (leaving the left side open for about 1in.), shoulder and sleeve seams. Sew in the sleeves, placing seam to seam. Sew band to back of neck. Sew waistband in position. Work 3 ch. loops on front side edge of waistband. Sew on buttons to correspond with loops. Finally press all seams.



**PRETTY** sweater (above) in easy-to-do crochet is self-trimmed with lacy insertion bands. The neat waistband buttons at the side. The plain plunging neckline and short sleeves suggest pearls or your favorite chunky necklace and bracelet as a grand finish. Alternatively, a cluster of spring flowers can be worn at the throat. Designed for sizes 34 and 35. Directions for making are on this page.

**SIMPLY** designed sweater cardigan (left) features an all-over garlanded pattern in bobble-stitch. The 14 circular buttons that run from the tiny stand-up neckline to the ribbed baquette give a neat finish. Designed for sizes 35 and 36. Directions, page 34.





ANOTHER VERSION of the popular sweater cardigan. This one can be worn often on the cooler days of summer as well as in spring. The tailored line is offset by the gay stripes which, triangular fashion, decorate the pockets, sleeves, and yokeline. Designed for size 34, it can be worn by size 35. Directions for making on page 36.



NEW-STYLE French sweater for the tea-hour hostess. It is smart, too, for theatre and cocktail-party wear. The sweater is hip-length and can also be belted or worn niddy fashion. This color scheme is becoming, but the sweater would also look well in dramatic black and white. Designed for sizes 32, 34, and 36. Directions commence on this page.

## EVENING SWEATER

(Illustrated at right)

**Materials:** 5 loz. skeins Lincoln Mills "Daphne" crochet wool; 1 pair each Nos. 12 and 11 knitting needles; 2yds. narrow petersham ribbon; 2 pkts. sequins; 54yds. scroll braid.

**Measurements:** To fit 32-33in. bust; sleeve seam, 14in.; length from centre front, 14in.

**Tension:** 8 sts. and 11 rows to lin.

### FRONT

\* Using No. 12 needles, cast on 112 sts. Work in k 1, p 1 rib for 3in. Change to No. 11 needles and work in st-st, inc. 1 st. at each end of the 5th and every 6th row following until there are 134 sts. on needle. Cont. without further inc. until work measures 11in. from cast on.

**Armhole Shaping:** Cast off 8 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. at each end of the next and every row following until 100 sts. rem. \* Work 17 rows without further shaping.

**Neck Shaping—Next Row:** K 30, turn and leave rem. sts. on a spare needle. Cont. on first 30 sts. (slipping first st. of each cast off), cast off 3 sts. at the beg. of the next and every purl row until 3 sts. rem. Cast off.

Join wool at centre to rem. sts., cast off 40, knit to end of row. Work rem. 30 sts. to correspond with side already worked, casting off at beg. of knit rows.

### BACK

Rep. from \* to \* as given for front. Work 23 rows without further shaping.

**Next Row:** K 30, turn, leave rem. sts. on spare needle. Cont. on first 30 sts., casting off 6 sts. at the beg. of the next and every following purl row until 6 sts. rem. Cast off.

Join wool at centre to rem. sts. Cast off 30, knit to end of row. Work last 30 sts. to correspond with side already worked, casting off at beg. of knit rows.

### SLEEVES

Using No. 11 needles, cast on 92 sts. Commencing with a purl row work in st-st, inc. 1 st. at each end every 4th row until there are 100 sts. on needle. Work 3 rows.

**Armhole Shaping:** Cast off 8 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. at each end in the next and every alt. row following until 36 sts. rem. Purl 1 row. Cast off.

### TO MAKE UP

Join seams and set in sleeves. Press all parts under a damp cloth. Face neck opening and sleeves with petersham ribbon. Sew sequins along braid, then sew braid in position around neck as illustrated.

## FRENCH SWEATER

(Illustrated above right)

Instructions are for a 32in. bust. Changes for 34 and 36in. bust sizes are given in parentheses.

**Materials:** 8 (8-9) loz. skeins Lincoln Mills "Daphne" crochet wool; 7 (7-8) oz. main color; 1 (1-1) contrasting color; 1 pair each of No. 13 and No. 11 needles; 1 No. 3 steel crochet hook; 1 button mould.

**Measurements:** To fit a 32 (34-36) in. bust. Length from top of shoulder, 19½ (20-20½) ins.

**Tension:** 8 sts. and 11 rows to lin.

### FRONT

\* Using No. 13 needles and main color, cast on 116 (124-

Continued on page 34



EVENING sweater with braid and sequin trimming. It is so simply worked in stocking-stitch with a ribbed basque that a beginner can make it. Designed for sizes 32 and 33. Directions for making are on this page.



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## FRENCH SWEATER DIRECTIONS

Continued from page 33



FRENCH SWEATER of unusual design is shown in color on page 33.

132) sts. Work in k 1, p 1 rib for 34 (34-4) in.

Change to No. 11 needles and work in st-st, inc. 1 st. at each end of the 7th and every 8th row following until there are 134 (142-150) sts. on needle. Work without further shaping until work measures 11½ (12-12½) in. from commencement.

**Armhole Shaping:** Cast off 6 (7-8) sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. at each end in the next and every alt. row following until 112 (116-120) sts. rem. \* Purl 1 row.

**Yoke Shaping—Next Row:** K 42 (leave on spare needle), cast off 28 (32-36) sts. K 42. Cont. on last 42 sts., casting off at the beg. of every k row 6 sts. 4 times and 3 sts. 6 times.

Join wool to inner end of 42 sts. from spare needle. Cont. in st-st, casting off at the beg. of every purl row 6 sts. 4 times, 3 sts. 6 times.

### BACK

Rep. from \* to \* as given for front. 112 (116-120) sts. Work 11 rows without further shaping.

**Yoke Shaping—Next Row:** K 42 (leave on spare needle), cast off 28 (32-36) sts. K 42. Cont. on last 42 sts., casting off at the beg. of every k row 12 sts. twice and 6 sts. 3 times. Join wool to inner end of 42 sts. from spare needle and cast off at the beg. of every p row 12 sts. twice and 6 sts. 3 times.

### YOKE SECTION

(Right Front)

Using No. 11 needles and main color, cast on 3 sts.

**1st Row:** Inc. once in 1st st., k to end of row.

**2nd Row:** Cast on 3 sts., p these 3 sts., p to end of row.

Rep. the 1st and 2nd rows 16 (17-18) times, 71 (75-79) sts.

**35th (37th-39th) Row:** Inc. once in 1st st., k to last 2 sts. K 2 tog., p to end of row.

Rep. the last 2 rows 4 times, 66 (70-74) sts.

**45th (47th-49th) Row (buttonhole):** K 6, cast off 4, k to last 2 sts. K 2 tog.

**46th (48th-50th) Row:** P 2 tog., p to last 6 sts., cast on 4, p 6.

**47th (49th-51st) Row:** K 2 tog., k to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

**48th (50th-52nd) Row:** P 2 tog., p to last 2 sts., p 2 tog.

Rep. the last 2 rows 8 times, 28 (32-36) sts.

**65th (67th-69th) Row:** As 47th row.

**66th (68th-70th) Row:** P 2 tog., p to end of row.

Rep. the last 2 rows until all sts. are used up.

### YOKE SECTION

(Left Front)

Using No. 11 needles and main color, cast on 3 sts.

**1st Row:** Purl. **2nd Row:** Cast on 3 sts., k these 3 sts., k to last st., inc. once in last st.

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows 16 (17-18) times, 71 (75-79) sts. **35th (37th-39th) Row:** Purl. **36th (38th-40th) Row:** K 2 tog., k to last st., inc. once in last st.

**37th (39th-41st) Row:** P to last 2 sts. P 2 tog.

Rep. the last 2 rows 4 times, 66 (70-74) sts.

**46th (48th-50th) Row:** K to tog., k to end of row.

**47th (49th-51st) Row:** As 37th row.

**48th (50th-52nd) Row:** K 2 tog., k to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

**49th (51st-53rd) Row:** P 2 tog., p to last 2 sts., p 2 tog.

Rep. the last 2 rows 8 times, 28 (32-36) sts.

**66th (68th-70th) Row:** As 48th row.

**67th (69th-71st) Row:** P to last 2 sts., p 2 tog.

Rep. the last 2 rows until all sts. are used up.

### YOKE FACING

(Right)

Using No. 11 needles and main color, cast on 6 sts.

**1st Row:** Purl. **2nd Row:** K to last st., inc. once in last st.

Rep. these 2 rows 21 (22-23) times, 28 (29-30) sts.

**46th (48th-50th) Row:** K to last 10 sts., cast off 4, k 6.

**47th (49th-51st) Row:** P 6, cast on 4, p to end of row.

**48th (50th-52nd) Row:** K to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

**49th (51st-53rd) Row:** P 2 tog., p to end of row.

Rep. the last 2 rows 8 times, 10 (11-12) sts.

**66th (68th-70th) Row:** As 48th row.

**67th (69th-71st) Row:** Purl. Rep. the last 2 rows until all sts. are used up.

### YOKE FACING

(Left)

Using No. 11 needles and main color, cast on 6 sts.

**1st Row:** Inc. once in 1st st., k to end of row.

**2nd Row:** Purl. Rep. these 2 rows 21 (22-23) times, 28 (29-30) sts.

**45th (47th-49th) Row:** Knit. **46th (48th-50th) Row:** Purl. **47th (49th-51st) Row:** K 2 tog., k to end of row.

**48th (50th-52nd) Row:** P to last 2 sts., p 2 tog.

Rep. the last 2 rows 8 times, 10 (11-12) sts.

**65th (67th-69th) Row:** As 47th row.

**66th (68th-70th) Row:** Purl. Rep. the last 2 rows until all sts. are used up.

### YOKE BACK

Using No. 11 needles and main color, cast on 36 sts. (40-44) sts.

**Purl 1 row.** **Next Row:** Cast on 12 sts., k these 12 sts., k to end of row.

**Next Row:** Cast on 12 sts., p these 12 sts., p to end of row.

Rep. the last 2 rows once. **Next Row:** Cast on 6 sts., k these 6 sts., k to end of row.

**Next Row:** Cast on 6 sts., p these 6 sts., p to end of row.

Rep. these 2 rows twice. **Next Row:** Cast on 3 sts., k these 3 sts., k to end of row.

**Next Row:** Cast on 3 sts., p these 3 sts., p to end of row.

Rep. these 2 rows once, 132 (136-140) sts.

**Shoulder Shaping:** Cont. in st-st, dec. 1 st. at each end of every row until 36 (40-44) sts. rem. Cast off.

### COLLAR

Using No. 11 needles and main color, cast on 74 (78-82) sts. Work in st-st for 44 (46-48) rows. Cast off.

### STRIPED SECTION

Using contrasting wool and No. 11 needles, cast on 28 sts. (28-28). Work in st-st in stripes of 4 rows contrasting and 4 rows main color alt., ending with a stripe in main color, until there are 54 (58-58) stripes in each color. Cast off.

### BUTTON COVER

Using No. 3 steel crochet hook, make a running loop and work 6 d.c. into it, pull loop up.

**2nd Round:** 2 d.c. into each d.c. of previous round.

**3rd Round:** 1 d.c. into each d.c. of previous round.

**4th and 5th Rounds:** As 2nd and 3rd rounds.

**6th Round:** 1 d.c. into every 2nd d.c. of previous round.

**7th Round:** As 6th round. Break off wool, insert button mould and gather up.

### TO MAKE UP

Press all parts under a damp cloth.

Join shoulder seams with an 1-8th-inch back-stitch seam.

Join striped section with a flat seam and attach to yoke and front and back sections with an 1-8th-inch back-stitch seam, leaving front opening as illustrated and top of armhole free.

Sew facings in position. Fold collar with right sides together and stitch ends. Turn right side out and attach to neck.

Join side seams. With main color, work 2 rows of d.c. around the armholes and across neck opening at front. Turn crochet under along striped sections and slip-stitch to form a narrow hem.

Sew around buttonhole. Sew button on to correspond with buttonhole. Press seams.

## BOBBLE-STITCH CARDIGAN

Designed for sizes 35 and 36



THIS CARDIGAN, featuring a bobble-stitch pattern, is shown in color on page 32. The directions for this cardigan start below.

**Materials:** 7oz. Patons Nimble knitting wool (this is the only wool which should be used); 1 pair each Nos. 11 and 13 knitting needles; 14 buttons.

**Measurements:** To fit 35-36in. bust. Length from top of shoulder, 19in.; length of sleeve, 5½in.

**Bobble:** Cast on 4 sts. to next st. on left-hand needle. P 5, slip 4th st. over 5th, 3rd over 5th, 2nd over 5th, 1st over 5th, leave 5th st. on right-hand needle.

**Tension:** To get these measurements it is absolutely necessary to work at a tension to produce 9 sts. to 1in. in width.

### BACK

With No. 13 needles, cast on 118 sts. and work 3½in. k 1, p 1 rib.

**Next Row:** K, increasing to 131 sts. by working twice into every 9th st. 13 times.

**Next Row:** Purl. Change to No. 11 needles and patt.

**1st Row:** Right side facing k 8, \* (bobble, k 1) 3 times k 16; rep. from \* ending last rep., k 7 instead of k 16.

**2nd and Alternate Rows:** Purl.

**3rd Row:** K 6, \* (bobble,

k 1) 5 times, k 12; rep. from \* ending last rep. k 5 instead of k 12.

**5th Row:** K 4, \* bobble, k 1, bobble, k 1, bobble, k 1, bobble, k 9; rep. from \* ending last rep. k 4.

**7th Row:** K 2, \* bobble, k 1, bobble, k 11; bobble, k 1, bobble, k 5; rep. from \* ending last rep. k 2.

**9th Row:** K 2, \* bobble, k 1, bobble, k 5, bobble, k 5, bobble, k 1, bobble, k 5; rep. from \* ending last rep. k 2.

**11th Row:** As 7th.

**13th Row:** As 5th.

**15th Row:** As 3rd.

**17th Row:** As 1st.

**19th Row:** K 1, bobble, \* k 17, bobble, k 1, bobble, k 1, bobble, rep. from \* ending k 17, bobble, k 1.

**21st Row:** (k 1, bobble) twice, \* k 13, (bobble, k 1) 4 times, bobble, rep. from \* ending k 13, (bobble, k 1) twice.

**23rd Row:** K 3, bobble, k 1, bobble, \* k 9, bobble, k 1, bobble, k 7, bobble, k 1, bobble, rep. from \* ending k 9, bobble, k 1, bobble, k 3.

**25th Row:** K 5, bobble, k 1, bobble, \* k 5, bobble, k 1, bobble, rep. from \* ending k 5, bobble, k 1, bobble, k 5.

**27th Row:** K 5, bobble, k 1, bobble, \* k 5, bobble, k 1, bobble, k 5, bobble, k 5, bobble, k 1, bobble, rep. from \* ending k 5, bobble, k 1, bobble, k 5.

**29th Row:** As 25th.

**31st Row:** As 23rd.

**33rd Row:** As 21st.

**35th Row:** As 19th.

**36th Row:** Purl.

These 36 rows form patt. Cont. in patt., inc. 1 st. at each end of next and every following 6th row 4 times, taking extra st. into st-st. as they are made (139 sts.). Work straight until 2 complete patterns and 18 rows of 3rd have been done.

With right side facing, shape armholes thus:

**Next Row:** Cast off 7, k 16, bobble, k 1, bobble, k 1, bobble; work 19th row from \* to last 23 sts., k 23.

**Next Row:** Cast off 7, p to end.

**Next Row:** K 2 tog., k 12, (bobble, k 1) 4 times, bobble; work 21st row from \* to last 14 sts., k 12, k 2 tog.

**Next Row:** Purl.

**Next Row:** K 2 tog., work 23rd row from \* to last 11 sts., k 9, k 2 tog.

**Next Row:** Purl.

**Next Row:** K 2 tog., k 1; work 25th row from \* to last 8 sts., k 6, k 2 tog.

**Next Row:** Purl.

**Next Row:** K 2 tog.; work 27th row from \* to last 7 sts., k 5, k 2 tog.

**Next Row:** Purl.

**Next Row:** K 2 tog., k 4, bobble, k 1, bobble, k 11, bobble, k 1, bobble; work 25th row from \* to last 6 sts., k 4, k 2 tog.

**Next Row:** Purl.

**Next Row:** K 2 tog., k 5, bobble, k 1, bobble, k 7, bobble, k 1, bobble; work 23rd row from \* to last 7 sts., k 5, k 2 tog.

**Next Row:** Purl.

**Next Row:** K 2 tog., k 6, (bobble, k 1) 4 times, bobble; work 21st row from \* to last 8 sts., k 6, k 2 tog.

**Next Row:** Purl.

**Next Row:** K 2 tog., k 7, bobble, k 1, bobble, k 1, bobble; work 19th row from \* to last 9 sts., k 7, k 2 tog.

**Next Row:** Purl. (This completes armhole shaping and 109 sts. rem.)

Cont. straight in patt. (as you have decreased half a patt. up armhole you can start again with the 19th patt. row exactly as given) until 4 complete patterns have been done from start.

Work 4 rows straight in st-st. With right side facing, shape shoulders by casting off 11 sts. at beg. of next 6 rows; cast off remainder.

Continued on page 35



# Smart Cardigan in five sizes



This smart slip-on cardigan is embroidered down one side with a colorful scattering of stylised flowers as illustrated in detail below.

HERE are the directions:

**Materials:** 16 (17-18-19-20) 1oz. skeins "Twin-Prufe" Mothproof and Shrinkproof Sports wool, shade No. 1016, black; 3 skeins shade No. 2254, moss-green; 1 skein each of "Twin-Prufe" 4-ply fingering wool in 1075, white; 2353, red; 2138, scarlet; 2090, sky-blue; 2357, copper; 2103, saxe-blue (these are the only wools which should be used); 1 pair No. 6 needles; 10 buttons.

**Measurements:** Length from



**EMBROIDERY CHART:** Trace on to tissue paper, tack to the cardigan, and embroider as directed.

top of shoulder, 20in. (21-21½-22-22½in.); bust, 32in. (34-36-38-40in.); length of sleeve seam, 18in. (18-18½-19in.).

**Abbreviations:** B, black; g, green.

**Tension:** 5 sts., 1in.; 6 rows, 1in.

## BACK

Using No. 6 needles and g wool, cast on 70 (74-78-82-86) sts. K 1 row, p 1 row, K 3 rows (2nd row forms a ridge for hemline). P 1 row, k 1 row. Join h wool and p 1 row.

**Next Row** (Right side of work): P 29 (31-33-35-37), k 12, p 29 (31-33-35-37).

**Next Row:** K 29 (31-33-35-37), p 12, k 29 (31-33-35-37).

Rep. these 2 rows and inc. 1 st. each end of every 4th row until inc. to 80 (84-90-94-100) sts. When work measures 12½in. (13-13½-13½-13½in.) or required length, shape armholes by casting off 4 (5-5-5-6) sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows. K 2 tog. each end of the next 4 (4-5-5-6) rows. When armholes measure 7in. (7½-7½-8½in.), shape shoulders by casting off 7 (7-8-8-8) sts. at the beg. of the next 6 rows. Cast off.

## LEFT FRONT

Using No. 6 needles and g wool, cast on 34 (36-38-40-42) sts. K 1 row, p 1 row, k 1 row.

**Next Row:** Cast on 4 sts., k to end.

Knit 1 row.

**Next Row:** Cast on 3 sts., k 1, p to end.

**Next Row:** K to last 4 sts., p 1, k 3.

**Next Row:** Using g wool, p 3, k 1, p 3, using b wool, p to end.

**Next Row:** P 10 (12-14-16-18) b, k 12 b, p 11 b, k 1 b, k 3 g, p 1 g, k 3 g.

**Next Row:** P 3 g, k 1 g, p 3 g, p 1 b, k 11 b, p 12 b, k 10 (12-14-16-18) b.

Repeat the last 2 rows and inc. 1 st. at side seam edge every 4th row until inc. to 46 (48-51-53-56) sts. When work measures 12½in. (13-13½-13½-13½in.) or required length, cast off 4 (5-5-5-6) sts. at armhole edge of the next row. K 2 tog. at armhole edge of the next 4 (4-5-5-6) rows. When armhole measures 5½in. (6-6½-6½-6½in.), cast off 4 sts., p 3 g, k 2 (3-2-4-5) b, and slip these on to a spare needle and leave for neckband. Cont. with b wool and k 2 tog. at neck edge every 2nd row until dec. to 21 (21-24-24-24) sts. When armhole measures 7in. (7½-7½-8½in.) in, shape shoulder by casting off 7 (7-8-8-8) sts. at armhole edge every 2nd row 3 times.

## RIGHT FRONT

Work to correspond with left front, working border and shapings at opposite ends and making buttonholes as follows: 1st one being 1½in. from lower edge and 9 more evenly spaced.

## BUTTONHOLES

**1st Row:** Using g wool, k 3, p 1, k 3, using b wool, k 1.



**KNITTED IN FINE BLACK WOOL** with ridged borders in green and embroidered in colored wools as suggested in the illustration below, this slip-on cardigan is an asset to a spring-time wardrobe. Directions are given for sizes 32 to 40.

p 1, cast off 3 sts., work to end of row.

**2nd Row:** Work to last 9 sts., cast on 3 sts., k 1, p 1 b, p 3, k 1, p 3 g.

## SLEEVES

Using No. 6 needles and g wool, cast on 40 (40-42-42-44) sts. Work border the same as for back. Join b wool and p 1 row.

**Next Row:** P 14 (14-15-15-16), k 12, p 14 (14-15-15-16).

**Next Row:** K 14 (14-15-15-16), p 12, k 14 (14-15-15-16).

Repeat the last 2 rows for 2in., then inc. 1 st. each end of every 6th row until inc. to 62 (64-68-72-76) sts. When sleeve seam measures 18in. (18-18½-19) in. or required length, k 2 tog. each end of every 2nd row until dec. to 20 (22-24-24-24) sts. Cast off.

## NECKBAND

Join shoulder seams. With right side of work towards you, using No. 6 needles and g wool, k the sts. from spare needle on right front, then pick up and k about 56 (58-60-62-64) sts. around neck, then pick up and k the sts. from spare needle on left front. P 1 row, k 1 row, p 3 rows, k 1 row, p 1 row. Cast off.

## TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up seams, sew in sleeves. Fold border in half and stitch back on to wrong side of work. Sew buttons on left front. Follow chart for embroidery on front panels as illustrated, using long and short sts. for large

flowers and leaves, french knots for centres of flowers and lazy-daisy st. for small flowers.

This design has been made available to us exclusively by "Good Housekeeping."

## BOBBLE-STITCH CARDIGAN

Continued from page 34

## LEFT FRONT

With No. 13 needles, cast on 62 sts. and work 3½in. k 1, p 1 rib.

**Next Row:** K, inc. 3 sts. evenly across (65 sts.).

**Next Row:** Purl.

Change to No. 11 needles and work 1 patt. straight, then cont. in patt. inc. 1 st. at beg. of next and every following 6th row, side edge 4 times, keeping extra sts. in st-st. (69 sts.).

Work straight until 2 complete patts. and 18 rows of 3rd are done.

With right side facing, shape armhole by casting off 7 sts. at beg. of next row, then k 2 tog. at this edge on following 8 alt. rows (54 sts.). Work straight until 3 complete patts. and 17 rows of 4th have been done.

With wrong side facing, shape neck.

Cast off 12 sts. at beg. of next row, then dec. 1 st. at neck edge on alt. rows, 9 times (33 sts. rem. and last row of 4th patt. has been done).

Work 4 rows straight in st-st. With right side facing, shape shoulder by casting off 11 sts. at beg. of next and following 2 alt. rows, armhole

Continued on page 36



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## SPRINGTIME CARDIGAN



**TAILORED HANDKNIT** with stripes in triangle formation. See it in color on page 33. Directions are given below.

**Materials:** 7 skeins F. W. Hughes' "Twin-Prufe" 3-ply crepe wool or 3-ply fingering wool, shade No. 1075 (white); 1 skein shade No. 2138 (red); 1 skein shade No. 2163 (blue); 1 pair each Nos. 11 and 14 needles; 7 buttons.

**Measurements:** Length from top of shoulder, 23in.; bust, 32-34in.; length of sleeve seam, 44in.

**Note:** For 36in. bust use No. 10 instead of No. 11 needles.

**Abbreviations:** W., white; r., red; bl., blue.

**Tension:** 15 sts., 2in.; 19 rows, 2in.

### BACK

Using No. 11 needles and w. wool, cast on 120 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 4 rows (working 1st row into back of sts.) Work in st-st, dec. 1 st. each end of every 4th row until dec. to 100 sts. When work measures 5 1/2 in. change to No. 14 needles and cont. in st-st. for 1 in. Change to No. 11 needles and cont. in st-st, inc. 1 st. each end of every 4th row until inc. to 128 sts. When work measures 15 1/2 in. shape armholes by casting off 5 sts. at the beg. of next 2 rows. K 2 tog. each end of the next 5 rows then every 2nd row 5 times. When armholes measure 7 in. shape shoulders by casting off 11 sts. at the beg. of the next 6 rows. Cast off.

### FRONT

Using No. 11 needles and w. wool, cast on 76 sts. Work 4 rows rib of k 1, p 1 (working 1st row into back of sts.) Work in st-st, dec. 1 st. at side seam edge every 4th row until dec. to 66 sts. When work measures 5 1/2 in. change to No. 14 needles and cont. in st-st. for 1 in. Change to No. 11 needles and cont. in st-st, inc. 1 st. at side seam edge every 4th row until inc. to 80 sts. When work measures 15 1/2 in. work as follows:

**1st Row:** Cast off 5 sts. at armhole edge, k 6 w., 49 bl., 20 w.

**2nd Row:** P 20 w., 49 bl., 6 w.

Using w. wool, work 4 rows st-st, dec. 1 st. at armhole edge every row.

**7th Row:** K 2 tog., k 3 w., 43 bl., 23 w.

**8th Row:** P 23 w., 43 bl., 4 w.

Using w. wool, work 4 rows st-st, dec. 1 st. at armhole edge on the 1st and 3rd rows.

**13th Row:** K 2 tog., k 3 w., 37 bl., 26 w.

**14th Row:** P 26 w., 37 bl., 4 w.

Using w. wool, work 4 rows st-st, dec. 1 st. at armhole edge on the 1st and 3rd rows. (65 sts.)

**19th Row:** K 5 w., 31 bl., 29 w.

**20th Row:** P 29 w., 31 bl., 5 w.

Cont. to work 4 rows w. between 2 rows of bl. working 6 less sts. in bl. every stripe until only 1 st. remains in bl., then work across all sts. in w. Cast off 20 sts. at neck edge of the next row. K 2 tog. at neck edge every row until dec.

to 33 sts. When armhole measures 7 in. shape shoulders by casting off 11 sts. at armhole edge every 2nd row 3 times.

### RIGHT FRONT

Work to correspond with left front, working shapings at opposite ends and making buttonholes as follows: 1st one being 3 1/2 in. from lower edge and 6 more 2 1/2 in. apart.

### BUTTONHOLES

**1st Row:** K 2, cast off 4 sts., k 8, cast off 4 sts., k to end.

**2nd Row:** P to last 10 sts., cast on 4 sts., p 8, cast on 4 sts., p 2.

### SHORT SLEEVES

Using No. 11 needles and w. wool, cast on 72 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 4 rows (working 1st row into back of sts.). P 1 row, inc. 1 st. Work as follows:

**Next Row:** K 12 w., 49 r., 12 w.

**2nd Row:** P 12 w., 49 r., 12 w.

Using w. wool, work 4 rows in st-st.

Cont. to work 6 less sts. in r. every 5th and 6th rows and inc. 1 st. each end in w. every 4th row until inc. to 93 sts. When sleeve seam measures 4 1/2 in., k 2 tog. each end of every 2nd row until dec. to 63 sts., at the same time when only 1 st. remains in r. work across all sts. in w. When dec. to 63 sts. k 2 tog. each end of every row until dec. to 33 sts. Cast off.

### LONG SLEEVES

Using No. 14 needles and w. wool, cast on 60 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 3 in. (working 1st row into back of sts.) Change to No. 11 needles, inc. 1 st. Work in st-st. (or patt. with r. wool if desired) and inc. 1 st. each end of every 8th row until inc. to 93 sts. When sleeve seam measures 18 in. or required length, shape the top the same as for short sleeves.

### POCKETS (2)

Using No. 11 needles and w. wool, cast on 48 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 4 rows (working 1st row into back of sts.). P 1 row, inc. 1 st.

**Next Row:** K 49 r.

**Next Row:** P 49 r.

Using w. wool, work 4 rows st-st.

**Next Row:** K 3 w., 43 r., 3 w.

**Next Row:** P 3 w., 43 r., 3 w.

Cont. in this way working 6 less sts. in r. on every 5th and 6th rows until 1 st. remains in r. Work 6 rows w. Cast off.

### COLLAR

Stitch back facings down each front, stitching buttonholes tog. on right front. With wrong side of work towards you, using No. 11 needles and w. wool, pick up and k 88 sts. around neck (beginning and ending half way across each front facing). P 1 row, purling twice into every 4th st. (110 sts.). Work in st-st. casting on 4 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows. Cont. in st-st. until work measures 1 1/2 in. Cast off 4 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows. Work 4 rows. Cast off loosely.

### TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up seams, sew in sleeves. Stitch back 1/2 in. hem around collar. Sew buttons on left front. Sew on pockets.

## BOBBLE-STITCH SWEATER

Continued from page 33

**Right Front:** Work to correspond with left, reversing shapings.

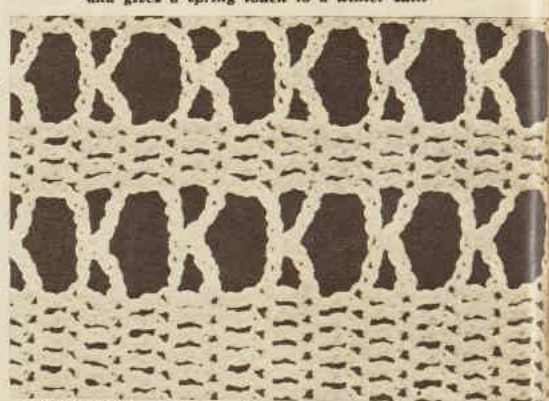
### SLEEVES

With No. 13 needles, cast on 86 sts. and work 1 1/2 in. k 1, p 1 rib.

**Next Row:** K, inc. 1 st. at end of row (87 sts.).



A CROCHETED "FRONT" or dicky which can be a smart and useful accessory in your wardrobe. It launders perfectly and gives a spring touch to a winter suit.



ACTUAL SIZE of the insertion-like border pattern of the crocheted dicky, directions for which commence below.

**Next Row:** Purl. Change to No. 11 needles and patt., inc. 1 st. at each end of 7th and every following 6th row, 4 times, taking extra sts. into st-st as they are made. Work straight to end of 1st patt.

With right side facing, shape top by casting off 4 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then k 2 tog. at beg. of every row until 49 sts. rem., then at each end of every row until 23 sts. rem.

Cast off.

### RIBBED BANDS

**Fronts:** Join shoulder seams. With No. 13 needles, cast on 15 sts. and work in k 1, p 1 rib, rows on right side having a k 1 at each end, until strip is long enough to go up left front when slightly stretched. Sew in position as you go along and leave sts. on a safety-pin at top.

Make a similar strip for right front with the addition of 13 buttonholes—14th comes in neckband later.

First comes 1/2 in. from bottom edge, 13th about 1/2 in. from top and remainder at equal intervals. Mark position of buttons on left front with pins to ensure even spacing, then work holes to correspond. To make a buttonhole—rib 6, cast off 3, rib 6, turn; rib 6, cast on 3, rib 6. Sew band in position and leave sts. on pin as before.

**Neckband:** With right side facing and No. 13 needles, rib

15 sts. from right front band, pick up and k 86 sts. all round neck and rib rem. 15 from left front band. Work 1 1/2 in. rib, making 14th buttonhole after 1/2 in. has been done. Cast off.

### TO MAKE UP

Using a back-stitch seam, sew up side and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves. Sew on buttons to correspond with buttonholes.

## CROCHETED DICKY

**Materials:** 4 balls Coats Chain Mercer crochet No. 20, selected color; piece of cotton for back of dicky; petersham ribbon for bow; 1 yd. ribbon; 21 buttons; 1 press-stud; No. 3 Milwards steel crochet hook (slack workers could use a No. 3 1/2 hook and tight workers a No. 2 1/2).

**Tension:** 6 rows, 1 in.

**Measurements:** Length from shoulder to bottom edge, 19 in.; width across front, 12 1/2 in.

**Abbreviations:** Ch., chain; d.c., double crochet; tr., treble; sl-st., slip-stitch; sp., space; st., stitch.

### RIGHT FRONT

Commence with 96 ch. **1st Row:** 1 tr. into 4th ch. from hook, 1 tr. into each of next 2 ch., \* 3 ch., miss 2 ch., 1 d.c. into next ch., 3 ch., miss 2 ch., 1 tr. into each of next

Continued on page 37





# New triangle wool shawl

HERE is the way to make this triangular-shaped shawl with its unusual border pattern and looped fringe:

**Materials:** 14oz. Patons "Titania" sports wool (this is the only wool that should be used); 1 pair size 1 knitting needles; size 10 crochet hook.

**Tension:** 7 sts., 2 in.

Starting at long end of stole, cast on 150 sts. and p 1 row. Work in st-st. as follows:

**1st Row:** K 148 sts., turn.  
**2nd Row:** Sl. 1 st. as to p, p 145 sts., turn.

**3rd Row:** Sl. 1 st. as to p, k 143 sts., turn.

**4th Row:** Sl. 1 st. as to p, p 141 sts., turn. Cont. working in this manner, working 2 sts. less on each row until 2 sts. rem., ending with a p row.

**New Row:** Sl. 1 st., place 75 sts. of right-hand needle on a heavy strand of wool for one short edge. Begin border on other short edge.

## BORDER

**1st Row (right side):** K 1, \* inc. 1 st. by knitting 1 st. in sl-st. in previous row, k 2; rep. from \* to end (112 sts.).

**2nd Row:** Knit.

**3rd Row:** P, inc. 1 st. each side (114 sts.).

**4th Row:** Purl.

**5th Row:** K, inc. 1 st. each side (116 sts.).

**6th Row:** Knit.

**7th Row:** P, inc. 1 st. each side (118 sts.).

**8th Row (wrong side):** P 5, \* k 3, p 7; rep. from \* 10 times more, place a marker before next st., k to end.

Carry up marker.

**9th Row:** Inc. 1 st. in first st., p to marker, \* holding wool loosely in front of work, sl. next 7 sts. as to p, p 3; rep. from \* 10 times, holding wool in front of work, sl. 4 sts. as to p, inc. 1 st. in last st. (120 sts.).

**10th Row:** P 6, \* k 3, p 7; rep. from \* 10 times, k to end.

**11th Row:** Same as 9th row, end sl. 5 sts., inc. 1 st. in last st. (122 sts.).

**12th Row:** Same as 10th row, beg. with p 7 instead of p 6.

**15th Row:** Same as 9th row, end slip 6 sts., inc. 1 st. in last st. (124 sts.).

**14th Row:** Same as 10th row, beg. with k 1, p 7.

**15th Row:** Same as 9th row, end sl. 7, inc. 1 st. in last st. (126 sts.).

**16th Row:** K 2, p 7, finish same as 10th row.

**17th Row:** Same as 9th row, end sl. 7, p 1, inc. 1 st. in last st. (128 sts.).

**18th Row:** K 3, p 7, finish same as 10th row.

**19th Row:** Inc. 1 st. in first st., p to marker, \* k 3, insert right-hand needle under the 5 loops of slipped rows and into next st. on left-hand needle, k the loops and st. tog., k 3, p 3; rep. from \* across, end last rep.; p 2, inc. 1 st. in last st. (130 sts.).

**20th Row:** Knit.

**21st Row:** P, inc. 1 st. each side (132 sts.). P 1 row, k 2 rows. Cast off.

**Second Half of Border:** Take up sts. from thread, start at centre. Begin to knit at outer edge from right side (on right side).

**1st Row:** \* K 2, inc. 1 st. as before; rep. from \*, end k 1 (112 sts.). Rep. 2nd to 7th rows inclusive of first half of border (118 sts.).

**8th Row (wrong side):** K 3, place a marker before next st., \* p 7, k 3; rep. from \* 10 times, p 5.

**9th Row:** Inc. 1 st. in first st., sl. 4 st. as before \* p 3, sl. 7, rep. from \* to marker, p to within 1 st. of end, inc. 1 st. in last st. (120 sts.). Finish second half to correspond to first. Sew seam at centre of border. Steam lightly.

## FRINGE

Cut a 7 in. cardboard. Working from wrong side, hold cardboard in back of work, with loop on hook, insert hook through both loops of first st. of cast-off edge, draw up a loop, wool around cardboard wool over, through 2 loops on hook, \* draw up a loop through next st. as before, wool around cardboard, wool over, through 2 loops; rep. from \* to end of cast-off edge. From right side, work 1 row d.c. on borders and cast-on edge.



THIS AMERICAN-STYLE SHAWL plays a dual role of comfort and elegance. It will go beautifully with a between-seasons dress for informal evening dates, also with a strapless formal gown for dinner, dance, and theatre wear.

## CROCHETED DICKY

Directions continued from page 36

4 ch., rep. from \* 9 times more, 3 ch., turn.

**2nd Row:** Miss first tr., 1 tr. into each of next 3 tr., \* 5 ch., 1 tr. into each of next 4 tr.; rep. from \* 8 times more, 5 ch., 1 tr. into each of next 3 tr., 1 tr. into top of turning ch., 3 ch., turn.

**3rd Row:** Miss first tr., 1 tr. into each of next 3 tr., \* 3 ch., miss 2 ch., 1 d.c. into next ch., 3 ch., miss 2 ch., 1 tr. into each of next 4 tr.; rep. from \* 8 times more, 3 ch., miss 2 ch., 1 d.c. into next ch., 3 ch., miss 2 ch., 1 tr. into each of next 3 tr., 1 tr. into top of turning ch., 3 ch., turn.

Rep. 2nd and 3rd rows 18 times more, then 2nd row once more.

**41st Row:** Miss first tr., 1 tr. into each of next 3 tr., \* 1 tr. into each of next 5 ch., 1 tr. into each of next 4 tr.; rep. from \* 4 times more, (3 ch., miss 2 ch., 1 d.c. into next ch., 3 ch., miss 2 ch., 1 tr. into each of next 4 tr.) 4 times, 3 ch., miss 2 ch., 1 d.c. into

next ch., 3 ch., miss 2 ch., 1 tr. into each of next 3 tr., 1 tr. into top of turning ch., 3 ch., turn.

**42nd Row:** Miss first tr., 1 tr. into each of next 3 tr., \* 5 ch., 1 tr. into each of next 4 tr.; rep. from \* 3 times more, 5 ch., 1 tr. into each of next 4 tr., 1 tr. into top of turning ch., 3 ch., turn.

**43rd Row:** Miss first tr., 1 tr. into each of next 4 tr., \* 3 ch., miss 2 ch., 1 d.c. into next ch., 3 ch., miss 2 ch., 1 tr. into each of next 4 tr.; rep. from \* 3 times more, 3 ch., miss 2 ch., 1 d.c. into next ch., 3 ch., miss 2 ch., 1 tr. into each of next 3 tr., 1 tr. into top of turning ch., 3 ch., turn.

**44th Row:** Miss first tr., 1 tr. into each of next 3 tr., \* 5 ch., 1 tr. into each of next 4 tr.; rep. from \* 3 times more, 5 ch., 1 tr. into each of next 4 tr., 5 ch., miss 5 tr., 1 tr. into each of next 3 tr., 1 tr. into top of turning ch., 3 ch., turn (buttonhole made).

**45th Row:** Miss first tr., 1 tr. into each of next 3 tr., 1 tr.

into each of next 5 ch., 1 tr. into each of next 40 tr., \* 3 ch., miss 2 ch., 1 d.c. into next ch., 3 ch., miss 2 ch., 1 tr. into each of next 4 tr.; rep. from \* 3 times more, 3 ch., miss 2 ch., 1 d.c. into next ch., 3 ch., miss 2 ch., 1 tr. into each of next 3 tr., 1 tr. into top of turning ch., 3 ch., turn.

Rep. 42nd and 43rd rows 3 times more.

**52nd and 53rd Rows:** As 44th and 45th rows.

Rep. last 8 rows 5 times more, then 42nd and 43rd rows 3 times more.

**Neck Shaping—100th Row:** Miss first tr., 1 tr. into each of next 3 tr., \* 5 ch., 1 tr. into each of next 4 tr.; rep. from \* 3 times more, 5 ch., 1 tr. into each of next 38 tr., 1 tr. into each of next 2 tr., leaving the last loop of each on hook, thread over and pull through all loops on hook (decrease made), 4 ch., turn.

**101st Row:** Miss first tr., 1 tr. into each of next 2 tr., leaving the last loop of each on hook, thread over and pull through all loops on hook (another decrease made), cont. in patt. to end of row.

**102nd Row:** Work in patt. to within last 3 sts., 1 tr. into each of next 2 tr., leaving the last loop of each on hook, thread over and pull through all loops on hook, 4 ch., turn (2 sts. decreased). Rep. last 2 rows 6 times more.

**Next Row:** Miss first tr., dec. 1 tr., 1 tr. into each of next 15 tr., (5 ch., miss 2 ch., 1 d.c. into next ch., 3 ch., miss 2 ch., 1 tr. into each of next 4 tr.) 3 times, 1 ch., turn.

**Next Row:** Miss first tr., 1 d.c. into each of next 3 tr., (5 ch., 1 tr. into each of next 4 tr.) twice, 5 ch., 1 tr. into each tr. across. Fasten off.

Work left front to correspond with right front, omitting buttonholes.

## BACK YOKE

Commence with 3 ch.

**1st Row:** 1 tr. into 4th ch. from hook, 1 tr. into each of next 2 ch., \* 3 ch., miss 2 ch., 1 d.c. into next ch., 3 ch., miss 2 ch., 1 tr. into each of next 4 ch.; rep. from \* twice more, 3 ch., turn.

**2nd Row:** Miss first tr., 1 tr. into each of next 3 tr., (5 ch., 1 tr. into each of next 4 tr.) twice, 5 ch., 1 tr. into

each of next 3 tr., 1 tr. into top of turning ch., 3 ch., turn.

Cont. in patt. for 39 rows more.

Fasten off. Work another piece the same.

## COLLAR

Commence with 23 ch.  
**1st Row:** 1 tr. into 4th ch. from hook, 1 tr. into each ch. across, 3 ch., turn.

**2nd Row:** Miss first tr., 1 tr. into each of next 18 tr., 1 tr. into next tr. and into top of turning ch., leaving the last loop of each on hook, thread over and pull through all loops on hook (decrease made), 3 ch., turn.

**3rd Row:** Miss first tr., 1 tr. into each of next 2 tr., leaving the last loop of each on hook, thread over and pull through all loops on hook (another decrease made), 1 tr. into each of next 16 tr., 1 tr. into top of turning ch., 3 ch., turn.

Rep. last 2 rows 3 times more, then 2nd row once more, having 1 tr. less on each row and 12 tr. on last row, including 3 turning ch.).

**11th to 69th Row:** Miss first tr., 1 tr. into each of next

10 tr., 1 tr. into top of turning ch., 3 ch., turn.

**70th Row:** Miss first tr., 1 tr. into each tr. across, 2 tr. into top of turning ch. (an increase made), 3 ch., turn.

**71st Row:** 1 tr. into first tr. (another increase made), 1 tr. into each tr. across, 1 tr. into top of turning ch., 3 ch., turn.  
Rep. last 2 rows 4 times more, 1 ch., turn.

## EDGING

1 d.c. into first tr., \* 3 ch., 1 d.c. into 3rd ch. from hook (picot made), miss 1 tr., 1 d.c. into next tr.; rep. from \* to corner, \* 3 ch., picot, 1 d.c. into row-end; rep. from last \* to next corner, work over starting ch. to correspond. Fasten off.

**To Make Up:** Join last rows of two back yokes together. Sew fronts to back yoke. Sew cotton back to back yoke. Sew on collar, leaving 1/4 in. free at each end. Sew on buttons in groups of 3, to correspond with buttonholes. Sew press-stud at neck. Make bow and sew to neck edge. Cut ribbon in 4 lengths and sew to sides at waist.

Damp and press.



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## TURTLE NECK SWEATER

• This striking black - and - white sweater is made in a lacy-pattern stitch with the yoke and basque in ribbing.

THE American designer turned the garment inside out before sewing up underarm and shoulder seams so that it could be worn with the purl side out. This is a matter for your own choice.

Complete directions are given on this page for sizes 32, 34, 36, and 38 in. bust.

**Materials:** 6 (6-7-7) skeins "Twin-Prufe" 3-ply crepe or 3-ply fingering wool, shade No. 1073 (white); 2 (2-2-2) skeins shade No. 1016 (black); 2 pairs needles Nos. 11 and 12; 4 buttons.

**Measurements:** Length from top of shoulder, 21 in. (21-22-22 in.). Bust 32 in. (34-36-38 in.).

**Abbreviations:** W, white; b, black; sl, slip; p.s.s.o., pass slip stitch over.

**Tension:** 8 sts., 1 inch; 10 rows, 1 inch.

### BACK

Using No. 12 needles and b wool, cast on 100 sts. (110-116-124 sts.). Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 3 in. (working 1st row into back of sts.). On the last row inc. to 113 sts. (121-129-137 sts.). Change to No. 11 needles and w wool and work in following patt.:

1st Row (wrong side): K.

2nd Row: P.

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows.

5th Row: K.

6th Row: P 4, \* inc. 2 sts. in next st. by (k 1, p 1, k 1 into same st.), p 7, rep. from \* ending row with p 4 instead of p 7.

7th Row: K 4, \* with wool in front of work, sl. next 3 sts. as if to p, k 7, rep. from \* ending row with k 4 instead of k 7.

8th Row: P 4, \* wool at back, sl. next 3 sts., p 7, rep. from \* ending row with p 4 instead of p 7.

9th Row: Rep. 7th row.

10th Row: P 3, \* k 2 tog, k 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., p 5, rep. from \* ending row with p 3 instead of p 5.

11th Row: K.

12th Row: P.

Rep. 11th and 12th rows.

15th Row: K.

16th Row: P 8, \* (k 1, p 1, k 1 in to next st.), p 7, rep. from \* to last st., p 1.

17th Row: K 8, \* wool in front, sl. 3, k 7, rep. from \* to last st., k 1.

18th Row: P 8, \* wool back, sl. 3, p 7, rep. from \* to last st., p 1.

19th Row: Rep. 17th row.

20th Row: P 7, \* k 2 tog, k 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., p 5, rep. from \* to last 2 sts., p 2.

Rep. these 20 rows and inc. 1 st. each end of the next, then every 6th row until inc. to 129 sts. (137-145-153 sts.). When work measures 9 in. (9-10-10 in.) place marker in centre of last row, then shape armholes by casting off 2 sts at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of every 2nd row until dec. to 107 sts. (111-119-125 sts.). When armholes measure 5 in. (5-5-5 in.) straight up from marker, inc. 1 st. each end of



SWEATER illustrated above was designed by an American stylist to be worn with a black or white skirt.

SKETCH shows the three-inch-deep basque in rib pattern to match the black yoke of this turtle-neck sweater.

### FRONT

Work the same as for back.

### TO MAKE UP

Press with warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up underarm and part of shoulder seams. Crochet 2 loops on each shoulder to form buttonholes. Sew on buttons. Make 1 in. hem around each armhole.

This garment has been made available exclusively to us by "Good Housekeeping" magazine.







# Glamor crochet for after-dark

Rows of simply crocheted cotton make this glamor dress for after-dark.

**T**HE dress can be worn with or without the matching stole.

Directions are given for three sizes, but it can be made for larger sizes by adding one or more motifs to each row.

**Materials:** Coats Chain Mercer-Crochet, No. 20. (20 gram.)—30 balls selected color for 30in. bust; 32 balls for 32in. bust; 34 balls for 34in. bust. Lightning zipp-fastener (placket) 13in. long; 1yd. of matching seam binding; Milwards No. 3 steel crochet hook.

**Measurements:** Size of motif 1½in. square.

**Abbreviations:** Ch., chain; s.s., slip-stitch; d.c. double crochet; tr., treble; d.tr., double treble; sp., space.

## FIRST MOTIF

Commence with 10 ch., join with a s.s. to form a ring.

**1st Row:** 3 ch., 23 tr. into ring, 1 s.s. into 3rd of 3 ch.

**2nd Row:** 1 d.c. into same place as s.s., \* 3 ch., miss 1 tr., 1 d.c. into next tr.; rep. from \* ending with 3 ch., 1 s.s. into first d.c.

**3rd Row:** S.s. to centre of loop, 3 ch., 1 tr. into same loop, \* 5 ch., 2 d.tr. into next loop leaving the last loop of each d.tr. on hook, thread over and draw through all loops on hook (cluster made), 5 ch., a d.tr. cluster into same loop, (5 ch., a 2 tr. cluster into next loop) twice; repeat from \* omitting a 2 tr. cluster at end of last rep. Fasten off.

## SECOND MOTIF

Work as for first motif until 2 rows are completed.

**3rd Row:** S.s. to centre of next loop, 3 ch., 1 tr. into same loop, 5 ch., a 2 d.tr. cluster into next loop, 2 ch., 1 s.s. into corresponding sp. on first motif, 2 ch., a 2 d.tr. cluster into same loop on second motif, (2 ch., 1 s.s. into corresponding sp. on first motif, 2 ch., a 2 tr. cluster into next loop on second motif) twice. Complete row, joining next 2 loops the same way.

## BODICE

Make 8 rows of 24 motifs for 30in. bust; 8 rows of 26 motifs for 32in. bust; and 8 rows of 28 motifs for 34in. bust, joining adjacent sides as second motif was joined to first motif. Where 4 corners meet, join 3rd and 4th corners to joining of previous 2 corners.

## SKIRT

Make 23 rows (length) of 36 motifs (width) for first size; 23 rows of 38 motifs for second size; and 24 rows of 40 motifs for third size, joining last motif on each row to first motif on same row, leaving 5 motifs free at one end to form placket. Gather top of skirt to fit round bodice. Sew in place. Sew tape round joining of skirt and bodice. Attach thread to bottom of placket opening and d.c. closely round placket, top of bodice, next side of placket. Join and fasten off. Sew in zipp-fastener, sew up remainder of bodice above fastener.

## STRAP (MAKE 2)

Make a strip of 12 motifs or number of motifs for length required, d.c. closely all round. Join and fasten off. Sew straps in place, d.c. closely round bottom of skirt. Join and fasten off.

## STOLE

Make 6 rows of 34 motifs, joining as before, d.c. closely all round. Join and fasten off. Damp and press.



**CROCHETED DRESS** for after-dark can also be worn without the matching stole illustrated here. Single rows of motifs form the shoulder-straps. The bodice top can be made as a separate to team alternately with a billowy or sheath skirt in cotton.



**CLOSE-UP** of the dress pattern showing in detail the lace motifs which are crocheted in rows and joined together with the crochet-hook. Complete directions for making the dress and stole illustrated above are given on this page.

RICH-YET-MILD

# Velveeta

makes a MEAL of a snack!



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to perfection!

**NEW PROCESS** adds precious lactose... extra milk minerals.

Now, Velveeta is richer in food values than ordinary cheese. Why? Because precious lactose (milk sugar), much milk mineral and Vitamin B<sub>2</sub> are lost in making ordinary cheese—run off in the whey. But Velveeta *puts them back*—adds them to the other vitamins, protein, calcium and phosphates you and your family need for perfect health.

Ask for rich-yet-mild Velveeta. Processed and pasteurised for purity.



For  
**EXTRA**  
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**'Oxygen-clean'** your dentures and enjoy peace of mind

You need never be anxious about the appearance of your dentures if you use 'Steradent'. The oxygen in 'Steradent' reaches every hard-to-get-at crevice of the denture, removing stains, film and odours. 'Steradent' disinfects and deodorises while it restores the denture to pearly whiteness.

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# Steradent

'Oxygen-cleans' and sterilizes every type of denture.

DON'T BE **HALF SAFE**



IT'S EASY TO BE **SURE**

**NEW**... Cream Deodorant safely Stops Perspiration 1 to 3 Days

1. Instantly stops perspiration, keeps armpits dry. Acts safely, as proved by leading doctors.
2. Does not rot dresses or men's shirts.
3. Removes odor from perspiration on contact in 2 seconds. Has antiseptic action.
4. Does not irritate skin. Can be used right after shaving.
5. A pure, white, stainless vanishing cream.

DON'T BE HALF-SAFE. BE ARRID-SAFE. USE ARRID—TO BE SURE!



# ARRID



oven, and poured coffee with a shaking hand.

"All of these years, and nobody has laughed at you, until I took a hand with my managing. I did not think I would live to make you ridiculous, my dear."

"Oh, no, no!" Miss Beth cried. "It was just my stupid way of telling him. You do things just right, Audrey. Oh, please don't!"

But Audrey's small face was closed up, and she went on with the cake without turning around.

The big living-room did look pleasant. Miss Beth unobtrusively pushed the furniture around so a couple could, if they wished, stand in front of the fireplace to be married.

Then there wasn't anything more to do, except to eat a silent lunch. Miss Beth did not dare meet Miss Audrey's glittering eyes.

She felt as if she swung in space, being moved without the least control of her actions. When Miss Audrey was confused, nothing in the world could be depended upon.

She stole upstairs, after a while, to put on the flowered-crepe dress she liked to wear, and do what she could with her hair.

When she came down, she kept herself from mentioning that Miss Audrey had never looked better, with her cheeks pink with temper and her eyes glittering.

The doorbell began to ring at about half-past three, and Miss Beth answered it, because she knew most of the people. The courthoouse girls were gay and full of chatter, and other people came and the clock moved on toward four.

Miss Beth put her head into the kitchen once, and whispered, "Inger came on the three-thirty train. She's upstairs dressing," and then she had to hurry away to answer the doorbell before Miss Audrey could say anything.

Mr. Howard came, with his pretty wife, Sybil, who said it was lovely of Miss Beth to have them. He wore his black ceremonial coat, and his eyes were dancing, but he only said, "How pleasant to have friends

Continuing . . .

gathering!" and went in to make himself agreeable.

The Johnsons and the Stars drew up in several cars and farm trucks, and began climbing out by the dozens. Miss Beth thought.

There were a number of grown-ups, the men with their faces scraped clean and the women with their handkerchiefs giving last-minute dabs to a horde of children who were shiny with soap and glassy-eyed with manners.

Miss Beth let them all in, and got them into the living-room, and then, staggering a little, she went out to Miss Audrey.

"She didn't know him," she whispered. "Inger came down the stairs when they were all in the hall, and she didn't know Angus McDougall!"

She shut her eyes, shuddering to think how nearly she herself had come to asking his name, before she realised that the set, desperate face towering over her was McDougall without a beard.

Miss Audrey snatched off her apron. "I'll put a stop to it. It's all my doing. I never should have meddled."

Mr. Howard opened the door, smiling. "We are all ready. Will you come in now?"

It was a brief ceremony. Miss Audrey looked as if she would faint, but she managed to move back to the kitchen when it was over, and everybody shaking hands and laughing and congratulating everybody else.

Miss Beth carried cups and Miss Audrey cut the cake and refilled plates and kept the coffee coming.

Inger tended the children silently, and put a forgiving arm around a little Starr who spilled her milk. McDougall loomed up desperately by the fireplace, looking grim.

Finally the party was over and he led Inger out to his wood truck, and everybody said good-bye and wouldn't have missed it for anything, and Miss Audrey sat and stared at the empty cups.

Beth stacked the dishes in

the kitchen, and put the living-room to rights. The evening was getting cool, so she brought in some sticks for the dying fire, and laid them on hesitantly, waiting for Miss Audrey to tell her how they should go.

But Miss Audrey didn't say a word, even when the fire went out completely, and Miss Beth had to build it again.

When it was burning, Beth gently drew Miss Audrey to the couch and put the rug over her ankles, and went out to wash dishes. She had done all she could.

She heard Audrey whispering, and came to the door. "Did you see her eyes?" Miss Audrey said. "She was terrified."

"Oh, no, I didn't see any difference. I thought she was all right."

"She was terrified," Miss Audrey said, staring at the fire. "She felt that she must marry this man because I said so. I have mismanaged everything. I will never give another person advice as long as I live."

Beth hoped that now the thing was done, Miss Audrey would get her bounce back again, but Miss Audrey was really shattered.

"I have outlived my usefulness," she said, over the meagre Sunday dinner she had made out of tinned stuff. "Now don't argue, Beth. I'm only fifty-three, but apparently my mind is set, and I might as well be ninety as far as changing myself is concerned."

She poured Miss Beth another cup of tea, not remembering that Beth hated tea. "Anyone ninety years old is not fit for work among high-school students. I have decided that I should resign and go to live in that house my brother is saving for me."

Miss Beth tried to imagine her house without Audrey's brisk confidence, and the lonely rooms and the fire never burning quite right.

I suppose I could get a dog, she thought, wiping her eyes for the hundredth time, but it

would be awfully lonely for the poor animal.

Miss Audrey lost all interest in cooking. Monday's lunch was tinned beef, and dinner was soup and toast. Tuesday was horrible. Wednesday, Bill Price came to see Miss Beth, in the office. His round, frank face was worried.

"Is Miss Audrey sick?" "Well, no," Miss Beth said, not knowing what to say. "Not exactly. She's upset a little, I think."

"She's either sick or out of her mind," he said flatly. "The school board passed the advisory course and she's to be in charge, and what do you think she said when I telephoned her?" He imitated Miss Audrey's voice. "I haven't made up my mind. Give me time to think."

They stared at each other, horrified. Miss Beth said faintly, "I'll see what I can do."

And when he was gone, she put her head into her hands. Something had to be done, and there was nobody to do it but Miss Beth, and she had no idea what to do nor whom to ask for advice.

Miss Audrey was staring out of the window when Beth got home. She began to speak immediately.

"I see it clearly now. McDougall wanted a slave. He jumped at the chance to possess a poor homeless girl whose friends hadn't the wit to protect her. Now she can't get out of the house to come and ask for help."

"Shall we go and see?" Miss Beth suggested faintly.

"I couldn't bear to look on her face again," Miss Audrey whispered. "I will leave for town next Monday. Then you can set it right, perhaps, after I am gone."

So Miss Beth had to do something quickly. The only thing she could think of was a letter to Inger, but it must be phrased carefully, so if McDougall proved to be a

domineering master he would not take alarm.

It took her most of the day to get what she wanted, and then she had only two lines.

Dear Inger: Miss Audrey has lost all her interest in food. (That would tell Inger how serious the situation was.) Could you come in to see her, or can't you get away? Yours sincerely, Beth Farthing.

All together it wasn't too bad a letter. If Inger could come in, without her husband, they could arrange to undo the hasty ceremony and set her free again.

Miss Audrey, moving to set the situation right, might regain confidence in herself. Beth posted the letter, and when she got home she found Miss Audrey taking all her clothes out of her wardrobe and laying out a pile to give away. They were quite good clothes, too.

Each day was worse, and Inger didn't come. Saturday, breakfast consisted of a bowl of dry cereal and some prunes. Miss Beth thought, along toward noon, that she would have to take over the cooking to keep them alive.

Then she sprang to the front door, breathless with excitement. McDougall's wood truck was pulling up at the kerb.

Inger came out from under the wheel, with parcels in her hands, looking exactly as usual, with her hair in the same calm coronet.

She gave Miss Beth a little smile, and said, "I drive now," with what seemed to be pride. Miss Beth searched her face for signs of unhappiness, but she had not the insight.

Miss Audrey was in the kitchen, sitting at the table. Inger set down a pint of rich cream before her, and a great bowl of strawberries, all tied up with cloth. Then she opened her package to show a young fowl ready for the oven.

"Be well," she said, and turned to go.

Miss Beth got her breath

first. "But you must stay to lunch!"

"He expects me home," Inger said calmly.

"Oh, goodness, he's bached for years," Miss Beth pleaded. "He won't expect you home so soon on your first visit. He can get a meal."

Miss Audrey said grimly, "Inger, you don't have to be anybody's slave. You just stay right here, and we'll arrange everything."

"You think I am unhappy?" Inger asked gently. The color came up in her face like the sunrise.

"It is only that when he comes in from work I like him to find his wife there, welcoming."

She gave them a smile like birds singing, and fled to the truck. The front door closed behind her, and the house seemed to settle down with a little sigh and make itself comfortable.

"Well!" Miss Audrey said, as the truck turned the corner and headed back toward the Black Ridge road, increasing its speed as it left the town behind it.

"Well!" Her face was slowly easing up, and a smile fought for a place on her grim lips.

"She loves—he loves—they both love," Miss Beth whispered.

"You sound like the First Reader," Miss Audrey said, pushing up her curls with both hands as if she were lifting her scalp too.

"Why don't we have any meals around here fit to eat? Beth, you go and get us some fresh peas, and I'll start the fowl cooking. New potatoes, too, if you can find any. I'll whip up some biscuits too."

She stared around her as if the world were taking back its familiar shape. "And if you happen to see Bill Price, tell him to march over here to-night. We've got to make a few plans and get things in shape. Hurry, now, Beth. I'm starving."

Miss Beth thought she must have lost a good deal of weight. Her feet hardly touched the footpath as she hurried to the shops.

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Housework is hard  
... until you find  
relief from BACKACHE



If backache is turning your housework into drudgery, it may be due to sluggish kidneys. That is a trouble you can soon put right. Yes, SOON . . . because many women gain relief simply by relying on De Witt's Pills to restore kidneys to health.

What happens when the kidneys become sluggish and get clogged up? Poisons and impurities choke up the system. Attacks of backache come on—painful reminders that your kidneys need help. Give it to them. Turn for help to De Witt's Pills, the tried and trusted

From chemists and storekeepers. Price 4/- or large economy size 7/-.

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FOR KIDNEY AND BLADDER TROUBLES

family medicine. Within twenty-four hours of taking the first dose you will have visual evidence that De Witt's Pills are acting directly on kidneys. Stimulated to proper action, the kidneys clear away poisons and waste matter from the system. THAT IS WHY DE WITT'S PILLS RELIEVE BACKACHE (due to rheumatic conditions), JOINT PAINS, RHEUMATISM, SCIATICA & LUMBAGO.

To so many women, De Witt's Pills are a reliable standby . . . an unfailing source of relief from pain. So, if you have this heavy burden of backache, De Witt's Pills come to you with the heartfelt recommendation of thousands of people all around you.







## Maureen O'Hara

**L**OVELY Irish-born Maureen O'Hara made her film debut in England and, on the strength of a promising performance in "Jamaica Inn," went to America in 1939.

The 13 years in between brought Maureen financial success. Artistically she could have fared better.

When Charles Laughton, the star of "Jamaica Inn," was called to Hollywood to make "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," he put forward the name of his pretty 20-year-old co-worker for the role of the girl with whom the hunchback falls in love.

Not only that, Laughton wangled Maureen a trip to Hollywood for the purpose of making a screen test.

She came through the test with flying colors to win the "Hunchback" role and a contract as well.

The success of this picture prompted producer Darryl F. Zanuck, who was assembling a cast for "How Green Was My Valley," to offer Maureen the part of Roddy McDowall's

sister in the film which won an Academy Award.

Then, under a complicated three-way picture deal with R.K.O., Fox, and Universal studios, she embarked on a string of technicolor pretty-girl parts.

Filmgoers will remember fiery historical romances like "The Black Swan," "The Spanish Main," "Sinbad the Sailor," "Baghdad," and "Tripoli."

Tyrone Power, Paul Henreid, and Douglas Fairbanks, jun., were among O'Hara's dashing co-stars in those days.

In England in 1947 Maureen had a change of pace in "Britannia Mews." She went back to a Hollywood-style Southern plantation in "The Foxes of Harrow."

After a worthwhile part in that good Belvedere comedy, "Sitting Pretty," gaudy glamor set in again in "Flame of Araby."

"Comanche Territory," and "The Red-head from Wyoming," a couple of color-drenched Westerns, were filmed.

From these Maureen O'Hara emerged as a top Hollywood technicolor subject, and wealthier to the tune of an estimated £20,000 per picture.

Australians will remember the 1950 visit of Maureen O'Hara, together with Peter Lawford and Richard Boone, when "Kengaroo," a technicolor bushland drama, was filmed in South Australia by Hollywood.

After the Australian trip, Maureen went home to Ireland to film John Ford's rollicking comedy, "The Quiet Man." It gave her her best romantic role in years and the opportunity for a family reunion with her mother and father, who live in Dublin.

Among Abbey Theatre players who appeared in "The Quiet Man" were the Fitzsimons brothers, Charles and James.

Both returned to Hollywood with their sister, and are working there now.

In her next picture, "Against All Flags," Maureen O'Hara turns up as the leader of a band of Madagascan pirates whom Errol Flynn brings to justice.

Tall for a film actress (5ft. 7½in.), Maureen O'Hara has hazel eyes, auburn hair, and a superb skin.

R.A.F. pilot George Brown, whom she married on the eve of her departure for Hollywood, was her first husband. They divorced in 1940.

A year later, at the end of 1941, Maureen married Will Price, a lieutenant in the U.S. Marines, and in civilian life a film-writer, producer, and director.

The rift in the Price marriage came as a shock to Hollywood after 10 years of what was widely considered to be one of the colony's "unbreakable" marriages.

Maureen and Will Price were divorced in 1952 after 12 months' separation.

Bronwyn, their only child, was born in 1944, and named after one of the characters in "How Green Was My Valley."

● Next week—

BING CROSBY



# N.Z. location for new film

From BILL STRUTTON, in London

NEW ZEALAND is to be the setting for a big Rank picture in technicolor with Jack Hawkins as the star. Rank bought the screen rights of "The Seekers," an adventure story of early New Zealand settlers by John Guthrie, and has sent producer George Brown hunting through New Zealand for suitable locations.

Tall, spectacled, baby-faced director Ken Annakin—who made "The Planter's Wife" and Walt Disney's latest screen version of "Robin Hood"—has been assigned to direct it. Jack Hawkins told me, "I am hoping to see a lot of Australia either on the way there or on the way back. I'll be coming out in September."

NOT everybody is as tactful about British food as Italy's luscious Gina Lollobrigida, here for the starring role with Humphrey Bogart in "Beat the Devil." They noticed in the studio restaurant that Gina hardly touched her food. "Eating does not matter to me," she reassured them stoically. Now Gina has flown back to Italy, where, I hear, she is tucking into huge banquets of scampi, fettucini, ravioli, and macaroni, and is helping it down with chianti. Always the diplomat, Gina explained, "I like to eat when I am at home."

IN Britain, Sonja Henie is earning herself roughly eight times her Hollywood film salary. The profit she draws from her mammoth ice show is £7500 sterling weekly. This news recently attracted the attention of burglars, who

ransacked her suite. The next day it was full of police and reporters, and she couldn't get on with her administrative work. "So I left them to it," high-pressure girl Sonja said. "I flew to Paris, did my work there, and flew back in time for the evening show."

HIS career on the up-grade, Robert Ryan has been signed by Metro for the role of the housemaster in Greer Garson's new picture, "Miss Baker's Dozen."

DAVID NIVEN is taking dancing lessons for the first time in his long screen career, and it is adding several wrinkles to his already somewhat corrugated forehead. "I am not as limber as I was," he said. "I have to do a dream ballet with Peggy Cummins in 'The Love Lottery' for Ealing. Why didn't they get Fred Astaire?"

BARBARA PAYTON wants to come to London with the play of the James Cain thriller "The Postman Always Rings Twice." And she wants to bring her leading man with her. He is Tom Neal. Remember Tom?

## CITY FILM GUIDE

### Films reviewed

**CAPITOL.**—★★ "Gentleman Jim," boxing drama, starring Errol Flynn, Alexis Smith. Plus "Case of the Black Parrot," mystery, starring William Lundigan, Maris Wrixon. (Both re-releases.)  
**CENTURY.**—★ "Never Wave at a WAC," comedy, starring Rosalind Russell, Paul Douglas, Marie Wilson. Plus "The Strange Mrs. Crane," mystery, starring Marjorie Lord, Robert Shane.  
**CIVIC.**—★★ "The Frogmen," wartime drama, starring Richard Widmark, Dana Andrews. Plus "Ticket to Tomahawk," technicolor comedy, starring Dan Dailey, Anne Baxter. (Both re-releases.)  
**EMBASSY.**—★★★ "The Story of Gilbert and Sullivan," technicolor musical drama, starring Robert Morley, Maurice Evans, Peter Finch. Plus featurettes.  
**ESQUIRE.**—★★★ "Pygmalion," Shavian comedy, starring Leslie Howard, Wendy Hiller. (Re-release.) Plus "A Tale of Five Women," romantic drama, starring Bonar Colleano, Lana Morris.  
**LIBERTY.**—★★★ "Julius Caesar," Shakespearean tragedy, starring James Mason, Marlon Brando, John Gielgud. Plus featurettes.  
**LYCEUM.**—★ "The Final Test," comedy-drama, starring Jack Warner, Robert Morley, Brenda Bruce. Plus "Brandy for the Parson," comedy, starring James Donald, Kenneth More, Jean Lodge.  
**LYRIC.**—★ "Operation Secret," spy drama, starring Cornel Wilde, Phyllis Thaxter, Steve Cochran. Plus "Guns of Pecos," Western, starring Dick Foran. (Both re-releases.)  
**MAYFAIR AND PARK.**—★ "Niagara," technicolor drama, starring Marilyn Monroe, Joseph Cotten, Jean Peters. Plus "Taxi," drama, starring Dan Dailey, Constance Smith.

**PALACE.**—★★ "Hitch-Hiker," thriller, starring Edmond O'Brien, Frank Lovejoy, William Talman. Plus "Interference," sporting drama, starring Victor Mature, Elizabeth Scott. (Re-release.)  
**REGENT.**—★★★ "Call Me Madam," technicolor musical, starring Ethel Merman, Donald O'Connor, Vera-Ellen, George Sanders. (See review this page.) Plus featurettes.  
**SAVOY.**—★★ "Miss Julie," Swedish-language drama, starring Anita Bjork, Ulf Palme. Plus ★★★ "Concert of Stars," music and ballet feature.  
**VARIETY.**—★★★ "Come Back, Little Sheba," drama starring Burt Lancaster, Shirley Booth, Terry Moore. Plus "Two Dollar Better," gambling drama, starring John Littel, Marie Winsor. (New programme 29/7/53.)  
**VICTORY.**—★★ "Meet Me At the Fair," technicolor musical comedy, starring Dan Dailey, Diana Lynn, Chet Allen, "Scat Man" Crothers. Plus "The Phantom Stockman," outback adventure, starring Chips Rafferty, Jeanette Elphick.

### Films not yet reviewed

**PLAZA.**—"Distant Drums," technicolor Indian adventure, starring Gary Cooper, Marie Aldon. Plus featurettes.  
**PRINCE EDWARD.**—"Jumping Jacks," comedy, starring Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis, Una Freeman. Plus featurettes.  
**ST. JAMES.**—"Sombrero," technicolor Mexican drama, starring Yvonne de Carlo, Vittorio Gassman, Ricardo Montalban. Plus "Code Two," action drama, starring Ralph Meeker, Sally Forrest. Commencing soon.  
**STATE.**—"Against All Flags," technicolor drama, starring Errol Flynn, Maureen O'Hara. Plus "No Room for the Groom," drama, starring Piper Laurie, Tony Curtis.

MICKEY SPILLANE, author of the "Mike Hammer" mystery stories, and Clyde Beatty, wild-animal tamer and owner of a large circus, star in "Man Killer," a circus story. Beatty portrays himself, while Spillane, making his debut as an actor, plays a detective.

GENE KELLY and Danny Kaye have the lead roles in Metro's "Boys From Missouri," which is based on Mark Twain's "Huckleberry Finn." Kelly and Kaye will play the roles of the Duke and Dauphin, a couple of confidence men who ply the Mississippi River in Huck's boyhood.

## Talking of Films

By M. J. McMAHON

★★★ **Call Me Madam**  
**F**OX'S big, brassy screen version of the Broadway musical hit "Call Me Madam" has just about everything you could wish for in musical entertainment.

Together with the topical story and funny dialogue, there are lavish sets and costumes and a first-class musical score by Irving Berlin.

Above all, it has Ethel Merman repeating her original

Broadway role. You've never heard anything quite like her.

A stockily built brunette of 40-odd, Miss Merman has a voice which rips into ragtime and a personality that envelops the entire audience.

As Mrs. Sally Adams, Washington "hostess with the most on the ball," and pioneering woman diplomat representing the United States in the mythical Grand Duchy of Lichtenburg, she is a riot.

"Call me Madam," she booms at a diplomatic understrapper who disapproves her back-slapping ways. "And

when you call me Madam—smile."

The story is a take-off of American diplomacy and the career of Mrs. Perle Mesta, a former Minister to Luxembourg and famous party giver.

In key roles are Donald O'Connor, as a Press attache, and Vera-Ellen, slender to the point of emaciation, in the role of Princess Marina of Lichtenburg.

Their dancing is delightful, but their romance runs into some sticky patches towards the finale.

George Sanders oozes Old-World charm as gallant General Cosmo Constantine, Madam's heart interest. He reveals a pleasant voice in his first screen singing role. In Sydney—Regent.

Australian climate dries, ages your skin!

## Don't let drying skin give you that "getting-older" look

Harsh winds, burning sun, "sticky" humidity can play havoc with your skin!

Almost every woman after 25 knows that dismaying little shock of finding dry skin signs—flaky patches, tiny criss-cross lines that say: you are getting older. At about 25, the natural oil that keeps skin soft and fresh, starts decreasing.

But many, many Australian women show these dry skin signs even earlier.

It's our severe climate—drying, roughening winter winds; a burning summer sun; often a humid "sticky" atmosphere—that can make you look as many as 10 years older than your real age.

Yet—you can offset this loss of natural softening oil. You can use the special replacer known and loved by

so many women for its really remarkable help. You can use Pond's Dry Skin Cream. Three features make this rich cream extra effective for drying skin. It is very rich in lanolin—most like the skin's own precious oil. It is homogenized—to soak in better. And it has a special emulsifier for extra softening.

**Smooth away dryness—this way**  
 Soften by night. Cleanse skin thoroughly. Then work in plenty of Pond's Dry Skin Cream over face, and throat. Leave cream on a few minutes—then tissue off lightly, leaving a thin veil of cream to coddle your skin while you sleep.

**Protect and soften by day.** Be sure to smooth in a softening touch of Pond's Dry Skin Cream before you make-up. You'll find that this rich cream guards

your skin from parching winds and dehydrating sun.

Use this remarkable cream for a week. See if it isn't the finest help for dry skin you've ever used. Get a jar or tube of Pond's Dry Skin Cream today.

3 features make it extra effective for dry skin



1. Rich in lanolin.
2. Homogenized to soak in better.
3. Special emulsifier for extra softening.



Crèpy-Dry Eyelids make your skin look darkened, fade out your eyes.

**To Lighten and Soften**—Nightly, touch Pond's Dry Skin Cream to inner corners of eyes—tap gently out over lids. Leave a little of this lanolin-rich cream on all night. A special emulsifier makes it extra-softening.



**Dry Skin "Down-Lines"** by your nose and mouth harden your expression.

**To Help Soften Lines**—"Knuckle in" softening Pond's Dry Skin Cream out and up from nostrils, mouth. See this lanolin-rich cream smooth that "dry skin," tense look. It's homogenized to soak in better.

PD31A

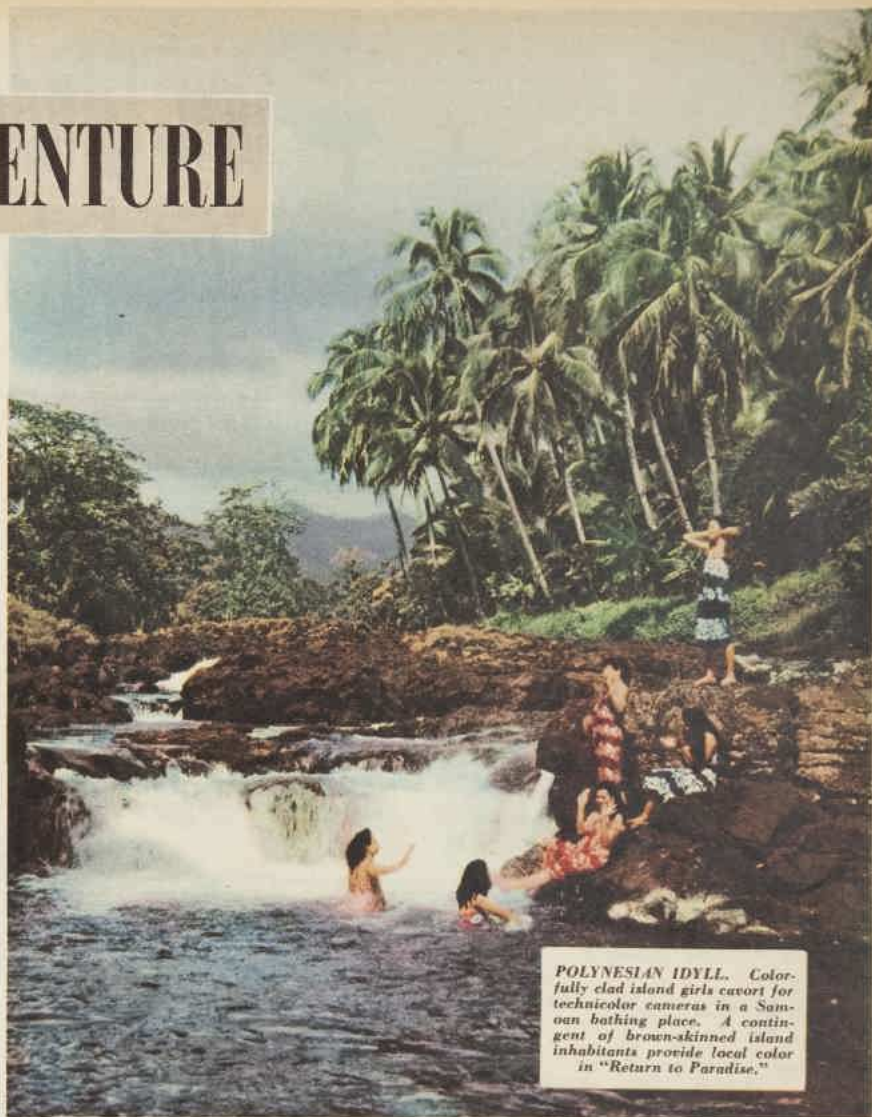


# SOUTH SEAS ADVENTURE

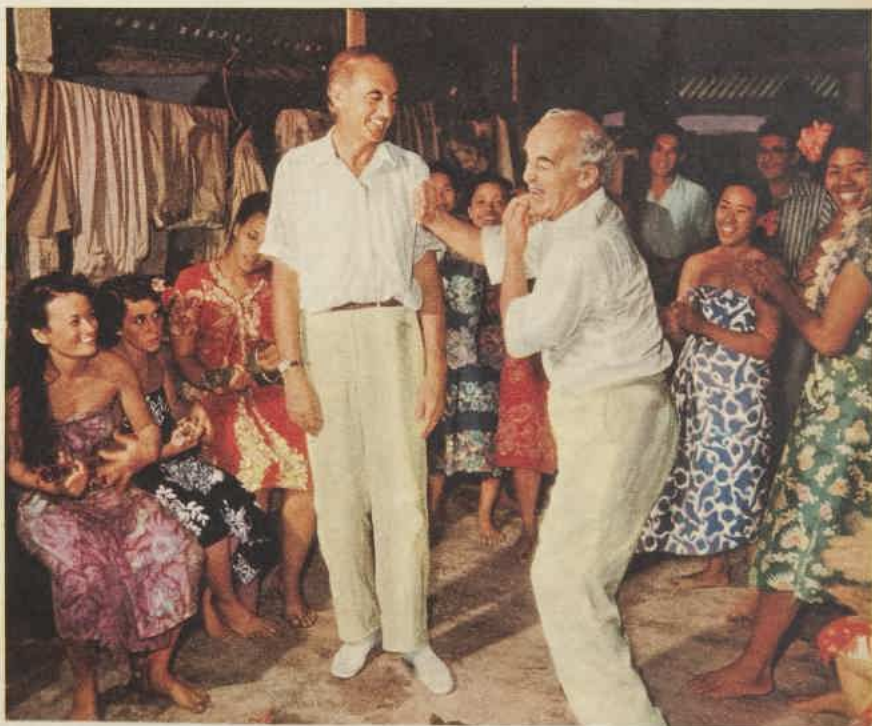
★ An international cast headed by Gary Cooper and a crew which included Australian technicians went to British West Samoa to film the technicolor adventure "Return to Paradise." Barry Jones, Roberta Haynes, and Moira MacDonald play leading roles.



MOIRA MacDONALD was chosen to play one of the feminine leads in "Return to Paradise." Moira has spent most of her 20 years in Apia and had no previous acting experience. Her natural acting talent surprised the professionals. She has a chance to go to Hollywood.



POLYNESIAN IDYLL. Colorfully clad island girls cavort for technicolor cameras in a Samoan bathing place. A contingent of brown-skinned island inhabitants provide local color in "Return to Paradise."



STAR GARY COOPER (left) improvises a dressing-room mirror on location of "Return to Paradise." Cooper plays an adventurer who runs away from civilisation to find peace in the South Seas.

ENGLISH actor Barry Jones (above, right), the villain of this United Artists release, clownes with Gary Cooper during a scene break while amused island girls provide a background.





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# From Under my Hat

Fifth instalment of our  
Hollywood serial

WHEN Gloria and Hank Falaise entered a theatre in New York, even if the first act was half over, the curtain was lowered while they were seated. When everybody had had a good look the curtain was raised and the actors went on with their play. Such gnashing of teeth!

In Hollywood I stood at the entrance of the Old Paramount Studio at Sunset and Vine, where the National Broadcasting Company is now located, and watched Gloria's triumph in the film capital. Vine Street was roped off; traffic on Sunset Boulevard was halted for blocks. In the middle of the street, directly opposite the studio gates, a raised platform was erected. Overhead huge banners proclaimed: "Welcome Home, Gloria!" On the platform a brass band blared in the noonday sun.

Schools were let out for the day. Every rosebush in town had been scuttled, the petals shredded into large garbage cans placed at convenient intervals, and the children instructed to grab handfuls and throw them when the star passed by. I thought sympathetically of the street cleaners. Would they altogether appreciate Miss Swanson?

When the royal car with the queen and her consort turned off Sunset into Vine, the crowd went mad. Flowers made a pink snowstorm, women swooned, men got emotional. Inside the studio Gloria took time to collapse.

That night the premiere of "Madame Sans-Gene" was held in a downtown theatre. My escort was Mitch Leisen, then Cecil B. DeMille's assistant, now one of our leading directors. Mitch hired the longest, sleekest limousine left in town—we had to be important, too. His driver got an extra ten bucks for parking behind DeMille's car. It was an unwritten law that at every premiere DeMille's car was Number One. That night Mitch and I were Number Two.

Minus kids and garbage cans of rose petals, the same screaming mob was on hand. Police dragged Gloria through it into the theatre.

After the picture had been shown, a roar went up for her. Slowly, oh, so slowly, she came down the aisle, bowing to this side and that. Her gown of heavy silver cloth was perfect.

The police convoyed her slowly out of the theatre. It was a night to remember, and I'll bet she remembered it when she attended the premiere of "Sunset Boulevard."

But business is business. At the studio things settled down to a battle for supremacy. During Gloria's sojourn in Paris, Pola Negri had been installed and was being given the full

treatment as the great European star.

Pola, on her trip to America, had been lucky or unlucky, whichever way you look at it. Aboard the boat was that Irish pixie, Mabel Normand, who took it upon herself to coach Pola as to what she should do on arrival at the film capital. After all, Mabel pointed out to her slyly, she was bringing with her a big European reputation. Was she not also a friend of the great Ernst Lubitch, whose Lubitch touches were even then being talked about?

Pola wanted to hold the position she had established for herself abroad. Mabel, mind you, had scarcely heard of Pola Negri. She just thought it would be fun to put bullets in a gun and let Pola fire it. Mabel always loved fireworks.

"If the studio offers you anything but the best," she prompted the Pole, "you must say 'No.' Just that 'No.' That's the way a great star always acts. They'll expect it of you. Even when they don't expect it,



BIG CHIEF Jimmy Durante with Gloria Swanson as guest star of his popular television show. Nowadays Gloria divides her time between radio and a new television programme.

them. Pola ordered all cats banished from the lot. Her cohorts ran around the studio snatching up cats and dispatching them in bags. Gloria's loyalists scoured back alleys, rounding up stray cats to let loose inside the studio. Cans of milk were put out to woo them, titbits of liver thrown hither and yon.

In the still of the night Gloria's cats would be seized and cast out. In the morning two more would appear to take the place of every one. It couldn't continue indefinitely;

Right there Gloria made her biggest mistake. As an independent she had only Swanson. Working for Paramount, she had all the facilities of that studio at her service. When she went independent she got not only Paramount down on her but the other studios as well. She was establishing a precedent, setting in circulation a dangerous idea. Other stars might follow.

In the picture business, when a crisis threatens to pinch the bankbook, the big boys get together and form a front. They neglect to do this for the real issues such as morals and public relations.

As soon as Gloria arrived in New York she bought an apartment. Frank Crowninshield, editor of "Town and Country," introduced her to a new Spanish artist who was all the rage. She had him design four doors for her apartment, one thousand dollars apiece.

She couldn't find stories or directors to suit her. She couldn't hire the players she wanted. It was a foregone conclusion that, between her extravagances and her independent set-up, she would fail. She did.

She divorced Hank Falaise, who was speedily taken on as a husband by Constance Bennett. Gloria married Michael Farmer, had a daughter by him, divorced him, then found a friend, patron saint, and a bankroll all in one and the same person—Joseph P. Kennedy.

Joe was on the crest of the wave of a brilliant business career. He settled in Hollywood, built up a stable of stars at the old FBO Studio (now owned by Howard Hughes), and, besides Gloria, signed up Constance Bennett (close quarters, in the circumstances), Joel McCrea, and Laura Hope Crews as Gloria's coach.

Soon after this lucky meeting Gloria accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy on a trip to Europe. It must have been a mighty trying trip for Mrs. Kennedy. I often wondered how she weathered it.

Gloria's first talkie was "The Trespasser," and Laura Hope Crews coached her for every syllable, pouring all her knowledge and stage experience into the task. She practically lived night and day with Gloria. Laura was aided and abetted by talented director Edmund Goulding.

"The Trespasser" was a hit, the first of Gloria's many come-backs.

To be continued

## By HEDDA HOPPER

say 'No.' anyway. If you do as I say, you'll be greater than Gloria Swanson. You'll be on top of the pile." Pile of what she didn't say.

Pola drank in this advice like Mabel drank champagne. She'd heard of Mabel Normand, but had no idea that she was just a little comedy star, not a great glamorous planet like herself. Nor did she know that while she was getting this windfall of free advice, which later was to be worth a fortune to her, Mabel was merely playing an airy joke on Hollywood. Mabel herself couldn't get the better of the Mister Bigs, but she didn't resent it. She just admired anyone who could, and was not averse to helping someone else to do it.

Pola followed the free advice. Straightaway she got the Number One treatment—until Gloria's return; then she wouldn't let go.

Some Press agent—I forget which one—conceived the idea of a cat feud. Nowadays we play rougher, sometimes even with skunks. In those days skunks hadn't been de-scented and cats were safer.

Gloria loved cats; Pola hated

even in Hollywood there's a limit on cats.

Then Gloria had it over Negri in a new way. She rode from her dressing-room to the set in a wheelchair, like a surly with a fringe on top, pushed by a Negro boy. "Oh, she's just showing off," everybody said. Gloria swears to this day that her costumes were so cumbersome and heavy that she couldn't walk the distance to the stage.

Eventually Gloria decided that Hollywood was just a suburb in search of a city, whereas New York was the centre of the universe. She'd make her pictures hereafter at Paramount's Long Island studios. Whereupon she blew town.

If Pola thought she'd routed Swanson, she was mistaken. Gloria still reigned as queen.

Soon after her arrival in New York her contract was up for renewal. She was offered twenty thousand dollars a week—before the day of income taxes, mind you! Canally she deduced that if she were worth that much to Paramount, she'd be worth more to herself. She announced that her pictures would be made independently.

**SYNOPSIS:** After obtaining a divorce from her actor-husband, DeWolf Hopper, Hedda Hopper leaves New York to make films for Louis B. Mayer in Hollywood.

Her fortunes fluctuate in the film colony, but Hedda retains her sense of humor throughout. Friendship springs up between Hedda and Marion Davies, who invites her to San Simeon, the fabulous ranch of newspaper tycoon William Randolph Hearst.

Gloria Swanson is in her heyday. Her romances and clothes make her the most-talked-about film star of the era.

After filming "Sans Gene" in Paris, Gloria returns home with her third husband, the Marquis de la Falaise de la Coudraye. NOW READ ON:



made a serious effort at conversation, but what she said was pleasant to listen to.

"The most sensible thing for you to do," said Elaine, "would be to talk to Paul." That would be best. Paul would tell him at once that they were going to leave the matter as it stood. "I'll call him," she said, rising. "Oh Paul, there you are."

The door had opened, but unfortunately Mr. Warwick, hurrying to open it for Elaine, was now standing behind it.

"Has he gone?" inquired Paul.

"No—he's behind the door," said Elaine calmly. "His name is Mr. Warwick. He's from Scotland Yard, and your Uncle Oswald asked him to come. Do sit down, Mr. Warwick, won't you?" Paul, Mr. Warwick wants to ask you about this bogus announcement.

"Oh—no!" begged Paul.

"Oh yes," said Mr. Warwick grimly. "You don't seem as interested in this case as your uncle does. Aren't you anxious to get to the bottom of it? And if not, shouldn't you be?"

"Yes," Paul's voice was sober. "Yes, I suppose I should. And if somebody'll tell me the answer, I'll be glad to know what it is—but I'm not prepared, frankly, sir, to spend my last four or five weeks in England behaving like a ferret down a hole. My mother and I agreed—five minutes before you came—that we'd let the whole thing drop, or leave it to my uncles."

"I shouldn't care," commented Mr. Warwick, "to have a thing like that done to me."

"And I don't care about it, either," said Paul, "but it's done and I can't say that—after the first shock—I've felt particularly concerned. Some people think I knew this girl; I fancy some people will even go as far as to wonder whether I put the thing in myself, to extricate myself from what we can call local complications; I can only assure you that I didn't know her and that there were no local complications. My relations with girls have always been of the pleasant—all fair, above-board, and in the open. He drew a deep breath.

"This whole thing is a rather poor joke, but I've got a lot of friends with quite a poor sense of humor. If you don't mind, sir, I'd like to let it go at that. My uncles, of course, feel that this is a snarl below the Saxon belt, and I don't, to be quite honest with you, think they'll take their teeth out of this thing until they're worried it to death. But they're not going to worry me."

"Well, in that case," stated Mr. Warwick decisively, "they're not going to worry me, either. The General's got more time than I have; if you're satisfied, I'll leave things as they are. But if I do, your uncle's going to be rather annoyed."

"Couldn't you give him the idea—without misleading him, of course—that you're thinking the matter over?" asked Elaine gently.

"Start a file on it," suggested Paul, "and shove a few papers into it every now and then."

Mr. Warwick looked from one to the other and smiled—a slow grin of somewhat grim amusement.

"Your standards," he told them, "are considerably lower than mine. I shall tell the General the truth."

"You can only tell him half the truth," pointed out Elaine. "You can't give us away. You can say you've dropped the case, but it would be mean to tell him that we dropped it first—wouldn't it, Paul?"

"Treacherous," agreed Paul. "He's always suspected that we haven't any family feeling, and this'll confirm it. We shall be outsiders."

"Parish," said Elaine, "Paul, why don't you ask Pety to hurry tea up, Mr. Warwick, wouldn't you like some tea?"

## Continuing . . . . Journey's Eve

from page 3

"I'd love some tea, thank you," said Mr. Warwick with sincerity, "but I'm not going to stay and have some. Not today. I think the General will be coming in, and I don't feel I've got very much to report to him."

"Well, come another day, when the huc and cry's over," said Elaine.

"Thank you. I will," said Mr. Warwick, and meant it.

He followed Paul to the front door and the two shook hands. "Good-bye, sir," said Paul. "Thank you for coming—I'm very grateful, and I'm very sorry—I'm afraid it's been a waste of time for you."

Mr. Warwick, staring absently out at the road, found himself musing delightfully on a face with a still-firm skin, high cheekbones, and surprisingly blue eyes. She was a very restful woman. Never, in all his life, could he remember this feeling of reluctance at leaving anybody—any woman. Never in all his life.

He put on his hat and prepared to depart.

"No," he said firmly. "No. It hasn't been a waste of time." Mr. Warwick had timed his departure well, for only ten minutes after he had left Putnam admitted General Saxon and led him to the drawing-room. Elaine did her best to look pleased at the General's arrival, and begged him to be seated.

The General said that he was paying a short visit only; had the others been back since visiting Selcourt Street, and if so, what had happened there?

"Paul got back, but I don't know where he went later," said Elaine with a vagueness by which she hoped to avoid telling untruths. "He didn't say anything much."

"Anything much?" said Oswald, staring at her in astonishment. "He goes on an errand of that kind, and comes back and you have nothing to tell me?"

"I think Hugo and Louise were with you all that happened, if they're in now," said Elaine. "Paul said they were rather upset."

"Upset about what?"

"About something that woman said."

"Madame de Brulais?"

"Yes. She told their fortunes."

She at once regretted the words. Oswald was staring at her as though she had taken leave of her senses.

"She—she what?" he demanded.

"She told their fortunes—they didn't want them told," went on Elaine with a conciliatory air. "But that's what she does. She tells fortunes."

"She—Look here," said the General, "are we talking about the same matter? I came here to ask what was behind that confounded announcement, and you sit there and talk about fortune-tellers. I'd be very glad, Elaine, if you'd keep your mind—for once—on what's being said."

"I'm sorry, Oswald. Couldn't you ask Hugo?"

"Well, tell me what you can," said the General. "Did they have any trouble, or didn't they? Did they find out anything, or didn't they? Is a demand for money at the back of it all?"

"No—oh no, I don't think so," said Elaine, "although I don't suppose she told their fortunes for nothing—she is, after all, a professional and—"

"WHO," demanded the General, "are you talking about?"

Elaine, sitting on the sofa, gave a helpless little shrug. She was, she realized, making herself foolish, but she had little to tell, and the General's manner always gave her the feeling that she was being cross-examined.

"I wish," said Oswald suddenly, "that I'd gone myself. But I couldn't be in three places at once, and I've done a great deal since I was here this morning. I saw 'The Times' and I went in to ask Douglas Warwick to take up the matter."

"Oh," said Elaine, "he came here."

"Who did?"

"Mr. Warwick."

"He's been here, has he? He didn't waste much time," said Oswald, much pleased. "Did he have any theories?"

"He said he thought the announcement was bogus."

"Well, I could have told him that," commented Oswald. "Nothing outstanding about that conclusion. I'll go in and have a talk with him on Monday, and see what he thinks."

"Oh—aren't you going back before Monday?" asked Elaine in obvious disappointment. "I thought you were only up for a day or two."

"I came up for a few days, but I've decided to stay on indefinitely. I've got a room at my Club. Incidentally, I met Ursula at lunch."

He was surprised at his choice of words; he had not intended to be ambiguous. He had no objection to anybody's knowing he had lunched with Ursula; if Elaine asked him, he would tell her.

Elaine, however, made no comment; though the General was still standing, he had lost his air of being about to leave at any moment. He was standing by the window, staring out broodingly. Presently he turned to her with a question that surprised her.

"There's something," he said, "that Julia and I would like to know. It's this: was there anything—any understanding—between Paul and Ursula?"

THE question left Elaine momentarily wordless, but, fortunately, the General hurried on to add, "I don't want you to feel that this is unwarranted curiosity. I have a keen interest in this affair: I introduced him to Ursula, and at one time it looked to me as though things were going well between them. Certainly Julia and I agreed that we'd never seen Paul with a more presentable young woman. Birth, breeding—you never hear them spoken of nowadays, but they still mean something, and she has them; she's also got brains and more than her share of looks. What more does a young man want?"

Elaine could have told him that, in Ursula's case, Paul had wanted a good deal more: a kind heart, an unselfish disposition, and a sense of humor, none of which Ursula possessed in any marked degree.

"I don't think Paul was ever serious about her," she said. "Serious? Serious? Good heavens, how does a man behave if he isn't serious?" demanded Oswald in exasperation. "Does he take a girl everywhere, get her name linked with his, set people talking—isn't that being serious? Doesn't he realise that Ursula Hannington could marry anybody—anybody? She could make a great match."

Elaine found herself wondering why, with such unique opportunities, Ursula had come to the age of twenty-six without choosing anybody. Paul had not, she knew, displaced any serious suitors. She made no comment, however; Oswald was disappointed, and she felt sorry for him. He had set his heart on telling his friends that he had been responsible for the match, and there was no match.

"Well," grunted Oswald, "all I hope is that this scandalous business will teach him a lesson about getting himself involved with girls without any sort of background. Perhaps he'll un-

derstand that the Ursulas have got, after all, something worth having. It's my belief he'll come out of it appreciating her a good deal more than he did before."

"Oh, I don't think so," said Elaine.

"Well, I do," said Oswald brusquely. "They were seeing a good deal of each other before this happened."

"But he'd dropped her long before this," said Elaine unguardedly.

She would have taken back her words if she could, for their effect on Oswald was alarming. He had paused in his pacing to and fro and was standing before her, staring at her with a face slowly purpling.

"Did I understand you," he asked in a low, terrible voice, "to use the word 'dropped'?"

"Well—yes," said Elaine. "You maintain that Paul 'dropped' Ursula Hannington?"

Anger brought back Elaine's courage, and she spoke more firmly.

"Yes," she said. "It sounds unpleasant, but it's the truth."

"I would like you to understand," said Oswald with dignity, "that young men do not have occasion to drop anybody like Ursula Hannington. She would not, in the first place, allow a man to place her in a position of that kind. If there was any reason to bring an attachment to an end, I can assure you that the impulse would not come from the man's side, but from Ursula's."

"Facts are facts," said Elaine. "For the last time, let me make it clear, and then we needn't discuss it—but I feel it's wrong of me, knowing Paul's mind, to let you hope for anything between him and Ursula. He dropped her."

Oswald, with an air of coolness, ignored her words and drew out his watch.

"I'm going in," he said, "to see Hugo and Louise. Perhaps I can get a lucid account of this morning's business out of them."

"Yes, do," said Elaine with open relief. "They're sure to be home by now."

Hugo and Louise, however, were not at home when the General called on them. They were at that moment seated on a bench in the Park, discussing the subject that had engrossed them since their visit that morning to Selcourt Street. Their talk had gone on in ever-widening circles; Madame de Brulais had broken open a door that had been closed and locked for years; since then, Hugo and Louise had been looking through it into the unhappy past.

The late afternoon light showed Hugo's haggard face and Louise's pallor. They had scarcely eaten; they had gone back to Lowndes Crescent for a meal, but after attempting to eat, they had, by common consent, given up the attempt and left the house. They had driven to the Park, left the car and walked—and talked. Hugo glanced uneasily at his sister.

"You look done in, Lou. How about going to have tea somewhere?"

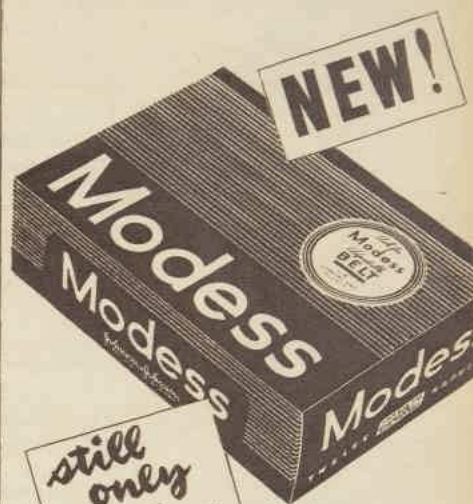
"Presently," said Louise. "Presently. If only we could make up our minds—"

"There's not much to go on," said Hugo wretchedly. "There could be more," urged Louise. She had regained a good deal of her normal, sensible manner.

"If she could tell us that much, then she can tell us some more. If we went back on Monday and presented ourselves as a pair of ordinary clients who wanted to have their fortunes told, she—"

"I don't like it. I don't like it at all. And to tell you the truth, Lou, I don't think I could get myself into that

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To page 46



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## Continuing . . . Journey's Eve

From page 45

room again. I've never believed in all this sort of thing, and I don't believe in it now. I never wanted to dabble in anything of this sort, and I've always thought it dangerous.

"Look at the two of us now. We're in a state of nerves, we're raking up matters that are far better left where they were, and we're proposing—you're proposing—to go back to that extraordinary woman and put ourselves in her hands."

"But if she knew so much—and you can't deny she knew—"

"I do. I don't deny she said some uncanny things, and I'm plagued if I know how she did it—but now that I've had some good fresh air, I'm inclined to stick to what I said about hypnosis. You put people under, you get 'em into a receptive state and then you make 'em think anything. We could quite well have imagined that she was saying something, when in reality—though goodness knows where reality comes in—we were thinking everything ourselves."

"And if that's the case—and you know quite well it isn't," said Louise, "how do you account for Paul? He heard what we did—you said he asked you if what she was saying was true. How could Paul, who knew nothing—how could he imagine it all?"

Hugo was silent. He was feeling tired and bewildered. He had been through an experience which he looked back upon as not only repugnant, but extremely unlikely. But Louise, after the first shock, had accepted the situation; more, she was urging him to make use of it. She wanted him to go back, and was concerned that each moment that went by saw him more resolved never to enter that room again.

"I don't understand you," said Louise. "For years, you've lived under a cloud."

"Nonsense," said Hugo. "I—"

"Under a cloud. Oh, nobody says anything, and I don't suppose they even discuss it now, but it was a cloud, and it was never cleared away. You know, and I know, that you were the— the victim of a monstrous injustice—but who else ever really believed that? They were all very tactful, but who really believed that you hadn't done something shady? Nobody. And I must say it sounded a poor story."

"You were accused of something you hadn't done, and you never knew who had accused you, or what they had said. That girl appeared with the papers, they asked you for an explanation, you couldn't give one—and that was the end."

"It was the end of your career, and it was the end of our peace; nobody can really have any real peace of mind when he lives under a cloud of that kind. Nobody has really paid any attention, since then, to anything you've said. And look at the way Oswald has ordered you about ever since. He's been 'Leave this to me, Hugo' and 'This is a matter I can deal with better than you' and 'I'll see to this'—when he's only got half your sense and a quarter of your judgment. Now you've been given a glimpse—only a glimpse—of what really

happened, and you refuse to— to take up your own cause and— and fight."

Louise paused, a little breathless. It was the longest speech she had made for many years, and her brother looked at her gratefully.

"You're a staunch girl, Lou," he said. "But we've been over it all, I agree to it all—though I still feel I'm dreaming. She looked at that crystal affair and seemed to—"

"She didn't seem anything," stated Louise. "After that first bit, which was obviously about Paul—the bit about air liners and a place near the Gold Coast—she mentioned things that nobody—not a single soul—could possibly have known about."

"If she had anything to do with that announcement in 'The Times,' she must have known who we were; she might even have known somebody who was in Burma at that time; she could have heard about those papers. All that could have been some kind of fake."

"I agree. I told you, I agree. But tell me how she could have known about the dragons on it, and the blue sunshade and the gardener who walked with a limp? That was the man who hurt his foot and limped for a week—how could anyone know about that?"

"But what can we do?" asked Hugo.

"At the moment," said Louise, "all we can do is reconstruct the affair in the light of what that woman told us. Let's deal first with what happened. Captain St. Clair brought over his charger for you to try—it had thrown him the day before and his arm was in a sling."

"While you tried it, he held your coat—and in your coat was the key of your despatch case—and in the despatch case were the papers. After a time, as it was hot he said he'd put the coat indoors. He went in, and he was in there long enough to—"

"But, goodness, Lou—"

"—to take the key, open the case and remove the papers."

"But why? We were friends—we were brother officers; he had nothing to gain. He did all he could to help me when—"

"What did he do?" demanded Louise. "He called regularly, he bit his lip and said it was a bad business, he told you he had talked to people on your behalf—and at the time we believed him. But now I don't any more. All day long, ever since this morning, I've had him in my mind, and lots of things about him—curious things—have been coming back. I never liked him."

"I still don't see what he had to gain," said Hugo.

"Nothing on the surface, but if you remember, at one time nobody thought he'd go very far in the Service—and look where he is. He ended up a major-general and the director of half a dozen companies. He came very well out of that affair of yours—even Oswald was impressed by what he called his bearing. He not only got you out of the way, he also fixed himself in everybody's

mind as the man who behaved so well and did all he could to help you."

"Well, even if all that's true," said Hugo, "it doesn't help us. You can't clear my reputation by means of something a fortune-teller saw in a crystal."

"We'll see," said Louise calmly. "For all these years I've prayed for some kind of light on the subject."

"If you're trying to tell me that Madame de Brulais is one of God's instruments," commented Hugo, "then He must use some unhygienic ones, that's all I can say. Look, Lou, you're looking played out—let me drive you out a little way—we'll have tea somewhere near the river and it'll do you good."

"Nothing will do me any good," said Louise, "except one thing, and that is to find that Burmese girl."

Hugo's mouth opened in astonishment, and he gazed at his sister speechlessly.

"Find—who?" he brought out at last.

"That Burmese girl."

"Find her. Find her where?" "Madame de Brulais said she was close to us. I'm going back to see if she can add anything to that. If you don't want to come with me I'll go by myself."

There was silence. Presently Louise rose and began to walk in the direction of the car. Hugo followed her.

"Lou—"

"Well?"

"This sort of thing—the sort of thing you're proposing to do—is getting near the danger line, you know. People begin to dabble in these matters, and then, before they know where they are, they're

—off their heads."

finished Louise crisply. "That's only because people who dabble, as you call it, are usually half off their heads before they begin. There's nothing the matter with my head. I'll admit—and I'm ashamed of it—that I was taken a little by surprise this morning, but I'm all right now. Next time I go—and I'm certainly going again—I shall be on my guard."

"And so," said Hugo shrewdly, "you'll be in a completely unreciprocative state. And there's another thing."

"What other thing?" "Haven't you," asked Hugo, "gone off into a siding? Our mission wasn't to discover who stole my papers; it was to clear up Paul's business. That's what we were sent there to do."

"Sent there. Quite so—sent there by Oswald," said Louise, with dry contempt. "Ordered out like a couple of corporals."

"Well—he did give us the job."

"He did. And he can have it back," said Louise with finality.

Paul woke on the following morning with a feeling of delightful anticipation. It was Sunday. He was going to see Antonia. He sprang out of bed with unaccustomed prompt-

To page 47

### IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD





tude, his voice raised in joyous three-four time.

Oh, sweet Sunday morning, oh  
Sweet Sunday morning, oh  
Sweet Sunday morning in  
MAY.  
Oh, sweet Sunday morning,  
oh  
Sweet Sunday morning, it's  
Always my fa-vo-rite  
DAY.

Where was his dressing-  
gown—there. Bath, shave,  
coffee—Antonia. Oh.

Sweet Sunday morning, oh  
Sweet Sunday mor—

That sounded like Philippa's  
door. Early for Philippa. If  
she locked herself in there and  
ran off all the hot water, he'd  
kick in the door and lift her  
out of the bath.

"For the love of Heaven,"  
said Philippa, entering and  
shutting the door behind her  
with a bare foot, "can't you  
stop that caterwauling? It  
isn't eight yet. What's bitten  
you?"

"Nothing," declared Paul,  
"ever bites me. I don't keep  
that kind of company. Turn  
on the bath water for me, will  
you?"

"Not yet," said Philippa,  
getting into his bed and draw-  
ing the covers closely round  
her. "Not till you've told  
me who it is."

"Who who is?"  
"Who she is. You haven't  
sung 'Sweet Sunday Morning'  
since we were at school. What's  
her name?"

"Ursula."

"I know jolly well you've  
dropped Ursula."

"There you go again, mis-  
construing things," said Paul.  
"I don't drop girls."

"If you've dropped Ursula,  
then you're lucky," commented  
Philippa. "She isn't the kind  
that drops easily. Did you have  
trouble?"

"Entirely between ourselves,"  
confided Paul, "I had an awful  
lot of trouble. But she had  
nothing to get hold of. I'd kept  
it on a friendly basis from the  
word 'Go.' We dined and we  
danced—usually in company—  
and that was all."

"With the exception of some  
lunches, an expedition or two,

Continuing . . .

## Journey's Eve

from page 46

several shows and one or two  
race meetings."

"Well, perhaps. How," he  
asked, "are your affairs work-  
ing out?"

Philippa frowned.

"Well, while we're alone,"  
she said, "I'd like to ask you  
something."

"I can tell you before you  
ask," said Paul.

"I'm talking about—"

—about Robert Mer-  
edith." Paul walked to the foot  
of the bed and stared at his  
sister soberly. "I know you  
are, Phil, but I know him a  
good deal better than you do,  
and I honestly think you're off  
your beat."

"And what," inquired Phil-  
ippa, "do you call my beat?"

"Oh—Paul's voice, was  
oddly gentle—"handsome  
young men, dinners, dances,  
and so on."

Philippa regarded him  
calmly. "If I told you that I  
was in love with him—really,  
deeply, honestly in love with  
him," she asked, "what would  
you say?"

"I'd say you'd read the  
symptoms wrong," answered  
Paul promptly, "and I'd follow  
that up by advising you—and  
I mean this, Phil," he added  
seriously, "to think a bit be-  
fore you let yourself in too  
deeply. You've got a lot of  
young men on your list, all  
ready and eager to lead you to  
the altar. But Bob's different—  
he's a decent fellow and I like  
him, but even at school his  
mind was never anywhere but  
in the science laboratories.  
You've known him—how long?

—well, you've known him, off  
and on, for years. Have you  
ever got him to take the  
slightest notice of you?"

"No," said Philippa, with re-  
markable coolness. "I haven't."

"Then there's your answer,"  
said Paul. "I've watched you  
for the past year trying to break  
through his shell. I've done my  
best for you—I've got you in-  
vitations to all the heavy gather-  
ings he shows up at, but as far  
as I can see you've made no im-  
pression on him whatsoever.  
Correct?"

"Entirely correct," said  
Philippa.

"Well then, there you are,"  
said Paul. "If you'll take my  
advice you'll give up before  
you really hurt yourself. I  
know what I'm talking about,  
Phil, and Bob has never had a  
mind on girls, and unless you've  
got a degree in hydraulics, you  
can't hope to say anything  
that'll interest him."

"Scientists get married,"  
pointed out Philippa. "Even  
the most absent-minded of  
them."

"But why not go after some-  
body who'd appreciate it? Why  
Bob Meredith?"

"Because I can't help it,"  
said Philippa. "I liked him  
when I was fifteen, and since  
then I've liked him more and  
more. I've talked to myself  
over and over again, just as  
you're talking to me now, and  
I've tried to put him out of  
my head and go out with other  
people, and it hasn't worked. I  
didn't fall in love with him be-  
cause I wanted to—it's been  
creeping up on me for years."

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he's a decent fellow and I like  
him, but even at school his  
mind was never anywhere but  
in the science laboratories.  
You've known him—how long?

Why do men imagine that you  
can't have looks and learning,  
too?"

"Because they're both full-  
time occupations. Look at the  
time it takes you to shop, to  
dress, to get your hair right  
and your make-up all to match.  
While you've spent years doing  
all that, the brains have been  
busy on other kinds of research.  
It isn't often you get anyone  
with a really first-class com-  
bination."

"Oh—that girl again," said  
Philippa. All right—what's  
her name?"

"You really want to know?"  
"Really. You look so  
peculiar—you've looked like it  
since yesterday. I thought it  
was that engagement business."

"Well, it might be. Or it  
might be because we've seen so  
much of Hugo and Ossy in the  
past forty-eight hours."

"What's she called?"

"Antonia. D'you like it?"  
Philippa considered.

"Not particularly," she said  
at last. "Dark? Fair?"

"Dark—very dark. Small—  
really small. She's got a fringe,  
and she's sort of—well, sort of  
petite."

"A fringe sounds ominous.  
And I can't bear them petite,"  
said Philippa without enthu-  
siasm. "They're usually whiney  
—all the small girls at school  
were whiney."

The association of Antonia  
with small whiney girls at school  
offended Paul deeply. He rose  
from the bed and made final prepa-  
rations for his bath.

"Don't get huffy," said Phil-  
ippa. "I didn't mean it that  
way. Paul—you don't really  
like her, do you—I mean, more  
than all the others?"

Paul turned from the door  
and faced her with a frown of  
annoyance.

"I'm very tired," he said, "of  
this assumption that I'm a  
butterfly tripping among the  
honeypots. I'm going to bring  
Antonia home soon, and if you  
—if any of you—so much as  
give her the idea that I've ever  
looked at a girl before, I'll  
grind you into small pieces."

"If she's a girl with any  
sense," said Philippa, unmoved,  
"she won't need to be told.  
Move away from that door—  
Barney's trying to get in."

Paul admitted his brother,  
took one of the more popular  
newspapers from the bundle in  
his hand and scanned the head-  
lines.

"Paul," came Philippa's  
voice.

"Mm?"

"Are you bringing her to-  
day?"

Paul folded the paper and  
threw it on the bed.

"Don't screw that up before  
I've looked at it properly," he  
ordered. "No—not to-day. I'm  
going to take her out to lunch  
to-day. Somewhere nice and  
quiet. Somewhere with a view,  
if she feels like a drive. Tell  
mother I won't be in to lunch  
or tea. And if things go well,  
I won't be in until about ten  
to-night."

He ran his bath, shaved, and  
lay in the warm water dream-  
ing of the pleasure the day was  
to bring. She couldn't have  
had much fun, living in that  
appalling house and working  
with those two haridans,  
Bertha Pembury and her hard-  
faced sister. He could give her  
so much . . . lunches, dinners,  
shows, even concerts if she  
liked them. He would take  
her to all the places she'd never  
been to; he'd buy her flowers  
—the whole shop, if she wanted  
it, and then she could run it  
on her own. He would marry  
her and carry her away with  
him, away from the dreary  
house in the dreary street. They  
would be happy—oh, so happy!  
—ever after. Oh—

Sweet Sunday morning, oh  
Sweet Sunday morning, oh  
Ser-wet Sunday morning in  
MAY

he shouted, soaping himself  
vigorously. Antonia. An-ton-i-a.

It was eleven when he  
reached Selcourt Street. He  
glanced at his wrist-watch; nice  
work—if she was ready they  
could drive a good distance be-  
fore stopping to eat; if she  
wanted to put on this and that,  
he could give her plenty of  
time.

He brought the car to a  
standstill outside Number 89,  
which looked in the stillness  
of Sunday morning, even more  
shabby than it had done on the  
previous day.

Paul marched briskly up the  
path and came to a stop outside  
the front door.

It was open. The inner door  
was unlocked, and there was  
no need to press bells. He was  
a visitor; he felt almost an ob-  
literate; he could walk upstairs  
and rap gently on Antonia's  
door, and nobody a whit the  
wiser.

He stepped into the hall and  
looked round cautiously. He  
heard sounds, but there was, at  
this moment, nobody about. He  
walked quietly up the stairs  
and stopped at Antonia's door,  
and—thirty seconds later—was  
still standing before it with the  
full knowledge of the blow that  
had befallen him.

She was not there.

He examined, desperately, the  
evidence. There was a padlock

on her door; as he could not  
even in his disordered state of  
mind, suppose her to be locked  
in, he was forced to the con-  
clusion that she had locked it  
herself. The bathroom padlock  
told the same story; she was  
not inside. She was not there.

Paul stood on the landing,  
unable, for the moment, to de-  
cide what to do. This was not  
what he had planned; she  
should have been in there,  
waiting for him. He hadn't  
said he would come—but she  
must have known. She might,  
at any rate, have given him  
a chance.

Hope struggled up within  
him. She might have gone out  
to buy a paper; she would be  
back soon. He would wait. He  
would go back and sit in the  
car until she returned.

He turned to go downstairs,  
and gave a slight start; an old  
gentleman, noiseless in felt  
slippers, had descended from  
the flight above and was pass-  
ing close to Paul.

He carried a large bag which  
looked so heavy that Paul in-  
stinctively put out a hand to  
take it from him, and then,  
with a remembrance of the odd  
behaviour of the house's in-  
mates, withdrew it as hastily.  
The old man obviously took the  
gesture as one of greeting,  
pausing for a moment as he

To page 48

## As I read the stars

By EVE HILLIARD

**ARIES** (March 21-April 20):  
That extra ounce of luck  
brightens any business propo-  
sition, July 30; watch for op-  
portunities. But everything  
seems to go wrong on August 1.

**TAURUS** (April 21-May  
20): Stop, look, and listen,  
July 29. Sidestep family rows,  
blowing in your cash, or any  
impulsive action. On August 1  
you benefit from another's mis-  
fortune.

**GEMINI** (May 21-June 21):  
That short journey, undertaken  
July 29, 30, starts you off on  
a fresh tangent, with happy re-  
sults evident on August 3. Many  
will enjoy much fashion and  
frivolity.

**CANCER** (June 22-July 22):  
There's nothing like July 30  
for getting a job, making extra  
money, or finding a bargain.  
August 2 could bring a de-  
lightful adventure.

**LEO** (July 23-August 22):  
Should July 28 start you off  
on several days of complica-  
tions and arrangements which  
disappoint, August 1 will mean  
sunshine after rain.

**VIRGO** (August 23-Sep-  
tember 23): The morning of  
July 31 may present you with  
a favorable chance to develop  
a new hobby or interest. August  
3 takes you a step farther.

[The Australian Women's Weekly  
presents this astrological diary as  
a feature of interest only, without  
accepting any responsibility what-  
ever for the statements contained  
in it.]

**LIBRA** (September 24-  
October 23): Unexpected dif-  
ficulties may arise, disagree-  
ments with friends, July 29.  
The week-end is kind to youth  
and love affairs.

**SCORPIO** (October 24-  
November 22): Something for  
which you have been struggling  
may be grasped on July 28 or  
31. Don't grow boastful or  
patronising, August 3.

**SAGITTARIUS** (November  
23-December 20): Those travel  
plans or holiday ideas may be  
taken a step farther, July 31.  
August 2 provides interesting  
excursions.

**CAPRICORN** (December 21-  
January 19): Someone may re-  
pay you a long outstanding  
debt or you may recover a  
lost article, July 28. The even-  
ing of July 31 inclines to colds,  
minor illnesses.

**AQUARIUS** (January 20-  
February 19): If you're in  
love, July 29 is out of this  
world. Better make that ex-  
citing date or that wonderful  
party August 1, not July 31.

**PISCES** (February 20-  
March 20): July 28 is tops for  
a step-up in career, but July 31  
may bring friction with associ-  
ates. August 1 could bring a  
change of surroundings and  
social opportunities.

CINEMA

OUT OF THE PICTURE—  
THAT'S ME!

I HATED THE WHOLE EVENING. MARY! AND DON USED TO BE SO SWEET TO ME!

DORIS SEES HER DENTIST

DON'T WORRY DORIS, HE'LL COME ROUND IF YOU JUST—WELL—SEE YOUR DENTIST ABOUT BAD BREATH!

SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT, IN 7 CASES OUT OF 10, COLGATE'S REMOVES THE CAUSE OF BAD BREATH. IT ALSO HELPS TO STOP TOOTH DECAY.

LIFE IS NOW A ROSY DREAM THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM

Tests Published in Authoritative Dental Literature  
Show That Brushing Teeth Right After Eating with

## COLGATE DENTAL CREAM STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST

Most thoroughly proved and  
accepted home method of  
oral hygiene known today.

USE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM

✓ TO CLEAN YOUR BREATH

✓ WHILE YOU CLEAN YOUR TEETH

✓ AND HELP STOP TOOTH DECAY BEST



Yes, and two years' re-  
search showed the Colgate  
way stopped more decay  
for more people than ever  
before reported in den-  
tistry history! No other  
dentifrice offers such  
proof—the most conclu-  
sive proof ever reported  
for a dentifrice of any type.

Buy the Big  
Family Economy Size

America's Largest, Australia's Largest, the World's Largest Selling Dental Cream



## PAIN goes quicker with DISPRIN

... because DISPRIN is soluble



You get faster relief from pain with Disprin because it quickly dissolves and enters your stomach in solution, thus ensuring rapid absorption into the bloodstream. Because ordinary aspirin and a.p.c. merely break up and enter your stomach as undissolved particles, they cannot act on pain as fast as Disprin. You can end pain faster with Disprin.

Disprin is obtainable from all chemists, in packages of 100, 25, and the handy 3 tablet handbag or pocket pack.

### TRY THIS EXPERIMENT

Drop a Disprin tablet and ordinary aspirin or ordinary a.p.c. into separate glasses of water. See how Disprin really dissolves; see by contrast how the others merely break up. They behave differently in water; they behave differently in your stomach.



**DISPRIN** Regd.  
THE NEW Soluble ASPIRIN

## Fresh Tricks with Mustard!

### SUCH SUCCULENT STEAKS

You can accomplish a lot with a little Mustard: all sorts of unexpected graces! When frying or grilling steaks, try dipping the meat in a sauce made from  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup salad oil,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon Mustard, 1 teaspoon salt,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon pepper. Or simply rub the steak well with 1 teaspoon of Mustard. It's so appetising!



### IT'S CHEESY

To enhance both appetite and flavour, add a trace of Mustard to any hot cheese dish.

**KEEN'S  
MUSTARD**  
.. of course



went by, he gave a stiff little bow.

"Emblatt!" he said.

Paul might have thought this a foreign salutation, but he had seen the same name written on a card and fastened to the hall door; he conquered an impulse to bow and murmur his own name in return.

A clatter above him made him look up, and he saw descending the stairs one of the old ladies he had noticed yesterday. Paul eyed her rather curiously. She was a short, stout figure, full-bosomed, looking like the prima donnas of his mother's day.

She carried a basket, and this time Paul could scarcely ignore her; with an appearance of courtesy, he put out a hand and, with a regal air, she surrendered her burden.

"Oh, thank you, thank you—yes, thank you!" she exclaimed. "It is too good. Come—I shall show you where."

She went, with surprising agility for one no longer young, down the stairs. In the hall, she turned towards the kitchen and Paul saw that she meant to descend the lower flight. In that case, he reflected with a sense of fatality, they were all on their way—he made a swift movement past the lady and possessed himself of the old man's bag, which proved to be as heavy as it looked. Its owner, surprised but clearly pleased, gave another little bow.

"Emblatt!" he said.

The old lady, talking volubly, went first, the old man followed, and Paul brought up the rear and found himself, presently, in the kitchen.

It was a large room, dark and gloomy, with an enormous deal table in the centre. There was a sink and a large gas cooker against one wall, and opposite stood a smaller table on which were small gas rings. Paul swung his burdens on to the table and made as if to go, but the stout lady put out a beaming hand and detained him.

"Ah, no!" she implored, in her rich, deep voice. "You shall not! See—all I make is the coffee, and you shall take some."

"No, thank you," said Paul.

"But yes, yes, yes, yes, yes! Nobody shall refuse when I ask with my heart! So kind as you have been, will you leave me without sharing my coffee? See—you shall grind it."

It was incredible, but he was grinding it. He—Paul Denholme Stead Saxon—was standing in a semi-basement kitchen in a semi-slum grinding coffee for a no doubt forcibly retired German opera singer.

Behind him, at the sink, was ex-foreign-grenadier Emblatt, unloading from the bag a large pressure cooker, two forks, a vegetable knife, and an assortment of vegetables. The opera singer was taking out a saucepan and a bottle of milk, and was preparing to heat some water.

This, then, reflected Paul, was the reason for the empty appearance of the kitchen; lodgers brought their own tools. This was prudent; in a community which came and went, it was easy to see why everybody took away all his utensils. Not even the salt—the old man had taken out a bottle and was unscrewing it—not even the salt was left.

"See—that Emblatt," said the stout lady, as though he were not present. "He cooks in that dangerous thing. See you," she enjoined the old man, "you shall not let it go Sssssssss until I have made this coffee. One day it will go Klongsassssss!"—she threw her arms wide—"and we shall all go up—so!"

Mr. Emblatt made no response; he was peeling onions.

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## Continuing . . . Journey's Eve

[from page 47]

"Oh—!" she made a little sound, half dismay, half distress. He had the disagreeable impression that both these emotions were not on her own behalf, but on his. "Oh, but I'm so sorry—I can't do that!"

"But you've got to eat," argued Paul, fighting off panic. "What's the difference between eating in and eating out?—in point of time, I mean."

"It isn't time," explained Antonia. Her voice was quiet, but over him crept the feeling that the kind of pressure he was used to applying would have no effect upon her. "You see, it isn't only my own lunch I cook—I could leave that, of course—but it's Madame de Brulais'."

"Madame de Brulais'?" But it's—its monstrous!—cried Paul. "You can't stay in on a glorious morning like this to keep that creature alive! Do let's go out, Antonia—please! We'll buy something for the old—the old girl and bring it back to her. Please!"

Antonia smiled and shook her head. Other girls had smiled and shaken their heads, and it had been but the preliminary to a stimulating tussle of wits—but this girl had something in her manner that baffled him. There was nothing about her, outwardly, that was firm or unyielding, but she had an air of quiet purpose. He realised—and the knowledge came as an unpleasant shock—that after meeting him, her



"—and I've always admired you from a distance, Cyrd. Let us keep it that way."

life had gone on as before; a life in which it seemed that he had no part.

She was polite, she was gentle and charming, but she was obviously unaware of any difference between yesterday and today—between yesterday, when she and Paul had been strangers, and today, when he stood there, ready to be her escort, her squire, her cavalier. She appeared to want no escort or squire or cavalier; she only wanted to cook Madame de Brulais' lunch.

Saucepan, knives, potatoes, a sauceboat, matches; she was assembling them and counting them over carefully. Now she was smiling at him; she was—Heavens! she was actually going to send him away. He looked at her, incredulous, outraged.

"I'm so sorry," she said softly. "I've got to go down and start all this cooking. It seems inhospitable, but—you'll have to go."

"Not," said Paul, glaring down at her. "on your life. You owe me a meal; you've done us both out of a perfectly good lunch in the country. You can't expect me to go home and have my mother giving up half her lunch to me. If you can't come out, you needn't throw me out; you can at least feed me."

"But I haven't enough lunch for you."

"That's all right," said Paul comfortably. "I'll have half Madame de Brulais'."

She looked at him for a few

moments, and then gave a little shrug and a smile.

"Very well." She went to a drawer, took out a small towel and handed it to him.

"What for?" inquired Paul. "To wash. There's the key of the bathroom—and please lock it again when you come out. People go in if you don't."

"I didn't have to wash," murmured Paul, "before grinding the Olsen's coffee."

"But the standard," said Antonia, "has now risen. This is for Madame de Brulais, who maintains the very highest level in hygiene."

He washed and came back into the room, to find her ready for the journey to the kitchen. He gave her back the towel and stood watching her, his tongue aching with the effort of holding back the questions he longed to put. He wanted to know why she lived here, why she had not moved when her father died, how she could endure this place, how many friends she had and who they were, how much money she had, how much she earned.

For the first time in his life, Paul was at a loss with a woman. He was on his guard; he was moving slowly and cautiously, following a blind instinct. Slow, slow, slow; this was a girl he could not rush. Why, he could not have told—what was there in that softness and sweetness to give him this sense of distance, of aloofness? He wanted—to know everything about her, but he was afraid to ask—yet. Instead, he put a casual question.

"What were you doing this morning?"

"This morning—when you came?" Antonia looked surprised. "I was at Mass, of course."

"Mass? Oh, then, you're a Catholic?"

"Yes. And you?"

"Church of England," said Paul with no perceptible hesitation. He followed her down, carrying the utensils, and soon they were in the kitchen, where the Olsen and the Emblatt had been joined by Goldstein. His head reeling, Paul took obediently the knife Antonia handed him, and went to work on some carrots.

It wasn't true, but here he was again. He, Paul Denholme Stead Saxon, was scraping carrots. He was preparing vegetables. He was—thank goodness Philippa couldn't see him now—He was cooking Madame de Brulais' lunch. There was no expensive riverside restaurant; there was no exquisite meal, obsequiously served; there was a rabbit stew.

And she was a Catholic, which meant, of course, that all the children would have to be, too. They would all have Saint names and go to Mass. A gleam of pleasure shone through his thoughts and he paused, knife idle, to study it.

Yes; there they were—all his children going to Mass, while standing on the steps of St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, pale with outrage, confronting them as they went, stood Uncle Oswald.

It was Douglas Warwick's habit to walk every Sunday afternoon to the highest part of Hampstead Heath in order to get fresh air and exercise.

On this Sunday afternoon, however, he found himself not on high ground, and not even on level ground; he was underground, making his way by tube to Lowndes Crescent.

As he went, he framed well-sounding sentences in his mind, tried them over to himself to test their ring, and discarded them as hollow. He had told young Saxon, he reminded himself gloomily, that he would do

To page 49



## Continuing . . . Journey's Eve

from page 48

nothing further in the engagement affair; they had agreed to drop it—and here he was, the very next afternoon, turning up with the pretence of having changed his mind.

Nobody, of course, would believe him; not for an instant. Young Saxon would see through him at once, and Lady Saxon—at the thought of Elaine, his heart sank to his very boots—Lady Saxon would think him importunate, superfluous, a Sunday afternoon interloper. He would do much better to turn and go home again.

The thought of going back again, however, had no attractions. The small first-floor flat which he had, for the past eight years, looked upon as home—comfortable, airy, and a refuge from the bustle of Town—now appeared ludicrously confined and much too far removed from people with whom he could form pleasant friendships.

He approached the Crescent with his spirits sinking. Number ten, Number twelve—there was still time to turn back; Number fourteen . . . Number sixteen. Well, he was going in, he decided sturdily. All he need do was ring the bell—then that extraordinary-looking maid with the crinkly hair would open the door and tell him to come in if he were unwelcome.

It might be better to ask for Sir Paul—that would give the call a hearteningly business-like look; on the other hand, it might be safer to ask at once for Lady Saxon; she could scarcely—if she consented to see him at this time—refuse to offer him tea.

He wished, as he walked to the door, that he had come by car—it would have proved a quicker and more dignified way of leaving, if he had to leave. But he had no car; there was at his disposal an official car which he could use on any occasion, public or private; but he had never used it on a Sunday. Well, at all events, by car or on foot, here he was.

Pausing for a moment before pressing the bell, he looked squarely and firmly at his reasons for coming. None. Not one, he told himself grimly. Not one valid one; only an urge to meet again the only pleasant woman he had seen for years. He wanted nothing—nothing, he repeated firmly—but to sit down and have the opportunity of talking to her and looking at her.

He liked her; he liked the large, fresh-looking rooms, with their lived-in look; he liked that young Saxon and he would like to meet his sister and his younger brother. They were a family, and he missed family life. He had come to tea with them—that was all.

His arrival caused some consternation in the house. It was recognised that neither Petunia nor Lotus was on duty on Sunday afternoons—an arrangement which resulted in a good deal of argument between members of the family as to who would get the tea, but caused no inconvenience over the matter of answering a summons from the front door bell, since nobody ever required to be let in at that time.

Though willing to be called upon on any other day of the week, Elaine and her children regarded Sunday afternoon as a time to be given up to personal matters; Elaine did her mending, Barney sorted his boxes of mechanical parts, and Philippa experimented with a series of nail varnishes and hair tints, shampoos, and styles; even Paul had been known to tidy his drawers.

All these interesting occupations took place in the drawing-room; the increasing disorder of the room, which would have caused an access of irritation in other households, in

this one added to the general air of cosiness.

Mr. Warwick's summons, on this Sunday afternoon, had an extremely upsetting effect. It was some time before anybody heard it at all—Elaine, with a sewing basket by her side, and some soft white fabric on her knee, was planning a round trip to some continental ports: Naples, she decided, Genoa, Alexandria—perhaps Philippa would come, too—she didn't seem to be making much progress with Robert Meredith.

Philippa had washed her hair and it was now swathed in a turban of pale pink towelling; she and Barney were seated on the long piano-stool, with a hymn book before them, and while Philippa played Barney sang. Neither performance was of a high order, but what it lacked in virtuosity it made up in noise.

In an interval between one hymn and the next, Barney put his head on one side and listened.

"Thought I heard something," he said.

"Heard what? I can't play this next one—it's in four flats," said Philippa, turning pages.

"Well, play that one—no, the page you've just turned over—yes, there. The door bell," said Barney.

"Can't be the door bell," said Philippa, feeling her way in a major. "Nobody'd come at this time. Oh, Barney, can't you choose something with no sharps and flats?"

"There's Annie Laurie—that hasn't got any."

"No—it's got runs and things in the accompaniment. I can only do hymns. Here's one."

"There it goes again—the bell," said Barney. "Mother. Mother! Mother!"

WITH a start, Elaine came reluctantly back from Leghorn. "Yes, that was awfully nice, Barney. You sang it beautifully," she said. "It's the door bell, Mother."

"The what, dear?"

"The door bell. The door bell. And Pety's out. Shall I go?"

"Well, yes, of course," said Elaine. "I suppose Paul's forgotten his key."

"Well, if it isn't Paul, look at my hair," said Philippa. "I'll have to go up to my room—botheration."

She gathered a few of her scattered belongings and went upstairs; Barney opened the front door and stood looking in frank surprise at the visitor.

"How do you do?" said Mr. Warwick.

"Oh—how do you do?" said Barney with his charming smile.

"Do you want to—I mean, I suppose you'd better come in."

Mr. Warwick, a little uncertain, wishing more than ever that he had stayed at home, followed him inside and through the hall. At the door of the drawing-room Barney hesitated and then, turning the handle, ushered the visitor in.

"Mother, somebody's come," he announced.

Elaine looked at the visitor, tried earnestly to remember who he was, and rose to her feet with an appearance of cordiality.

"How do you do?" she said. "Won't you sit down?"

It was that man, she now remembered, who had come yesterday. The one from Scotland Yard; his name had gone, but it was the name of a Shakespearean character—she had made a mental note at the time, but it would take more than a Sunday afternoon to identify him by that method. Sitting down and waving her guest to a chair, she regained her poise. Perhaps he would say something that would—

Mr. Warwick had seated himself and was rapidly losing his regret at having come. Here, in all its charm, was home life—family life. Here sat the mother and her son, and round them were the evidences of what had been occupying them.

Looking about him, Mr. Warwick saw more and more evidences, but his critical faculties were already weakened. With Elaine opposite him, calm and friendly, he could even accept as a natural part of drawing-room furniture the bath towel, two hairbrushes, and manicure outfit that lay close by his feet.

"I hope this isn't an intrusion," he said.

"Not at all," said Elaine. "I'm sorry Paul isn't in—and I don't know when he'll be in, I'm afraid." She paused, but the information seemed to have no effect upon him, and she tried another approach.

"My brother-in-law—General Saxon—is still in London, I believe, but I don't expect to see him to-day."

This, too, passed Mr. Warwick by, but he had by now framed his own excuses.

"I'm not often round this way of a Sunday," he said, "but I just happened to find myself passing, and I hoped you'd forgive me if I came in and accepted the tea you offered me yesterday."

He gave her a shy but irresistible smile; it was out, and she couldn't say he'd beaten about the bush; it was clear and direct.

Elaine found it far too direct. Sunday tea was a scratch meal, good enough for family consumption but not calculated to impress visitors. However, there was no help for it; he had come to tea. She glanced at the clock and looked hopefully at Barney.

"Barney, would you—"

"I got tea last week and the week before," said Barney. "Can I ask Philippa to do it?"

"Yes—do. Yes, ask Philippa." Philippa's room, reflected Elaine, was two floors above this, and well out of earshot. "Yes, go and tell Philippa to do the tea and bring it in."

"All right," said Barney, going. "And what," he asked, pausing at the door, "what about her hair?"

"Her hair? Well," said Elaine with a sound of impatience, "she'll have to do that and bring it in too."

Barney grinned. "I'll tell her," he said.

He raced upstairs, pausing for a moment outside Philippa's room to make sure the trap was well set.

"Mother sent me up," he said, "to ask you to do the tea and bring it in."

Philippa, curled up on her bed reading, looked up with a frown.

"And what about my hair?" she inquired coldly.

She had taken the turban off and tied her hair untidily with a ribbon.

"You've got to—" Barney went into peals of mirth and brought the rest of the sentence out in gasps, "you've got to do that and—bring it in too!"

"Extremely funny," observed Philippa coldly. "Why can't you do something for a change?"

"A change? A change!" Injustice drove out amusement. "Why, I've—"

"All right, all right," Philippa shut her book with the air of one closing the door upon all leisure. "All right, I'll go, as I always do."

"But you know jolly well that I—"

"Yes, yes, yes," Philippa's tone was an infuriating mixture of patronage and sarcasm. "You got the tea last Christ-

To page 50

## Beginner's Luck?



PERFECT PASTRY IN 4 EASY STEPS!



1 For an average sized pie, tip about 2 cups of Bakeo into a mixing bowl

2 Add just enough water (or milk) to make a fairly stiff dough. Divide in half

3 Roll out thinly on lightly floured board. Line pie plate with one half. Add filling and cover with other pastry round. Pinch edges together

4 Place in hot oven, lower heat after 5 mins. and bake until golden brown (about 30 mins.). Result — rich, short-crust pastry, and a perfect pie!

STRAIGHT FROM THE PACKET . . .

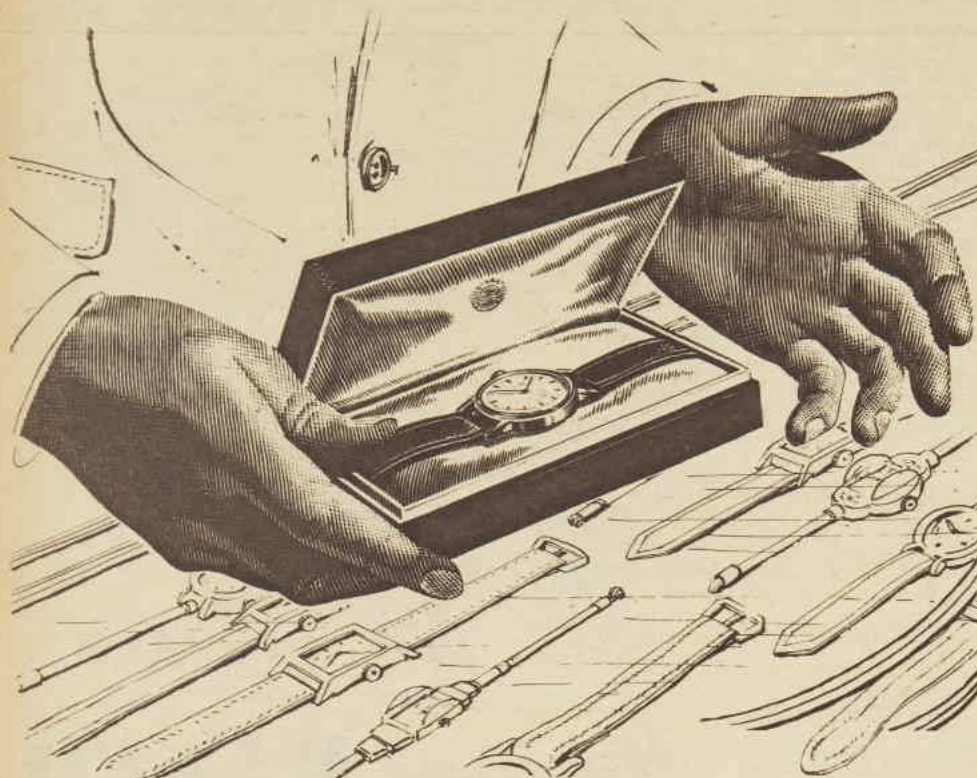
# MAXAM BAKEO

Whether you're an experienced pastry cook or a beginner, you'll make better pastry this easy way — and save yourself so much time and trouble! Bakeo is a carefully measured blend of finely sifted pastry flour, first quality shortening, rising and salt, blended by machine more thoroughly than ever possible by hand. Besides pastry, you can make cakes, biscuits, puddings, etc., in half the time — recipes on the side of every packet!





## TIME IS THE ART OF THE SWISS



### More than two hands

Some dealings over a counter are impersonal. Hands hand out soap, sugar, cigarettes. Hands take your money. But choose a watch—and your jeweller is much more than two hands.

He knows about watches. He likes talking about watches. He's a specialist. The Swiss watchmakers who spent years learning their craft—the inventors, research workers, precision-tool makers who keep Switzerland a jump ahead of world competitors—all want you to buy a fine Swiss jewelled-lever watch only from a qualified jeweller. Because they want expert work to reach you through an expert.

Only the jeweller can tell you how to know a watch that will last from one that won't. Only the jeweller can tell you just what you're getting for your money. Only the jeweller can guarantee that a new watch is in the perfect order in which it left the maker. Only from the jeweller can you be sure of skilled servicing. Why not use him?

*Your jeweller's knowledge is your safeguard*

THE WATCHMAKERS OF SWITZERLAND



Continuing . . . .

## Journey's Eve

[from page 49]

was and we're reminded every Sunday without fail. You—

"I got the tea last week," Barney shouted angrily. "You know jolly well I did. And the week before. AND the week before that. I—"

"Yes, I know. You broke one of the best cups."

"Well, what if I did? They aren't your cups!"

"Did I say they were? Did I—"

"Hey, hey, hey, hey!" came Paul's admonishing voice from the doorway. "You can hear you two yelling all the way down the stairs. What's the row? And who's in the drawing-room?"

"It sounds like the one who came yesterday—the Scotland Yard one," said Philippa.

"What's he want?"

"I don't know what he wants," said Philippa, "but I wish he'd go away. My hair isn't properly dry, and I've been sitting up here in the cold for hours. I suppose he's come to talk to you."

"Can't see why," commented Paul. "He and I—"

He paused and looked at Barney. "How much to make the tea?"

"Half a crown."

"Don't be idiotic," said Philippa. "It only takes half an hour at the most, including the washing-up afterwards—he can't get five shillings an hour!"

"A bob," said Paul.

"Why can't I get five shillings an hour?" asked Barney indignantly. "It isn't my ordinary day to do it—it's overtime. It's double."

"A bob," repeated Paul. "Take it or leave it."

"What happens if I leave it?"

"Well, you leave it—and you still get the tea."

"Gimme," said Barney.

Shilling in hand, he went downstairs whistling, and Philippa looked at Paul curiously.

"You're early," she said. "I thought you were going to make a day of it."

Paul made no reply; seated on the bed, he had picked up her book and was making a pretence of looking through the pages, but his mind was going over the day's events, and he was drawing up a mental balance-sheet . . . .

It hadn't turned out quite as planned, he reflected; no, not quite as planned; but he'd seen her, he'd spoken to her, and he knew a bit more about her. She had come out for a drive—not a long drive, but they had at all events got out of the house for a time. She had walked to the car with him and looked at it with the quick little lift of her eyebrows that he was beginning to know.

She said little, and one couldn't call her vivacious, but she had other ways than that of speech in which to express her thoughts; sometimes it was by a movement of her small, brown hands, sometimes by an expressive shrug. Most of all, her eyes reflected her swift changes of mood—they could twinkle at his attempts to amuse her, or dance at his discomfort. They could look aloof, interested—they could even look cold.

"Which way would you like to go, Antonia—Miss Wyatt?"

"This way, that way—wherever you like, but I mustn't be too long."

"Why not?"

"Because I'm going out to tea."

He would have given almost all he had to find out where she was going, and with whom; she must have friends, but the thought of her spending time with them, when she might spend it with him, was a maddening one. Later, he would be able to find out more about her—but the wary instinct was still strong in him: slowly, slowly.

"Not until I was eight—it was after my mother died. My father and I lived in various houses in London—my father was still teaching. We were very happy, but he was never quite the same after my mother died. And there was never very much money, but it seemed to get less and less. Then we went to live in Selcourt Street and—there I am."

"Why?" asked Paul, impulsively. "I mean—well, why?"

To his relief and gratitude, she answered his question simply and without coyness.

"Money," she said. "You know about money?"

"I suppose so. But—"

"It was a nice-looking house when my father first went there. Comparatively, that is. He was offered a fifteen-year lease of a flat at a ridiculously low figure—and he took it. I can live there for almost nothing."

"But—"

"I know; it's terrible, but I often go and look at other rooms, and the ones I could afford aren't so very much better than Selcourt Street. And at least my room there is large, pleasant, airy—and I have my own bathroom. And I can save money for the thing I love most in the world."

"Clothes?"

"No."

"Theatres?"

"No. Not clothes, not theatres, not books or pictures or charities or any of the things I should have money for. Only . . . travel."

"You mean going about, like my mother?"

"I mean going to Italy. It costs something, but I've done it more often than I ever hoped I could. Every time I see Selcourt Street as well, as you see it, I resist the temptation to move, and I think of Italy and . . ."

"Miss Wyatt."

"Yes?"

He glanced at her for a moment.

"Why not Antonia, Antonia?"

"Oh . . ." She made a little sound as if considering the matter—"well, then I should have to call you Paul, and then we should appear to outsiders to know each other . . . better than we do."

"You were thinking of calling me Sir Paul?"

"Why not?" Antonia leaned back, and the ends of her scarf blew up and danced round her head. "I like saying Sir Paul; it has a reassuring sound. It makes me feel socially secure."

Sir This, I say to myself, getting ready for the time when I shall say Lord That and Prince The Other."

"Well, while you're getting ready, may I call you Antonia, Antonia?"

"Certainly, Sir Paul."

"And will you tell me something about yourself, please?"

"Anything?"

"Almost anything."

"Oh. Well, first, you were born. Where?"

"Naples."

"Naples?"

"I told you—my mother was Italian. My grandfather's name was Antonio."

There was a pause.

"Go on," invited Paul.

"I was waiting," said Antonia. "When I say that, I always wait for people to mention the ice-cream cart."

"The—oh, I see! A sort of reflex, like stepping into your room and saying 'oasis.'"

"Yes—like that."

"Was your father English?"

"Yes. He was teaching in Naples, and he met my mother, and they were married there and I was born there."

"And then you came to England?"

"Not until I was eight—it was after my mother died. My father and I lived in various houses in London—my father was still teaching. We were very happy, but he was never quite the same after my mother died. And there was never very much money, but it seemed to get less and less. Then we went to live in Selcourt Street and—there I am."

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To page 51



sunshine and the blue lakes. I'm going to Florence next month."

No, she wasn't, he swore to himself, gripping the wheel in the fervor of his vow. No, oh no, she wasn't; not while he had a breath in his body left to argue with, to plead with, to beg with. She was going with him to Africa; every moment between this and the time of his departure was going to be spent working, planning, praying for that.

He was beyond surprise at the suddenness with which love had swooped and imprisoned him, he had seen her—once, and it was over. There had been no interval between freedom and captivity; there had been no doubts and no hesitations; he was hers.

And if passion gave a man strength, if the personality and charm with which he was credited could work now, when for the first time he really needed it, if caution and patience could disarm her, if love could move her, if she would but look kindly . . . and if she didn't mind the climate . . . to Africa they would go, as man and wife . . .

On the whole, he summed up, closing Philippa's book and laying it on the bed, a profitable day, even if not according to plan. She had made no promise to go out with him; she was engaged on Monday, on Tuesday, on Wednesday—those were those people who thought they could carve out whole pieces of a girl's life?

He knew where she worked; if he couldn't induce that harridan, Bertha, to let her off early—all would be well; patience, patience and more patience.

He heard Philippa's voice, and brought his mind back to the present.

"She seems more elusive than all the others," she was saying.

He got up slowly and stood looking at her, and although his expression was calm, something in his eyes made Philippa take two steps backward.

"What did you say?" he asked quietly.

"I—well, there's no need to get on your high horse. I merely said that this girl seemed to be more elusive than the others, that's all."

"Do me a favor, will you?" asked Paul in an expressionless voice.

"There's no need to . . . well, what?"

"Don't you ever," requested Paul, "say those words again."

"What words?" asked the astonished Philippa, "I didn't say anything."

"You said 'all the others'."

"I only—"

She broke off and stared at him, the astonishment on her countenance slowly giving way to a look of stupefaction. "You mean—you're—really serious?"

"Quite, quite serious," said Paul slowly.

"You mean—this—Antonia?"

"This Antonia."

"But—you mean you got on as—quickly as all that?"

"If you swear to keep it to yourself," said Paul, "I'll tell you the awful truth: I haven't got on at all."

"Don't tell me—don't tell me the fatal charm didn't work!"

"I don't know whether it didn't work," confessed Paul, "or whether she has such a quenching effect on me that it can't operate. I—well, what?" he asked Barney.

"Tea," said Barney. "I've been yelling my head off. And Mother gave me a look."

"What did you do—break another cup?" asked Philippa.

"No—a sort of SOS look. I think she's run out of things to say," explained Barney.

"You'd better come down, Paul—after all, it's you he's come to see."

"All right," grumbled Paul, preparing to descend. "I

## Continuing . . . Journey's Eve

(from page 50)

Crescent, and some tea when he got there, gave way to a determination to call there during the evening.

It was not Elaine he wanted to see, but Hugo and Louise, from whom he hoped to get a sensible account of the visit to Selcourt Street. He had no wish to let the matter drag; he was resolved to keep things moving, and moving briskly, until the mystery of the announcement was cleared up.

A memory of the unenthusiastic way in which his brother and nephew had embarked upon the chase gave him a moment's uneasiness, but strengthened his resolve; he was not going to stay in London incurring expense for an unlimited time.

The thought of expense gave him a bitter pang. He had no objection to a stay in town; there were always business matters to be settled, and he could use his leisure moments during the next week or two to attend to them, but as he examined the notes in his wallet and made a rough calculation of what two lunches had cost, his nature rose in indignant protest.

Like all his family, he expected value for money; the food he had eaten at the two meals could, he thought, have been bought for as many pence as he had paid pounds, and his irritation was increased by the knowledge that he was to

believe her to have understood fully.

He also felt that her manner towards him was losing some of the pretty touches he had always liked in it, and he was forced to admit that her behaviour in public places lacked the dignity and restraint he had always admired in her.

He thrust these disloyalties aside and decided that he would have a light meal and go early to bed; he was more tired than he had realised, and the unaccustomed noise and confusion in which he had lunched had given him a slight headache. He would retire early and walk round the next day to see Hugo and Louise.

The thought of Louise, quiet, sensible and discreet, soothed him in a remarkable degree, and made him sleep so soundly that he rose late, and was obliged to put off his visit to Lowndes Crescent until the afternoon.

Louise was not to be seen when Oswald arrived at the house. She had seen his approach, and, making her way hurriedly to the study, put her head in and addressed Hugo.

"Oswald's coming; if you don't mind, I'll stay in my room until he's gone."

Hugo knew what the words implied; though nothing had been said on the subject, it was understood between them that they had done all they felt possible to help Paul; the matter was one to be cleared up by those in authority.

It would be no use tendering a resignation to Oswald, however; he would simply refuse to accept it, and he would drive them on to more abortive attempts. A certain amount of evasion would, therefore, be necessary, and Louise, with the utmost tact, was removing herself and leaving Hugo to decide how far evasion could go without falling into falsehood.

"I haven't seen Paul since Saturday morning," Oswald told Hugo, seating himself comfortably. "I went in and saw Elaine in the afternoon and couldn't get a grain of sense out of her. I often wonder what poor old Bartholomew found to talk about; she can't hold a sustained conversation to save her life."

"She's all right," said Hugo a trifle defensively. "You have to get on to a subject that interests her, that's all."

"Doesn't her son's reputation interest her?"

"Of course, but you can't expect her to pick up the threads and draw them together for you. She didn't have much to go on."

"I presume Paul gave her an account of what did go on? Couldn't she have given it to me in plain English? But it doesn't matter; you can tell me what happened, Elaine went off on some gibberish about a fortune teller."

"That was correct enough," said Hugo. "We went there and saw the place and—"

"Which end was it?"

"The wrong end. It's a disreputable-looking house."

"A private house?"

"Oh, no, no, no—full of goodness knows how many assorted nationalities."

"Boarding house?"

"No. It looked like one of those places with a tenant in every room; name-cards stuck beside the front door, and bells with nobody the other end. We had to eventually, and this Madame de Brulais turned out to be a fortune teller, as Elaine told you. A huge woman—one of the largest women I've ever seen; foreign, with a loud voice."

He gave a slight shrug. "We didn't have much success at making her listen to us—in fact, I'm pretty well convinced that she didn't know the first thing about who we were or

thought he'd agreed to drop all this sleuth-hound business. I suppose Uncle Oxy's been working on him again. And talking of Uncle Oxy," he told Philippa, watching her as she made her preparations to descend, "I had a funny idea about him when I was driving this afternoon. I thought I saw him."

"Well"—Philippa spoke through a hairpin which she held between her teeth—"why shouldn't you see him? He's still in London."

"This wasn't in London," Paul waited until Barney's footsteps were out of earshot. "This wasn't in London. It was out near Staines—in a car."

"Whose car?"

"Take that hairpin out before I tell you—or you'll swallow it, Ursula's car."

Philippa frowned thoughtfully.

"Well, there's nothing in that, is there?" she said at last. "I mean, she's a friend of the family, in a way. I can't imagine why Uncle Oxy wants to go driving about Staines with her, but if he wants to, why should you worry?"

"I'm not worrying," Paul assured her. "I'm puzzled, that's all. It doesn't add up."

"Can't he just go for a drive with her in a friendly way?"

"Ursula," said Paul, "doesn't do anything in a friendly way. But that's Uncle Oxy's headache. Come on—let's go down and see this fellow."

"Yes, it's a bit hard on Mother, having to have him all



this time. After all, it's you he's come to see."

"Yes," said Paul, following her down. "I suppose it is."

It was a conviction that was to remain with Elaine and her family for almost two weeks longer.

Oswald was as surprised to find himself at Staines as Paul had been to see him there. Ursula's plan to drive somewhere had not appeared to him to indicate more than a lift from his club to a restaurant in Town, and he was somewhat dismayed to learn that they were on their way to an extensively patronised roadhouse some distance away.

The drive had been pleasant, though he thought Ursula drove too fast for safety. Their lunch had been long-drawn-out, but agreeable until the moment came for payment of the bill, when Oswald had come to the conclusion that the prices charged were based not upon the food served, but on the time clients took to eat it.

He wished that the modern woman smoked less and drank less, but he was forced to admit that Ursula did both with maximum grace and assurance, and once more he found himself wondering how Paul could have been proof against her attraction.

It was almost five before Ursula left him at his club, and Oswald's plan of getting exercise on a walk to Lowndes

he called upon to pay for a good many more lunches and dinners with Ursula in the course of the next week.

His own desire to act as a link between Ursula and his nephew—a desire to keep her, as it were, in the family—seemed to be reciprocated in Ursula's breast, and she made no secret of the fact that she expected him to be at her disposal while he remained in London.

A slight uneasiness crept into the General's mind as to the propriety of his favorite's behaviour. He had known Ursula from her childhood; he was her godfather, and for as long as he could remember he had designed her for Paul.

In spite of his affection and his hopes, however, he had never before been on terms of such close companionship with her; they had met, they had stayed in the same houses, but their association had been intermittent, and, he saw now, superficial. There were certain points in her behaviour which, striking him now for the first time, he attributed to the deplorable effects of living so much in London.

It had harmed her, he thought; there were moments when her voice seemed almost strident; she was also drinking more than he thought desirable, and she had told him one or two stories, the point of which only came home to him now, and which he could not



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why we'd come. If she'd had her way, she'd have thrown us out there and then, but we managed to get in."

"Good."

"It wasn't really much good. To cut a long story short, it's quite obvious that she hasn't a daughter."

"You mean she says she hasn't a daughter?"

"She said it in a way you would have believed, if you'd heard her. What's more, she didn't look to me to have had any connection with the announcement. If she's ever heard of 'The Times,' I'll be surprised."

"Then somebody used her name," said Oswald.

"Quite likely. But if they did, they credited her with a daughter that she hasn't got. I don't think she herself has the smallest connection with the affair."

"If she hasn't, then somebody's using her as a decoy," pronounced Oswald.

"Then why weren't they there to see us?"

"Because they expected you to go as soon as you saw the notice, that's why. They knew Paul wasn't far away, and they supposed—very reasonably, I must say—that he'd go round at once and demand an explanation. And if he'd had a grain of initiative, that's what he would have done."

"He wanted to go round, but I told him he'd better wait and see you."

Thus disarmed, Oswald found nothing to say, and Hugo, with a feeling of relief, realised that there would be no cross-examination; Oswald appeared to have accepted his brief summary of the visit to Madame de Brulais, and there would be no need for evasion.

He had been prepared for a good deal more than evasion; he was determined that Oswald should not learn the details of the visit—since he was by no means an expert in concealment—it occurred to him for the first time that it would be necessary for him to see Paul and ask him to be equally reticent. Their statements, at all events, must agree

## Continuing . . . Journey's Eve

[from page 51]

in essentials. He watched Oswald uneasily, and saw that he had come to a decision.

"We'll follow it up. Yea"—Oswald's voice became even more firm—"we shan't let it lie there. Somebody at that house is waiting to see us, and we shan't disappoint them."

"As a matter of fact . . ."

Hugo paused to choose his words carefully—"I can tell you that Paul was there again this morning."

"He was?" Surprise and approbation sounded in Oswald's voice.

"Yes." Once more, Hugo saw with relief that his statement passed without cross-examination. There was no need to explain how he knew of Paul's presence at Number 89, nor of his own relief at knowing he was there.

Louise had slept badly on Sunday night, and had risen on Monday morning determined to pay a second visit to Madame de Brulais—not on Paul's behalf, but on Hugo's. She would go as a client; this was the proper day for clients, and she would go in and pay her fee and see whether the crystal revealed any more of the clouded past.

Hugo had argued and expostulated in vain, and he had given in at last in the hope that the visit would at least relieve his sister's suspense. He had driven her to Selcourt Street at noon, and on leaving the building, they had been just in time to see Paul's car stop before it, and Paul getting out and going into the house.

It had been a pleasant sight for Hugo; Paul was pursuing matters on his own account—a wise and manly proceeding.

It indicated a preference for investigating the mystery without the aid of his uncle and aunt—a fact which brought both Hugo and Louise relief and pleasure.

"I'm glad he's got his teeth into it," commented Oswald.

"I'll ring him up and ask him to come and see me; it's no use going there and ex-

pecting to get a quiet chat like the one we're having now. You can't get him to understand that his mother and sister and brother don't contribute anything to a serious talk—look at that young Barney on Saturday, admitted to a completely adult discussion without so much as being asked to go and build his confounded contraptions in the nursery or the schoolroom or wherever he belongs, instead of all over the house where people break their necks over them."

"He rigs up some fine models," said Hugo.

"I've no doubt; but he ought to rig 'em up somewhere where they don't get under unsuspecting people's feet."

"I'll ask Paul to go along and see you," said Hugo. And he would ask him to be careful what he said. "How about tonight?"

Oswald hesitated. "No, not to-night," he said finally. "I've promised to dine with Ursula. I'm keeping her in touch with this affair—she's naturally interested."

Hugo looked at him in surprise. "I don't see why she should be kept in touch," he said.

"I'd have thought the wise thing would have been to keep her out of touch. That's what Paul would like, anyhow."

"I suppose you still imagine—with this confounded announcement hanging over us—that Paul's likes or dislikes on the subject of women are anything to go on?" said Oswald irritably.

"Well, I—"

"I suppose," went on Oswald with heavy sarcasm, "you feel that a bride from Selcourt Street is more suitable for him than a girl like Ursula?"

"I'm merely saying that"

"Allow me to say, first, that Ursula Hannington would make a very suitable wife for him."

"You can't expect him to marry the girl just because you like her yourself."

"Do you take me for a fool?" demanded Oswald. "All I'm saying is that as far as anyone can see, she's got everything the most fastidious fellow could want. If he'd had the beginnings of any kind of sense he'd have had things fixed up before this infernal business came along to upset them."

Hugo knocked out his pipe and spoke thoughtfully.

"It wasn't that announcement that upset things," he gave it as his opinion. "Paul, to my mind, had finished with her some time before."

"Finished with her?" repeated the enraged Oswald. "Finished with her? What do you mean, 'finished' with her? You can't 'finish' with a girl like Ursula Hannington."

"Well, you know best," said Hugo, unmoved. "Paul finished with her, I can tell you that. He brought her home a few times and then he didn't bring her any more."

"Then she probably finished with him," said Oswald. "She no doubt found that—"

"She didn't look like it," said Hugo. "She came here several times on her own—I saw her car outside and met her on the steps a couple of times—but you can't catch an old hand like Paul that way."

"Catch him? Catch him?" Oswald glared at his brother incredulously.

"You don't suppose a young woman of Ursula Hannington's calibre has to go out of her way to 'catch' anybody, do you? 'Catch' by Jove! Why don't you use some sense?"

"I can only use my eyes," said Hugo, trifling his pipe imperturbably. "He'd have liked to have done with her, and she wouldn't be done with him, that's all I know. Wasn't sorry, for my part. I like old Quillerby but I never liked his wife, God rest her soul, and I don't like his daughter. She's her mother all over again; nothing wrong with her ap-

pearance, but a Tartar, if ever I saw one. Paul did right to drop her."

Oswald rose in dignified silence and took his leave, and Hugo, after going upstairs to Louise with a short report of the visit, walked next door and found his nephew alone in the drawing-room.

"Hello, there," said Paul, with a warmth born of his relief at finding that the visitor was not, as he had feared, his Uncle Oswald. "I was just pouring out a drink—wait till I get another glass."

Hugo took the drink and sipped it thoughtfully, putting his sentences together in his mind.

"I dropped in," he said at last, "hoping I'd see you alone."

"Ah," said Paul non-committally.

"Your Uncle Oswald's just left me."

"Ah."

"He came along to ask me what happened at Selcourt Street—your mother hadn't given him a very clear account, and he's going to ask you along to his club some time to-morrow to have a talk with him."

"Ah," said Paul, expressionlessly.

"So I dropped in"—Hugo fidgeted a little, and Paul guessed what was coming. "I came in to ask you—as a matter of fact, I—"

"You gave him, I hope, a very brief and sketchy account?"

"I'm afraid I did. You see"—Hugo looked at his nephew, and Paul was moved by the trouble in his eyes—"it's no use telling your uncle what really happened."

"I quite agree."

"He's one of the best," explained Hugo carefully, "but he always sees things very straight, and he's got no patience with anybody who doesn't see things quite his way. So I filleted the account a bit, and I hope you'll do the same."

"Surely," promised Paul. "Thanks. And there's one more thing—I don't want you to think that your Aunt Louise

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WHEN Bing Crosby was a youngster he hated singing before an audience.

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and I aren't anxious to help you in this matter, but we talked it over, and we're of the opinion that it's best left to the experts."

"And I think so too," said Paul.

"To tell you the truth," said Hugo, scarcely heeding, "your Aunt Louise is thoroughly upset over what Madame de Brulais told us. That's another matter I'd like to leave alone, but I can't make her agree to that, and so I gave in this morning and drove her to Selcourt Street."

"You—"

"We saw you as we came away, and I was glad to see you were following up matters by yourself. We'd have been no use to you. Tell me, did you find out anything?"

"I . . . no, I didn't," said Paul.

In the comfortable pause that followed, he looked the lie in the face and felt no

To page 53



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quail. He had found out a great deal, though not anything that would have interested his uncle. He had found out what time Antonia came home for lunch; he knew that it was a quickly prepared lunch, of which half went into Madame de Brulais and the other half to the folding table in Antonia's room.

He had found out that a salad prepared by Antonia, served by Antonia, and eaten at the table with Antonia had a flavor he had never noticed before. He had found out that although she had friends—male, he bitterly suspected—who called at the shop at five o'clock and took her out, he was the first who had shared her luncheon salad.

All this he had found out subtly, indirectly, and the knowledge had brought his first feeling of confidence; he was the first one—he thought he was the only one—to improve the acquaintance in the unpromising setting of Number 89.

He came out of his reverie to see his uncle preparing to leave, and walked to the front door with him.

"You didn't tell me," he said, "what happened when you and Aunt Louise went back this morning—did she learn any more?"

"Nothing," said Hugo, in a voice divided equally between relief and disappointment. "I didn't go in—I only drove her there and waited for her, but she drew a blank. There was nothing beyond a lot of disconnected muttering, and—now and again—the name Mandalay. Your aunt was rather disappointed—and, of course," he added, "it was a great waste of money."

"Is Aunt Louise going on with it now?"

"Now more than ever," said Hugo gloomily, as he left.

Paul found that one hour in the middle of the day was but a meagre proportion of the full twenty-four. Perfect though the hour spent in watching Antonia, in helping or hindering Antonia, it did not compensate for the long evenings spent in dreaming of her as she gave unknown but hated persons the privilege of her company.

Monday evening was long, Tuesday evening interminable, and Wednesday evening not to be faced. He had begged her to break her other engagements and come out with him; she had met his pleas gently, but without giving way to them.

She had friends, they took her out; it was a pity that Paul had so little time before leaving for Africa, but she could not put off engagements with old friends in order to go out with somebody she had known for only three or four days. On Thursday she was free and they would have an evening together.

Paul's patience snapped at exactly half-past four on Wednesday afternoon. Getting into his car, he drove swiftly to Flora's, a small but expensive flower shop in Bunch Street, which was a narrow thoroughfare that branched out of Argyle Street, that branched out of Knightsbridge.

He got there at a quarter to five; it was too early for Antonia to leave, but there would be no harm in going in to have a friendly chat with Lady Pembury and her sister Olivia—hard-faced haridians both, he considered, but twin guardians, nevertheless, at the gate of the citadel. He had no fears as to his reception; he had spent a good deal of money at the shop and Bertha Pem-

bury, moreover, had married a godson of Aunt Julia.

The godson had subsequently quarrelled with Bertha and, after buying her the flower shop, had gone to the Caribbean with a charming actress, for all of which his friends thought him extremely sensible; a man who had lived with Bertha for fifteen years deserved all the charming actresses he could collect.

Paul parked his car behind a trim vehicle that was standing outside the flower shop; getting out and walking past its shining mudguards, he saw at the wheel a young man reading a book, and in an instant had sized up the situation accurately: this lizard was waiting for Antonia.

There could be no doubt; the thing was set out plainly as a problem in Euclid: the car was parked with unerring precision outside the door of Flora's, whence Antonia would presently emerge; neither Bertha nor her sister could have fitted into the car's dainty interior, and there was at that moment no customer in the shop.

It was for Antonia that this upstart, this jackanape waited. It was Antonia who was to enter that pretty nest and be driven away to who knew what intimate rendezvous. It was Antonia . . .

After a final glare that took in the date and value of both the car and its owner, Paul went through a series of movements designed to indicate to the waiting gentleman that he himself had no business in Bunch Street other than buying a newspaper from the man



"This is his off season — he sprinkles the lawn in summer-time."

at the corner, gazing into the window of the hairdresser opposite, and examining the sole hat displayed in a milliner's window.

Having thus disarmed suspicion, he walked across the road, looked up at the flower shop's sign and with the business-like air of one remembering a friend's funeral, opened the door and went inside.

The welcome from Lady Pembury was all he could have desired. She rose from a little desk in a far corner and walked towards him with a smile that revealed strong beautifully preserved teeth.

"My dear Paul!" She was large, handsome, and beautifully dressed, with a deep voice that boomed a welcome. "How nice to see you. How is your mother?"

"She's—oh, she's very well, thanks."

"And little Philippa? Has she finished that course she was doing in . . . what was it now?"

"Typing. Yes, she's finished that," said Paul. "She got on very well."

Quite well, he reflected; she could now type with two fingers.

"How," he inquired with equal affability, "is Olivia?"

"She's magnificent—magnificent," said Bertha. "She did the entire decorations for the Pensonby wedding—were you there?"

"Yes, I was there—they

## Continuing . . . Journey's Eve

from page 52

looked beautiful," said Paul, who had not noticed them.

"Everybody said so—everybody. She'll be so pleased you liked them—I must tell her." Lady Pembury took two steps backward and stretched her neck towards a cream-colored door at the back of the shop. "O-liv-i-ah! O-liv-yah! Here's Paul, my dear—he wants to talk to you about those beautiful effects you got at the Pensonbys."

Olivia, a younger edition of her sister, pressed Paul's hands in gratitude.

"You're sweet to have noticed them," she said in a cooing tone. "One or two people pretended they'd seen nothing—I do detect jealousy. The blooms all the way up the staircase were entirely a new idea, and I thought I got the colors rather well—didn't you?"

"Beautifully," said Paul. "They were—I don't know quite how to put it—they were, so to speak, original—new."

"That's what I thought, too," said Bertha. "You're much more observant than a lot of young men, you know. So many of them just notice nothing but the bridesmaids and the champagne. Is that all a wedding is?"

"Yes—no," said Paul. "I do follow you exactly."

"And now—Bertha wore no waistcoat, but she appeared to pull one down and get to business. 'What can we choose for you, and where shall we send it?'"

"I can guess," said Olivia,

smiles of the sisters as they faced him, brought him back with a jerk to one of the least pleasant aspects of the situation. He forced himself to answer as naturally as possible, but the pause had not been lost upon his listeners. Their smiles, never genuinely cordial, now became arch and knowing.

"You see, Bertha"—Olivia's voice was openly triumphant—"I told you. Don't think"—she turned to Paul—"don't imagine that little whisper haven't been going about."

"Whispers?" repeated Paul. "Only among old friends, naturally," said Olivia. "Urula dropped me a hint—just a hint—and of course we haven't let it go any further. The most extraordinary thing, Paul—tell me, has Scotland Yard managed to find out anything about it?"

"No—nothing," said Paul.

"They will, of course," promised Bertha. "They're slow, but they're sound. Urula says that your Uncle Oswald has got on to a very good man—has he discovered anything?"

"No—nothing," said Paul.

"It's amazing!" Olivia was now openly curious. "Simply amazing. I don't think I ever heard of quite the same sort of thing happening before."

"One hears of other forms of it," said Bertha, "but this, I must say, is new in my experience. Urula says that you had never heard of a Helga, but she wondered . . . Tell me, had there been nothing before the actual announcement—no form of blackmail?"

"No—nothing," said Paul.

Anger, slow and black, was welling up within him. He had come in to talk of Antonia. He had been resolved to introduce the topic tactfully; he had planned to charm Bertha into unconsciousness and lure Olivia into allowing him to go backstage and talk to Antonia; he had intended to erect a firm base for future negotiations; Bertha and Olivia would become allies and his pursuit of Antonia would take place under their benevolent auspices.

Other gentlemen would cool their heels, and their engines, outside; he would be in, as it were, at ground level. It had looked—five minutes ago—as rays a picture as one could paint. He had even been prepared to work his passage; if he could cook Madame de Brulais' luncheon at Selcourt Street, he could arrange Bertha's flower vases in Bunch Street; there were no depths to which he would not sink in order to be near Antonia.

But the plan was not working; these two—he stared at them with open dislike—these two gossip-mongers stood in front of him, eager, avid for details of his private life. Into a conversation reserved exclusively for Antonia they had dragged Urula and Helga. They stood there, wasting the firm's time, while out in that miserable backyard, glimpsed as the cream door opened to admit Olivia, there stood Antonia, working her fingers to the bone.

Rage gave Paul courage to cut through the middle of an eager question from Bertha.

"I wonder," he said, "whether I might ask you something."

Bertha blinked a little in surprise.

"Why—certainly," she said. "I know what it is," said Olivia, insufferably arch. "You want us to send a rather special line in flowers to a certain lady who might—I say might—have been a terny, weeny bit surprised when she saw the announcement the other day?"

"Of course," said Bertha. "Something really special—I'll get it made up. I'll—"

"No," said Paul. "It wasn't exactly about flowers. It was

## Beauty in brief:

### GOOD HAIR HABITS

By CAROLYN EARLE

● You can't do a thing with your hair? It's too oily? Too dry? Ends fuzzy? All these conditions can be improved and should be tackled early.

TWO home ingredients, oil and vinegar, can help solve hair problems if used effectively.

Dry hair needs a great deal of brushing and scalp massage to encourage oil glands to function but need not be washed more often than once fortnightly.

Before going to bed at night apply a little lukewarm olive oil to the roots and brittle ends of dry hair; wrap the head in a towel and shampoo hair thoroughly next morning, being careful to remove all of the grease.

Rinse in a solution of vinegar and water—about half-and-half is a good rule to follow.

To counteract oily hair, rub a special tonic into the hair daily. Shampoo once a week, and in between wet shampoos try a dry egg shampoo to absorb the oil.

For this last, apply the beaten white of an egg to your scalp with a toothbrush. Allow it to dry and brush it out with a stiff-bristled brush.

about—well, it was, as a matter of fact, about Antonia."

This time, the blankness was on the two faces before him. Neither Bertha nor her sister had, it was clear, the slightest idea of what he was talking about.

"Antonia?" repeated Bertha, after a time.

"Yes. She . . . works for you," said Paul.

"Antonia?" said Olivia.

"Works for us?" asked Bertha.

"Yes." Paul fought down an impulse to shout, and succeeded in keeping his voice normal. "I met her recently, and as I was passing I thought I'd just . . . Could I see her?"

"But—Bertha gave a little laugh of genuine bewilderment—"but who?"

"Yes, my dear Paul," said Olivia. "Who?"

"Antonia," said Paul.

"Antonia?" Bertha spread her hands wide as if to show their emptiness. "Never," she said, "have I even heard of an Antonia."

"It's Italian, surely?" asked Olivia. "Do we know her?"

"Antonia Wyatt," said Paul, desperate.

There was a pause during which Bertha and her sister stared at him, slowly comprehending. Bertha spoke, presently, on a long-drawn-out note of surprise.

"Miss Wyatt? You—you want to see Miss Wyatt?"

"My dear Paul"—Olivia's voice began in surprise and ended in outrage—"what in the world do you want to see Miss Wyatt about?"

"I met her," said Paul, throwing the slow approach to the winds. "I understood she worked for you, and I thought I'd run in and see her. Do you mind?"

"Mind?" It was plain that Bertha minded a great deal.

"Mind! I think it rather cool," she said, "to come in here and

use this place as a—a sort of rendezvous."

"Very cool indeed," said Olivia.

"There was no rendezvous," said Paul. "I merely wanted a word or two to—"

"We have only one assistant," said Bertha with hauteur, "and we have to pay her a great deal. What she does with her time outside office hours is not, of course, our concern, but we do object most strongly to people coming in here keeping appointments and—"

"There was no appointment," said Paul, "and I'm sorry to have asked you. I just thought—"

"You couldn't have thought, surely," asked Olivia, "that we paid girls large sums in order to provide them with centrally situated meeting places with all their men friends?"

"Miss Wyatt leaves the building at five—exactly," said Bertha. "We shall be glad to see you whenever you care to come in, but I do hope you'll remember that we are, after all, in business."

"And not," supplemented Olivia, "just for the fun of it. When you remember how hard we work to—"

"Look," offered Paul impulsively, "if I buy an enormous and very expensive collection of flowers, would you allow me to speak to Miss Wyatt for a moment?"

"Certainly not. Most certainly not," said Bertha. "Our place is here, in the showroom; Miss Wyatt's is there, in the workshop. I'm surprised at your persistence, I must say."

"And so am I," said Olivia, "especially in view of the circumstances."

"I wasn't going to refer to those," said Bertha, "but I think we know you well enough to say that your affairs move too swiftly for the

To page 54

## WHAT A COLD JOB THIS IS!



Meet Bert James — cold store foreman. "Spend a lot of time off work with a cold, Bert?" "Not me," says Bert. "Never miss a day! A good hot cup of Bonox keeps out chills."

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### The hand that rocks the cradle

has many other duties to perform. But looking after baby is very nearly a full-time job on its own. That is why many young mothers (and young grandmothers) simplify their household accounts by having a cheque account with the Bank of New South Wales. It is so much easier to post a cheque than to trail down the street, or into town, to pay accounts. And so much more business-like, too—for a "Wales" cheque account can provide a complete record of income and expenditure. Women of all ages, whether at home or in business, save time and trouble by paying by "Wales" cheque.

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ordinary observer to follow. We also know you well enough to point out that you and Miss Wyatt can scarcely be said to move in the same circles. We also—

"I'm sorry I've kept you," said Paul, abruptly. "I'm afraid I've wasted your time. May I buy some flowers?"

"By all means," said Bertha frigidly.

Paul chose an expensive bunch of flowers, took out a card and scribbled on it Antonia's name and address.

"If you'll just send those," he said.

Olivia glanced at the card and became red with anger.

"You mustn't think," she said, "that we shall feel justified in keeping this matter to ourselves. Your Uncle Oswald is in London, as we happen to know, moving heaven and earth on your behalf, while you—"

"Good-bye," said Paul.

There was no response. He found himself on the pavement and, as the mists of rage and frustration cleared from his eyes, saw without emotion that the small car was still outside the shop; at the wheel, calm and patient, sat the man with the book. Paul, staring at him, found bitterness and envy welling up within him.

There at a happy man, a patient, sensible man who had elected to sit and wait until Antonia came out, an intelligent man who had realised that to appeal to the kindly instincts of two tigresses was so much waste of time; a fortunate man who had not dragged Antonia's name into the path of the she-cats and exposed her to their displeasure and worse; a blessed man who had nothing to reproach himself with, who had done nothing to warrant Antonia's contempt; a man who would shortly bear her away in triumph—

It took a sharp walk to the corner and back to bring Paul to a condition in which his mind could work clearly once more. Fear sharpened his wits; he had to see Antonia and find out if those harried had been unkind to her—

He had to talk to her. It was almost five; soon she would come out and—

He must see her.

Several schemes for the realisation of this project entered his mind; he could burn down Flora's, ignore the piteous shrieks of the two owners and, brushing them aside in the sizzling showroom, burst into the work-room and fight his way out with Antonia in his arms.

He could run his car into the shop window and crawl through the gap while Bertha and Olivia were running out to assess the damage. He could go back and demand—

but there was still the man outside in the ridiculous little car.

Obviously he had an appointment; he would not be sitting there with that insufferable air of proprietorship unless Antonia had promised to drive away with him.

Three minutes to five—three minutes more. He had only three minutes to wait before Antonia would—

He saw with surprise that the man was getting out of the car, and his frown deepened as he noted the stranger's bright and breezy; this was warm competition. He was go-

## Continuing . . . Journey's Eve

from page 53

the two wildcats wouldn't let me see you. Did they take it out of you?"

Antonia shook her head.

"No—they didn't say anything about it."

"Well, they will," said Paul. "But if they do anything to annoy you, will you let me know, and I'll tear them both to ribbons."

"Of course," said Antonia. She glanced once again to left and right.

"He's a bit late," commented Paul. "I'd like to read him a piece about the dangers of keeping beautiful girls waiting."

"I'm probably a bit early—Lady Pembury went off very punctually to-day."

"She certainly did; she's on her way to blacken my name. I saw them as they came out—they had half the stock-in-trade on their hats. Walking flower-baskets."

Antonia smiled. A little frown appeared on her brow as she glanced up and down the road.

"He won't be long," said Paul. He opened the door of his car. "Come and sit down for a minute or two until he puts in an appearance—he won't mind that, surely?"

Antonia shook her head.

"Thanks—it won't really be worth it," she said.

"Have it your own way," said Paul, standing beside her. "Will you come and see my family one day? I cooked your lunch—you come and cook mine. We'll give Petsy a day off."

ANTONIA was making an effort to appear interested. "Petsy?" she queried, but the frown was deeper, and one small foot, Paul noted with satisfaction, was beating a soft tattoo on the pavement.

"Petsy's our cook—Jamaican, with a lovely frizzy mop of hair. She has to stretch her hand 'way up above her head—like this—to get her hat on."

"What's the time?" asked Antonia.

"Five—nearly ten past. You mustn't blame the fellow. He's probably punctured his bike. Imagine him in the middle of the Knightsbridge traffic, pumping till his lungs burst. What did you say his name was?"

"I didn't," said Antonia.

Her dark eyes, as she glanced up at him, had lost the look of coolness with which she had first greeted him. This was going to come off, after all, he reflected with the first thrill of success; she was smiling at him; she was pleased with him for keeping an appointment he didn't have, and he wouldn't care to be the fellow who'd run out on her.

"What's all that terrible hooting noise?" she asked.

"Some ass jammed up all the traffic. Do come and sit down," he urged. "Are you sure it was to-day?"

"Quite certain," said Antonia.

"This is Wednesday—perhaps you—"

"Quite, quite certain," said Antonia gently.

Paul looked at his wrist-watch with an air of purpose.

"Twelve minutes past," he announced. "How long would you like to give him?"

"Twelve minutes," said Antonia. "Is really a lot, wouldn't you say?"

"Well . . ." Paul spoke as one giving way to a generous impulse—"give him a couple of minutes more, and then—if he's forgotten—I mean, if anything's held him up, I can drive you home—to my home, if you'll come."

"Two minutes," said Antonia.

At the end of two minutes, Paul opened the door of his car and helped her in tenderly.

"You mustn't be hard on him," he said. "These scooters are pretty unreliable nowadays—the back wheel probably fell off, and he's crawling all over the Park looking for it. Did you say he was a Marine?"

"No," said Antonia.

"Well, let's put him aside for the moment," said Paul, edging the car into the traffic stream. "Miss Wyatt—"

"Well?"

"Will you come and meet my family?"

"I don't see why," demurred Antonia. "After all, we don't really know each other very well and—"

"That's the very reason," said Paul, "that we must get to know each other better."

He slipped into the left-hand stream of traffic and edged towards the gate of the Park. "First of all, you'd better tell me about your relations, and then I'll tell you about mine. Now let me see—"

He drove to a point from which they could see the water, and, stopping the car, switched off the engine, and leaned back comfortably. "We'd got as far as Naples, where you were born. From there we brought you home with your English father. Oh, and you had an Italian grandfather. Antonio. Don't I know a song about him?"

"Most people do. I told you—it's about an ice-cream cart."

"That's the one," said Paul. "That covers the Italian side; what about relations in England?"

"None," said Antonia. "My father was an only child, and his father was an only child, and his—"

"You're lucky," said Paul enviously. "The Saxon family tree is a chestnut—spreading and spreading. You needn't bother yourself with the outer branches, but I'm afraid you'll have to come in contact with some of the other ones. Next door to us, there's my Uncle Hugo, who lives with his sister Louise. They're both tall and thin and straight. All the Saxons are tall and thin and straight—like a row of poplars along a French road—and all exactly alike."

He grinned. "In fact, you can only distinguish them by the trimmings. There's another uncle—Oswald—in London at the moment, who looks exactly like Hugo. He lives in Norfolk with Aunt Julia, who appears from time to time on the B.B.C."

"She's an actress?"

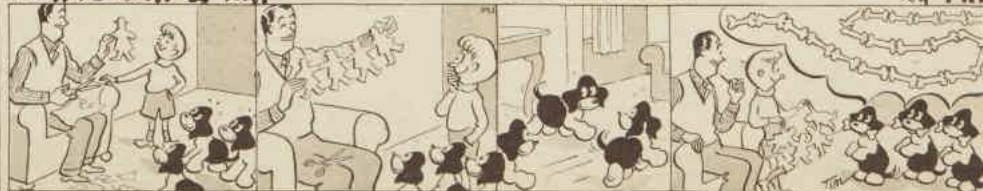
"An actress? Certainly not—we don't go in for actresses or any other of the lighter pro-

To page 55

## Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

FOR THE CHILDREN

by TIM





lessons. No—Aunt Julia merely conducts the Merry Madrigals."

"The—?"  
"They sound far from merry. If that's how the old English spent their evenings, you can't wonder at all the men rushing off to meet a swift death against the Saracens. Aunt Julia can't sing a note, and can hardly read one either, but they ask her to conduct because she's so terrifying that nobody dares to refuse to join, or to miss any of the rehearsals."

"She stands up in front of them, with her back to the audience—a greater blessing than they realise—and waves a little stick and off they go, madrigalling. It all sounded terrible to me, but then I'm even more unmusical than Aunt Julia, and on the whole I do better with present-day music. That's to say, I'm more at home crooning 'Oh, What a Beautiful Morning,' than trilling 'Hark, Hark, the Lark.' And—Antonia Miss Wyatt, you're not listening."

"Yes—no," said Antonia. "I was wondering."

"About me?"  
"No—at least, not directly. I was wondering whether you'd found out anything about that announcement."

"Not a single thing," said Paul.

"But—surely you want to know who did a thing like that."

"I'd like to know," said Paul, "but I haven't time to investigate it too thoroughly. I've only got about a month."

"But in a month you could find out a lot—you could make inquiries and—"

"My Uncle Oswald," said Paul, "has the matter in hand. He lined us all up and gave us our orders. 'Go to Selcourt Street,' he said—so I went. I'm very glad I went. Are you glad I went?"

"I think," said Antonia, as if she had not heard, "that you can rule out Madame de Brulais. But the police could—"

"It's no use calling out the police," said Paul. "There's a fifty per cent. chance that this thing's nothing but a rag; I was at Winchester with some quite enthusiastic jokers, and I was up at Oxford with quite a lot more, and when I swotted up all the Zulu and Hottentot accents at Benham, I ran into a new set of them. The police don't want to waste time tracking down practical jokers—unless they find them sitting up on Eros and stopping the traffic in Piccadilly Circus. I'm convinced there isn't any Helga—and in any case, I'm too busy to go into it."

He added casually, "You see, I can't be assistant cook to Madame de Brulais and assistant sleuth to Uncle Oswald at one and the same time, so I'm concentrating on the cooking. Don't you find me useful?"

"I think you ought to be well, more interested in finding out about this Helga."

"I never chase myths, Miss Wyatt—Antonia." He smiled at her—the slow, attractive smile that was so like his mother's.

"Why don't you put Helga out of our lives," he urged, "and let's enjoy the next four weeks? Think of it—four weeks and four weeks only to catch up on a lifetime. You've got twenty-six years of my past to investigate before you even come to Helga—and I've got—how many years of yours?"

"Eighteen."

"Same like Philippa. You'll like Philippa."

"Is she pretty?"

"Yes. One of those honey-blondes, but with a good head."

"Is your mother—are you like your mother?"

"People say so. That's to say, we look alike, but there are such wide differences between her side of the family and my father's that any characteristics we inherit from him are completely unlike her. You'll get

Continuing . . .

## Journey's Eve

(from page 54)

on with her—she doesn't go down very well with the Saxons because they distrust the purely ornamental. They think she's lazy—and I suppose by some standards, she is. She travels a good deal, and she does harmless little water-colours and embroiders those near-tapestry chair covers. Then there's Barney, who's only ten."

"Ten?"

"That's all."

He started the engine and they drove for a time in silence. Paul glanced down at the two small hands lying in Antonia's lap and fought down a longing to cover them with one of his own. He turned out of the main thoroughfares and presently brought the car to a stop before a large house. Antonia glanced at it and then looked at him inquiringly.

"Where's this?" she asked. "Sixteen Lowndes Crescent," said Paul. "We're home."

At the end of the visit, he drove her slowly, lingeringly, to Selcourt Street and then broke all speed records back to his home. There was no sign of his mother or Philippa in the drawing-room; exploring, he found them in Philippa's bedroom. He sat on the bed and wasted no time in preliminaries.

"Well?" he asked.

There was no reply: Philippa was seated at the dressing-table arranging her hair, while Elaine watched her critically.

"That's it, I think," she said. "Paul, pass those scissors, will you, please?"

Paul found the scissors under a pile of garments and handed them across impatiently.

"Come on, say something, say something," he urged.

"Do you—Hey! Phil, what do you think you're doing?"

"Cutting a fringe," said Philippa.

Antonia fell into the life of the family with a swiftness and an ease that aroused in Douglas Warwick wistful envy. He knew nothing of her connection with Selcourt Street; he was introduced to her as a girl Paul had lately met, and he wished with all his heart that he could as swiftly win a place in the affections of the Saxons.

Paul's feelings towards her were plain for all to read; Philippa found herself pouring out her problems regarding Robert Meredith and finding quiet sympathy and solace, while Elaine looked back upon her previous suspicions with feelings that were a mixture of regret and shame.

Douglas had no complaint to make about his own position; he knew that he was accepted, and hoped that he was liked, but his visits were still of a general nature; he was understood to call in order to keep himself in touch with Paul, and no suspicion that he could have other motives had yet arisen.

He summoned, at last, sufficient courage to ask Elaine to lunch with him, and after walking two or three times around the Crescent in order to memorise his sentences, he walked firmly to Number 16 and was admitted by Petunia.

"You're lucky this evening," she said, with her broad smile of welcome. "Go 'long in—you'll find them all there."

He felt himself disagreeing strongly with her notion of luck, but went into the drawing-room and joined the pleasant family group. Elaine was on the sofa handing screws to Barney; Antonia sat beside Philippa on a window seat, and Paul watched them all with the benignity of a Victorian father.

Douglas was made welcome and given a drink, and the

latter served to keep up the courage that threatened to ebb; with a voice which he hoped was casual, he broke into the middle of Barney's explanation of the nature of the mine-shaft he was assembling, and addressed Elaine.

"I was wondering," he said, "whether you'd care to lunch with me this week and go on to the Cadogan Exhibition."

The wording of the invitation had, he thought, a touch of genius; the stress lay on the Exhibition, and the lunch slipped in almost unregarded. There was the impersonal look about the whole thing, calculated to disarm.

Elaine looked across at him with faint bewilderment—Paul could have explained that this was her usual way of gaining time, but to Douglas she had an air of recoiling; she was surprised, as well she might be; he had known her not much more than a week and he had no business to imagine that she would have either the leisure or the inclination to go out with him.

She would refuse, and his reception in future would be less cordial, less warm . . .

PAUL broke the prolonged silence. "Mother," he explained, "never goes out. She dislikes cocktail parties because they're noisy, she won't play bridge because it requires concentration, she avoids dinner parties because they expect her to talk as well as eat, and she won't do anything else because it's too much trouble. Repeat that invitation again, loudly and clearly," he urged Mr. Warwick, "and then listen to the string of halting excuses that come out."

Douglas sent him a look of gratitude; Paul's words, casual and detached, together with the air of lazy amusement with which he was regarding his mother, put the matter at once on to a general, an easy, footing. Philippa, from the window seat, put in a word.

"You won't get Mother out," she said. "Other people have sat just where you're sitting and tried to move her—all to no effect."

"I wish," said Elaine, "you wouldn't all talk rubbish."

"It isn't rubbish, darling," said Paul. "It's the solid truth. And we're waiting, my sweet; you've been invited out to lunch, and to look at some nice pictures, and we're all waiting."

"You're all extremely silly," said Elaine. "Thank you," she gave Douglas a slow, charming smile—"thank you very much, but it's really very kind of you, but—"

"But—"

"But—"

"Here it comes, Antonia."

"I won't allow them to tease you," said Douglas, smiling. "If you don't feel you'd like to come, you mustn't let these young people force you into accepting."

"Oh, come!" protested Paul. "We were prepared to do something to get Mother farther than the local shops, but if you swallow the first 'but,' what do you expect us to do? Mother goes as far as Knightsbridge, and has been known to get as far as Piccadilly on shopping expeditions, but that's the limit of her London excursions. If you'll ask her to join you on a trip to Morocco or Ceylon or Honolulu, she'll be off that sofa and into the travel agents before you've got to the end of the sentence. But the effort of lurching out, or dining out, is too much—isn't it, darling?"

"Not at all," said Elaine.

"If you'd only give me time, I was going to say that I'd be very glad to accept Mr. War-

wick's kind invitation."

There was a chorus of applause, and Mr. Warwick's cheeks became pink with gratification. She had perhaps been bullied into it, but at least she was coming; the next invitation would be easier, the one after that almost a matter of course. He would not allow himself to examine the reasons for her present acceptance.

Elaine's reasons were simple; she detested parties, and avoided above all any engagement involving her in a tete-a-tete with one of her male acquaintances. She had too much beauty, too much allure—perhaps even too much money—to have been unsought after the death of her husband.

Men had admired her; one or two had loved her, but she had an elusiveness that had baffled the most tenacious suitor. It was difficult to make any progress with a woman who was in Lowndes Crescent one day and in Morocco or Madrid the next. When at home, she was seldom to be found without her family round her, and in this atmosphere tender romances wilted and died, unnoticed.

Paul's summary of his mother's social activities, short though it was, had been accurate. Behind her disinclination was indolence.

She found conversation—especially conversation in which she had to take a half share—extremely wearing; she liked to listen, but it was sometimes necessary to carry her conversational weight, and, in spite of her varied life and wide travel, she found the effort of sustained and intelligent conversation more than she cared to make.

In the case of Douglas Warwick, however, it had struck her during Paul's gentle teasing that talking to him had always been extremely easy. His first visit had been a business one, and on all subsequent occasions there had been no reason to search for topics; he inquired at once after Paul's mysterious affair, and conversation then flowed insensibly into quiet, placid channels.

He was by no means a voluble talker, but he was a man of wide experience and, once recovered from the shyness which overcame him when he entered the room, could speak easily and well on a variety of topics.

A lunch with him might be a very pleasant affair indeed, and although the Cadogan collection of pictures might be hard on the feet, she could sit on one of those hard benches while her escort browsed among the exhibits.

The outing with Douglas proved even more pleasant than Elaine had anticipated, and on her return Barney was interested to learn that the car in which Mr. Warwick travelled was driven by a uniformed police official, by whose side sat an even more important-looking personage who sprang to open the car door and gave Elaine, alighting, a feeling of arriving almost royally.

A little bemused by this grandeur, she had agreed to dine with Mr. Warwick the following week, and was looking forward to the engagement with a great deal of pleasure.

While her mother lunched with Douglas Warwick, Philippa prepared for a luncheon engagement of her own. She was almost ready when Barney opened the door of her room and entered.

"I say, Philippa," he began, "could I—"

The words died on his lips; mouth open, eyes staring, he regarded the unfamiliar sight before him.

To be concluded



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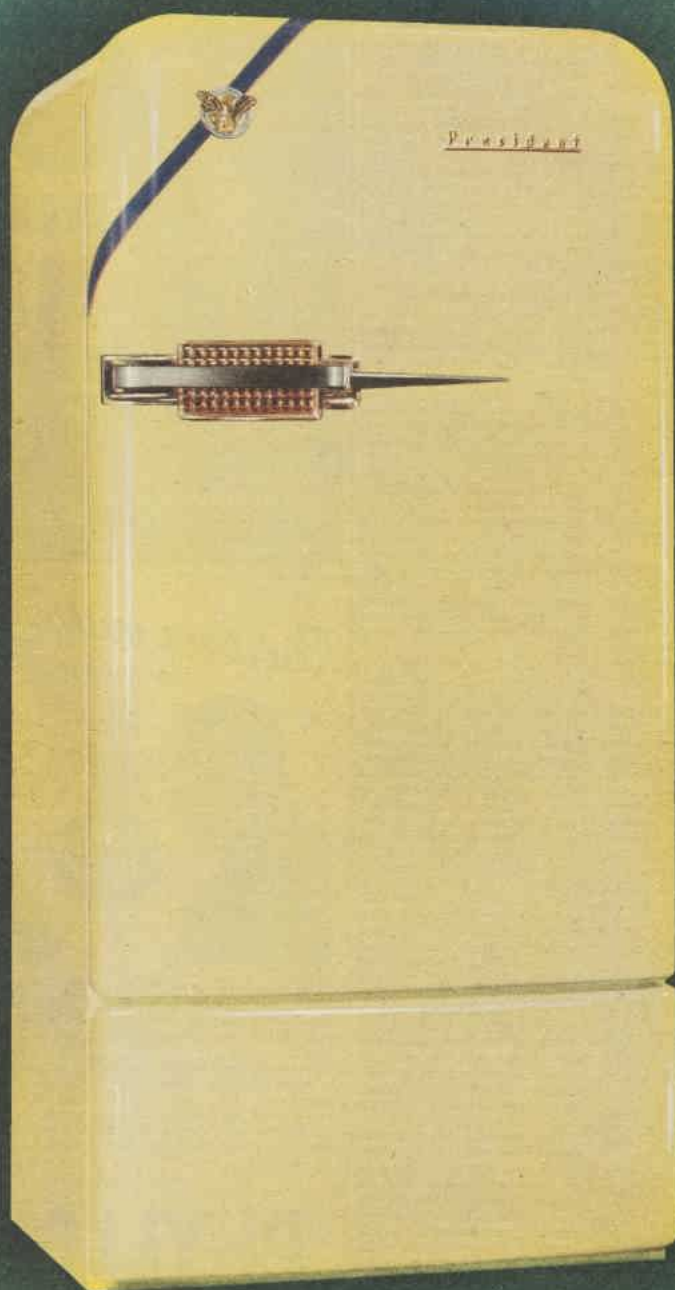
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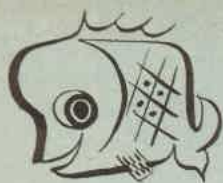
# PRESIDENT

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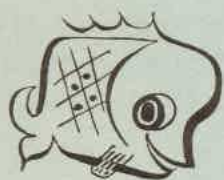
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Whole flathead, stuffed and topped with breadcrumb seasoning, are delicious baked and served with sliced olives, lemon, parsley, and hot vegetables. An oiled board makes an attractive setting, but the flavor is just as good when the fish is served on a china dish. See recipe below.



# Fresh from the Sea

● Fish is appreciated by all who enjoy fine food. It is rich in vitamins, it is easy to cook, and can be served in many varied and tempting ways.

**S**MALL, fine-fleshed fish such as whiting or garfish are best cooked whole—grilled, fried, steamed, or baked.

Black bream and young snapper (also called red bream) are good grilled, baked in combination with other ingredients, or fried and served with a piquant sauce such as tartare sauce.

John Dory and flounder have a delicate flavor which is at its best when grilled or fried.

Jewfish or kingfish steaks or cutlets or small leatherjackets are best steamed, boiled, or cooked in a casserole with other ingredients.

One of the most popular Australian fish is snapper. Cooked whole or cut into fillets or steaks the flesh is delicate in flavor, firm, and very satisfying.

The strong flavor of mullet, which is unacceptable to some palates, is due to the oil under the skin. If skinned, filleted, and carefully cooked, mullet is appetizing.

The following recipes offer suggestions for using fresh fish either whole or in fillets.

All spoon measurements in our recipes refer to level spoons.

## SAVORY BAKED FISH

One whole fish (snapper or bream, 2½ lb. to 3½ lb.), lemon, 2 cups soft breadcrumbs, 1 small onion, 1 rasher bacon, 1 tablespoon finely chopped green pepper, salt and pepper to taste, parsley.

Leave head on fish, remove eyes with small sharp-pointed knife. Trim fins and tail with kitchen scissors. Pat dry on clean old tea-towel, rub

inside and out with a cut lemon. Mix breadcrumbs, finely chopped onion, chopped bacon (rind removed), and green pepper. Season with salt and pepper, moisten with a little milk if necessary. Fill into fish, sew up with a needle and coarse thread. Carefully slit skin in two or three places across the body of fish. Place in well-greased baking-dish, cover with greased paper. Bake in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes. Carefully remove thread. Serve hot garnished with lemon and parsley.

## PLANKED FLATHEAD

Two or three medium-sized flathead, 1½ cups soft breadcrumbs, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, ¼ teaspoon grated lemon rind, pinch nutmeg, 1 tablespoon melted butter or substitute, salt and pepper to taste, stuffed olives, mashed potatoes, carrot straws, lemon, parsley.

Wash and dry fish, trim fins and tail. Remove eyes with small, sharp-pointed knife. Rub inside and out with cut lemon. Mix breadcrumbs, parsley, lemon rind, nutmeg, butter, salt and pepper. Fill each fish, sew up with coarse thread. Brush top of fish with a little extra melted butter, pack balance of stuffing along top of each, dot with extra butter. Place in well-greased baking-dish, cover with greased paper. Bake in moderate oven 20 to 30 minutes. Carefully remove thread. Lift on to oiled board (or use a large meat-dish). Garnish with sliced olives, lemon wedges, and parsley. Serve hot mashed potato (dusted with paprika) and carrot straws on the same board or dish.

## FISH ROUENNAISE

Five or 6 fillets bream or flathead, ¾ cup thick white sauce, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, pinch cayenne pepper, salt to taste, ½ cup chopped shelled prawns, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, 1½ tablespoons flour, 1 cup milk, 2 tablespoons cream or use 1½ cups milk, lemon and parsley.

Wash and dry fillets, rub with a cut lemon. Place flat on greased oven tray. Combine thick white sauce, lemon juice and prawns, season with cayenne pepper and salt. Place a spoonful on one half of each fillet, fold over and cover with greased paper. Bake in moderate oven 12 to 15 minutes according to size of

## BY OUR FOOD AND COOKERY EXPERTS

fillets. Meanwhile melt butter or substitute, add flour. Cook 2 minutes without browning. Stir in milk, continue stirring until boiling. Season with salt and cayenne pepper, add cream. Lift cooked fish onto serving dish, mask with sauce, garnish with lemon and parsley.

## FISH FLORENTINE

Two cups finely shredded cooked spinach, 4 or 5 fillets bream, 2 hard-boiled eggs, 1½ cups medium thickness white sauce, ½ cup grated cheese, salt and cayenne pepper to taste, lemon juice, soft breadcrumbs, butter or substitute.

Steam fillets or poach in small quantity milk in baking-dish in moderate oven. Chop cooked

spinach finely, season with a little lemon juice and pepper. Spread over base of greased ovenware dish. Cover with a layer of chopped hard-boiled eggs, season with salt and pepper. Cut fillets in halves, arrange on top of eggs and spinach, moisten with lemon juice. Mix cheese with sauce, pour over fish. Top with soft breadcrumbs, dot with butter or substitute. Bake in moderate oven until top is brown.

## SAVORY GRILLED FISH

Three small, whole fish, 1 tablespoon finely chopped shallot, 1 tablespoon browned butter, 2 tablespoons vinegar, 1 teaspoon mustard, salt, pepper, lemon, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, parsley.

Rub fish inside and out with lemon, sprinkle with salt and pepper. Make three incisions in each fish and insert a little shallot. Brush with melted butter, cook under glowing grill 7 to 10 minutes, turning frequently. When cooked brush with a little mixed mustard, lift on to a hot dish. Pour hot browned butter, vinegar, and Worcestershire sauce over, sprinkle with finely chopped parsley.

## SCALLOPED FISH AU GRATIN

One and half pounds fish fillets, 2 tablespoons butter or substitute, 3 tablespoons flour, 2½ cups milk, salt, cayenne pepper, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, ½ cup grated cheese.

Wash and dry fillets, cut into chunky pieces. Melt butter, add flour, cook 2 or 3 minutes without browning. Stir in milk, continue stirring until boiling. Season with salt and cayenne pepper. Pour half into ovenware dish, add half the cheese, then place fish on top.

Sprinkle fish with lemon juice, salt, pepper, and parsley. Add balance of sauce, cover with balance of cheese. Bake in moderate oven approximately ½ hour. Serve hot.

## BAKED WHITING

Two or three whiting, 1 small onion, ½ lb. mushrooms, soft breadcrumbs, salt, pepper, melted butter or substitute, ½ cup white wine, lemon juice, chopped parsley.

Wash and dry fish, remove head, trim fins and tail. Thickly grease an ovenware dish, sprinkle with half the finely chopped onion and half the chopped peeled mushrooms. Place fish in dish, season with salt and pepper, drench with melted butter or substitute. Cover with balance of onion and mushrooms, sprinkle with breadcrumbs. Cover with greased paper, bake in moderate oven 10 minutes. Spoon a little more melted butter over top, carefully pour wine in and cook uncovered 10 minutes longer, or until flesh of fish is quite tender. Squeeze a little lemon juice over, sprinkle with chopped parsley, and serve in the dish in which fish is cooked.

## TARTARE SAUCE

(Good with fried fish.)

Half cup mayonnaise, ¼ cup medium-thickness white sauce, 1 dessertspoon chopped gherkins, 1 teaspoon chopped capers, 1 teaspoon mixed mustard, pinch mixed herbs, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 2 tablespoons white vinegar, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice.

Mix all ingredients in order listed, adding vinegar and lemon juice a little at a time. Heat over boiling water, do not allow to boil.



# Readers' recipes win prizes

Mince balls with baked beans, onions, and tomato puree is the dish which tops this week's list of prize-winners.

**FLUFFED** caramel rice, the recipe for which wins a consolation prize, calls for caramelised sugar.

For an agreeable cold-weather dessert try esmerelda rolls. Economical ingredients are cleverly used in a sweet which makes very good eating. The recipe also wins a consolation prize.

All spoon measurements are level.

## SAVORY MINCE BALLS

One pound sausage meat, small quantity seasoned flour, 1 medium-sized tin baked beans, 2 rashers bacon, 1 tablespoon fat, 1 onion,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup

tomato puree,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup water,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt, pinch pepper.

Chop bacon (rind removed), fry until crisp, remove. Fry onion in bacon fat until lightly browned, remove. Roll sausage meat into small balls, coat with seasoned flour, add to pan with extra fat. Cook meat balls until browned, turning to brown evenly. Place onion, bacon, meat balls, and baked beans in casserole. Add tomato puree mixed with water, salt, and pepper. Cover and bake 15 to 20 minutes in moderate oven. Serve garnished with parsley.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. D. Hearne, 193 South Terrace, South Perth, W.A.

## FLUFFED CARAMEL RICE

Three-quarters cup rice, 2 cups milk, few drops vanilla,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons melted butter or substitute, salt, little extra sugar.

Wash rice thoroughly. Cook quickly in boiling water 5 minutes. Drain, add milk and vanilla, cook over low heat further 40 to 45 minutes. Place sugar in heavy pan, cook very gently until melted and golden brown. Pour into casserole, spreading over sides and base of dish. Mixture is thick and syrupy and sets like toffee. Beat egg with melted butter or substitute, salt, and extra sugar to taste, add to cooked rice. Pour into casserole coated with caramelised sugar. Stand in dish of cold water and bake in moderate oven  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour. Caramel melts again and mixes with surface rice.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. N. Bolger, 3 Pullar St., Maidstone, Vic.

## ESMERELDA ROLLS

Quarter pound scone mixture (made with 1 tablespoon butter or substitute to 1 cup flour), 1 pint boiling water, 2 tablespoons desiccated coconut, 3 tablespoons golden syrup.

Place water, coconut, and golden syrup into a large pie-dish and allow to simmer in moderate oven while preparing scone dough. Roll scone mixture thinly, cut into pieces 2in. x 4in. Spread with jam or extra syrup, roll lightly and place in simmering mixture. The water should just cover the rolls. Bake in moderate oven 1 hour. Serve hot.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. M. G. Browne, 12 Metung St., Balwyn, Vic.



**HOME-MADE CHOCOLATE BISCUITS** are easy to make and good to eat. Use a fork to dip biscuits in the chocolate coating (left). Drain carefully on a cake-cooler over greaseproof paper (right). Allow to set in a cool, but not cold, place.

## Delicious chocolate biscuits

Crisp, chocolate-coated biscuits are easy to make at home using drinking chocolate, solid type white shortening, and some whipped cream or soft mock cream.

**USE** shortbread biscuits for best results. The biscuits may be made at home from the recipe suggested below or from your own particular favorite. A little grated lemon or orange rind will improve the flavor.

Once tried and tasted the biscuits will be a general favorite for afternoon tea or supper.

For a children's party, biscuits can be sprinkled with hundreds and thousands or colored coconut immediately after dipping.

In warm weather biscuits must be stored so that they do not touch one another, because the chocolate coating softens and the biscuits tend to stick.

They should be kept in a cool, but not cold, place. The extreme cold of an ice-chest or refrigerator spoils the ap-

pearance of the chocolate coating.

## SHORTBREAD BISCUITS

(Makes 3 to 3 $\frac{1}{2}$  dozen.)

Four ounces shortening, 4 tablespoons icing sugar, 1 dessertspoon milk, 2oz. corn-flour, 2oz. self-raising flour, 2oz. plain flour, pinch salt.

Cream butter or substitute with well-sifted icing sugar, add milk, and mix well. Gradually work in sifted flours, cornflour and salt, making a stiff mixture. Use about  $\frac{1}{3}$  of the mixture to make chocolate Monte Carlos. Roll a scant teaspoonful at a time into a ball between the fingers, place on greased oven tray, press down with prongs of a fork. Roll balance of biscuit mixture to  $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thickness on floured board. Cut half into fingers 2in. x  $\frac{1}{2}$ in., remainder into circles with a small round cutter. Place on greased trays. Bake in moderate oven 12 to

15 minutes. Allow to cool on trays. When cold lift carefully on to cake-cooler ready for covering with chocolate coating.

## CHOCOLATE COATING

Half cup drinking chocolate (dry powder), 3oz. solid type white shortening,

Sift chocolate powder through fine strainer into a small basin. Melt shortening gently over low heat and pour slowly and carefully on to chocolate powder, mixing thoroughly with a wooden spoon. Allow to cool until slightly thickened. It is important to avoid overheating the shortening.

**To Cover Biscuits:** Dip biscuits one at a time into prepared chocolate coating, drain on a fork for a few seconds before placing on a cake-cooler over a sheet of greaseproof paper to finish draining and to set firmly.

When cold and set, join 2 Monte Carlo biscuits with a thin spread of cream. Other biscuits may be left plain or decorated with cream just before serving.



**SAVORY MINCE BALLS** prepared in individual cassioles and served with Melba toast are good for luncheons or week-end teas. See the main prize-winning recipe.

Mother—

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Heinz Tomato Soup is sufficiently concentrated to be delicious when diluted with equal amount of milk.



# A house built on boulders

Architect Adrian Ashton is proud of a home he has just completed for a family of five at Mosman, N.S.W.

THE house, which is reached by a winding drive leading down from Hopetoun Avenue, overlooks Chinaman's Beach, Middle Harbor.

The rugged, sloping site was almost covered with ironstone boulders of varying shapes and sizes, broken up with deep crevices.

Small wonder it had been ignored for a long time by home-builders.

But after a careful study of the terrain, the architect evolved a plan whereby these natural features could be utilised with a minimum of excavation and a consequent saving in foundation costs. He also made the most of aspect and views.

The two-level plan illustrated below was the outcome.

The ground-floor plan shows the entrance vestibule with curved walls, the spacious L-shaped living and dining area, with inner curved walls, sun-

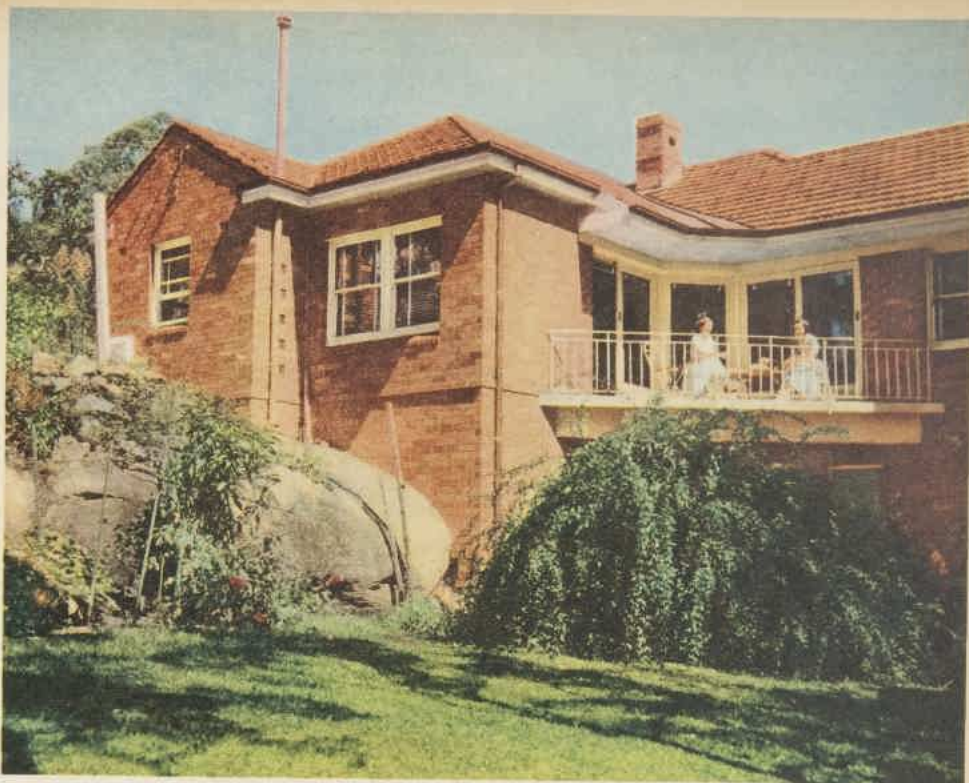
room, master bedroom, bathroom, dressing-room, and kitchen.

The external walls of the living-room and dining area are of glass with sliding plate-glass doors opening to the terrace, situated in the angle. Here a generous overhang gives weather protection.

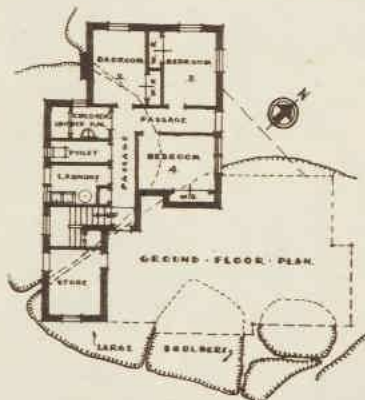
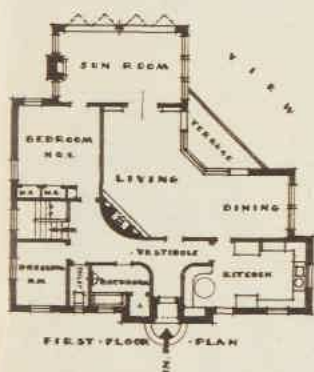
Windows run round two walls of the sunroom, those to the north folding right to one side so the room may become a verandah.

The curved fireplace of the living-room is built of narrow layers of russet-brown sandstone, with heavily raked joists. A section of the hearth at left opens on to a wood-storage box, which is stocked from below.

A staircase leads to the lower level—the children's domain with three bedrooms, equipped with cupboards and built-in fittings, bath and shower rooms. The shower-room is a boon to the children after swimming—Eve Gye.



EXTERIOR VIEW of the two-level house at Mosman, N.S.W., designed by architect Adrian Ashton, plans of which are shown at lower left. Dotted lines on the ground-floor plan indicate disposition of rocks. Superb views of Chinaman's Beach and harbor foreshores can be had from the sunny terrace and windows facing east and north-east.



LIVING - ROOM (right), looking towards the sunroom. Built-in bookshelves flank the wide doorway and the attractive flower-print-covered couch is also a fixture. To the right is the terrace.

THIS VIEW from the dining area (left) shows the curved wall and fireplace in the living-room. A pinky-beige wall-paper with polka-dot pattern covers the walls. The ceiling is palest green. The wall-to-wall carpet is burnt-orange in color.

STREAMLINED kitchen (right) is surrounded by cupboards specially designed to cope with storage and service problems. The insides of all cupboard doors are lacquered red. The windows at right face the drive.





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### Pattern for beginners

F2669.—Easy-to-make design for a small girl's one-piece dress. Sizes 20in., 23in., 27in., and 31in. lengths for 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material, ½yd. 36in. contrast. Special price, 2/6.



# Fashion PATTERNS

F2665.—A little girl's one-piece dress styled with a contrasting trim. Sizes 18in., 19in., 20in., and 21in. lengths for 2, 3, 4, and 5-6 years. Requires 1½yds. 36in. material, ¾yd. 4in. edging. Price, 2/6.

F2666.—Smart one-piece can be made with short or ¾-length sleeves. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires for dress with ¾-length sleeves 3½yds. 36in. material and ½yd. 36in. contrasting material. Short-sleeved dress requires 3½yds. 36in. material and ½yd. 36in. contrasting material. Price, 3/6.

F2667.—Petticoat-slip with a bodice-top made in lace. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material and ½yd. 36in. lace. Price, 2/6.

F2668.—One-piece with moulded bodice and softly gathered skirt. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material and ½yd. 36in. contrast. Price, 3/6.

F2670.—Lace evening blouse and separate skirt. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust for blouse and 36in. to 32in. waist measurement for skirt. Requires for blouse 1½yds. 36in. lace; for skirt 4yds. 36in. material. Price complete, 4/6.

F2671.—A one-piece dress with a graceful cape collar and moderate skirt fullness. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material and ½yd. 36in. contrast. Price, 3/6.

FASHION PATTERNS and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 445 Harris Street, Clifton, Sydney (postal address Box 4069, G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O. Hobart. New Zealand readers to Box 668, G.P.O. Auckland.



NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. All Needlework Notions over 4/11 sent by registered post.

## NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

495

### No. 495—GIRL'S DRESS

A trim-tailored style for a small girl is obtainable cut out ready to make in check gingham. The color choice includes red and white, blue and white, and green and white. The dress has a white pique collar. Sizes: length 20in. for 4 years, 23.6; 21in. for 6 years, 24.9; 27in. for 8 years, 28.3; and 31in. for 10 years, 32.11. Postage and registration, 1/8 extra.

### No. 496—LUNCHEON SET

The main and matching serviettes are clearly traced ready to embroider on Irish linen in cream, white, and blue. The centre mat measures 11in. x 11in.; plate mats 11in. x 8in.; cup-and-saucer mats 8in. x 5in.; and serviettes 11in. x 11in. Set of nine pieces, including one centre mat, 4 plate mats, and 4 cup-and-saucer mats, 19/11. Postage and registration, 1/8 extra. Set of 13 pieces, including one centre mat, 6 plate mats, and six cup-and-saucer mats, 22/6. Postage and registration, 1/10 extra. Serviettes to match, 1/6 each. Postage, 3d. extra.

### No. 497—TABLE RUNNER

The table runner is clearly traced ready to embroider in a pretty floral design and is obtainable in linen in cream, white, or blue, or in fine British cotton in pink, blue, lemon, and green. Size: 11in. x 36in., linen, 8/11; cotton, 5/11. Postage, 9d. extra.

### No. 498—SCANTIES

Tailored scanties with a lace trim, the lace is supplied, are obtainable cut out ready to make in rayon crepe-de-chine. The color choice includes lemon, blue, mauve, and white. Sizes: 24½in., 26in., 28in., 30in., and 32in. waist, 13/11. Postage, 1/4 extra.

### No. 499—GIRL'S SCHOOL BLOUSE

The blouse is styled with long sleeves and is obtainable cut out ready to make in white cotton huckabuck. Full instructions for making are supplied with the pattern. Sizes: 6 years, 14.11; 8 years, 16.9; 10 years, 18.11; 12 years, 17/6. Postage and registration, 1/4 extra.

496

497

498

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 29, 1953



# Hints worth remembering

● *These ideas, remedies, time-and-bother-saving hints may help the housewife to solve some of the many small problems that crop up in practically every working day.*

**MEND** a tear in lace with colorless nail varnish. It will last through many washings.

**A DISCARDED** powder-puff is good for applying brass and silver polish.

**TO** preserve and enhance the appearance of a brick fireplace give it an annual coat of raw linseed oil.

**BROWN** leather chairs that have become faded through being in strong sunlight can have their color restored by rubbing over the leather with linseed oil and polishing with a soft, dry duster.

**A CHARMING** idea for a dinner-table setting is to attach candles to a deep bowl with wax and float small flowers round the candles.

**SLIP-ON** paper clips are very useful for keeping pleats in place when ironing.

**WHEN** knitting boys' socks use a double strand of wool for the casting-on. This gives a stronger edge to the knitting.

**STRIPS** of transparent adhesive tape are ideal for supporting indoor garden plants. The tape will not mar woodwork.

**WHEN** you're in the bath there's nothing more annoying than drops of cold water coming from the shower. A plastic basin cover slipped over the shower rose will overcome the inconvenience until the defect is remedied.

**PARTY** candles will last longer if they are painted with a coat of colorless varnish. The varnish must harden for about three days before using.

**USE** a large tray or a tray-mobile to remove vases and other bric-a-brac from a room you're preparing for cleaning. It will save you many steps.

**CLEAN** the slats of venetian blinds with an old cotton glove worn on the hand.

**REMOVE** putty smears from windows with a damp cloth sprinkled with a little household ammonia.

**BEFORE** threading a rod through curtains, cover the end with transparent adhesive tape. This tape is also useful for covering rough patches on chairs or a desk to prevent snagging of stockings.

**TO** prevent the holes in the lid of the pepper-pot from becoming clogged place a dried pea in the pot. As it is shaken around in the pot it will keep the holes clear.

**PATENT-LEATHER** bags should never be allowed to become dry or they will crack. About every two months warm a little petroleum jelly, rub lightly into the leather, then polish with a soft, dry cloth.

**COVER** up grubby finger-marks on the walls of a nursery-room by pasting over with cut-outs from discarded story-books. An irregular placement of cut-outs is effective, and intriguing to children.

**THE** screw-top of a jar or bottle that is difficult to remove will come off quite easily if a rubber band is wound tightly around the top before unscrewing.

**ON** cold washdays put a hot-water bottle in the laundry basket with the washed clothes. It's a good hand-warmer at the clothes-line.

**IF** new leather shoes are hard to polish, rub them over with lemon juice, allow to dry, then polish as usual.

**SCREWS** of kitchen cupboards and drawer-knobs that keep working loose can be tightened with a small washer of fine sandpaper. Thread the sandpaper on to the screw, abrasive side to the drawer, then tighten up the nut.

**TO** show bric-a-brac to better advantage and give more interest to a china cabinet, paper the inside. A dark-toned wallpaper to suit the color scheme of a room with a pastel-toned design for relief is particularly effective.



● *Kitchen utensils and a small remnant of gingham make this novel gift for a shower-tea. Use a potato masher and a strainer for the feet and head, a potato peeler and bean cutter for the arms. A scouring pad trimmed with a bow makes a jaunty hat, while a face can be painted on padded calico and inserted in the strainer bowl. To increase the value of the gift, the dress can be fashioned from two large place-mats for use in the breakfast nook. These may be made of gingham and trimmed with bias binding or rick-rack braid.*



**TO RESTRING BEADS,** dip the end of the thread in nail polish and let dry to a fine point. This method is handy when beads have holes too small for a needle.

## My COLD Is All Gone!

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**YOUR CHILD** gets a world of comfort when you rub him with Vicks VapoRub at bedtime. Relief comes quickly—in two ways—to all the places where relief is needed!

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**CHILDREN LIKE** being rubbed with VapoRub, they like the quick comfort, they like the swift double relief. Next morning, often, Baby's cold is "all gone!" Try it!







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TWO-FOLD COTTON**

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**MANDRAKE:** Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, are trapped in a space ship and taken to Venus as specimens of earth life. Landing on the planet they find it inhabited by strange plant men. They are led from

the space ship and are placed in a glass zoo where they find other human exhibits. **PRINCESS NARDA:** Meanwhile tells her story, but no one believes her, and she is accused of murdering Mandrake and Lothar. **NOW READ ON:**







## Fashion FROCKS

**"NINA."**—An easy-to-wear design styled with a fitted bodice, softly gathered skirt, and white pique collar. The dress is obtainable in check silk jersey, the color choice includes blue and white, red and white, green and white, brown and white, turquoise and white, mustard and white, and navy and white.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 57/9; 36in. and 38in. bust, 59/11.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 44/11; 36in. and 38in. bust, 45/9.

**"MARGIE."**—A practical and pretty design for a house-frock, obtainable in striped "Bonnie Prince" haircord. The dress features contrasting pockets printed in a floral design. The color choice includes red and white, green and white, yellow and white, blue and white, and pink and white.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 49/11; 36in. and 38in. bust, 53/9.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 38/11; 36in. and 38in. bust, 41/3.

*Nina*

*Margie*

\* NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 68. Frocks may be inspected or obtained immediately at Fashion Patterns, 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney.

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THE MOST NATURAL-LOOKING WAVE OF ALL!

The New Creme Rose Waving Lotion is the secret!

It's what you've hoped for ever since home permanents began! The exciting new Crest with its miraculous Creme Rose waving lotion gives you the loveliest wave you've ever had and in so little time you'll be amazed! With this faster-acting waving lotion your waves are *guaranteed* to last longer than ever before... and while it waves it *conditions* your hair as well. Remember—New Crest *does* contain a neutraliser, and you must use a neutraliser if you want your perm to last. Give yourself a Crest wave and for months to come your curls will be soft and shining—with the same spring and life as naturally wavy hair.



ON OR OFF DUTY MY NEW CREST WAVE BEHAVES EXACTLY LIKE NATURALLY WAVY HAIR...IT'S SO WONDERFULLY SOFT AND SHINY...SO EASY TO KEEP IN PLACE

SAYS *Pauline Ryan*

Senior Canadian Pacific Airlines Hostess  
Fiji... Honolulu... Vancouver... wherever you fly on the C.P.A. route, there's an attentive Hostess to answer your queries, and watch your comfort every luxurious mile of the way.



"Flying all day and then a dinner date? My New Crest wave is just right for any occasion. It's wonderful to find a home permanent that's so simple, yet gives such a long-lasting wave."



"Days of tennis and swimming don't even affect my New Crest wave! Now that I've discovered how easy it is to have a wave that's just like naturally curly hair, it's Crest for me always."

**MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE**

We think you'll find New Crest the easiest and loveliest wave you've ever had. If you don't agree, simply write, supply details and enclose the empty box to Box 4100, G.P.O., Sydney.

Crest is available in 3 kits...

FULL KIT

REFILL (for any make of curler)

JUNIOR KIT for end curls



Crest... the choice of Canadian Pacific Airlines Hostesses

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Page 63



# Sao Suppers



At home on cold nights  
butter the "SAOS."  
Grate a little cheese over  
them, and then sprinkle  
with pepper.  
One minute in a hot oven  
and serve hot.

*only*  
**Arnott's**  
*make*  
**Sao Biscuits**

There is no Substitute for Quality  
so always ask for Arnott's.